THE WORKS OF The HONOURABLE Sir *Philip Sidney*, Kt.

VOL. III.

CONTAINING

I. The FIFTH BOOK of the Counteſs of *Pembroke*'s ARCADIA.

II. A SIXTH BOOK to the Counteſs of *Pembroke*'s ARCADIA.

Written by *R. B.* of *Lincoln*'s-*Inn*, Eſq;

III. Sir PHILIP SIDNEY's Poetical WORKS.

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THE

COUNTESS of *Pembroke's*

ARCADIA.

BOOK V.

THE dangerous diviſion of men's minds, the ruinous renting of all eſtates, had now brought *Arcadia* to feel the pangs of uttermoſt peril, ſuch convulſions never coming, but that the life of that government draws near his neceſſary period, when to the honeſt and wiſe *Philanax*, equally diſtracted between deſire of his maſter's revenge and care of the eſtates eſtabliſhment, there came, unlooked for, a *Macedonian* gentleman, who in ſhort, but pithy manner, delivered unto him, that the renowned *Euarchus*, king of *Macedon*, purpoſing to have viſited his old friend and confederate the king *Baſilius*, was now come within half a mile of the lodges, where having underſtood by certain ſhepherds, the ſudden death of their prince, had ſent unto him, of whoſe authority and faith he had good knowledge, deſiring

him to advertiſe him, in what ſecurity he might reſt there for that night, where willingly he would, if ſafely he might, help to celebrate the funerals of his ancient companion and ally; adding he need not doubt, ſince he had brought but twenty in his company, he would be ſo unwiſe as to enter into any forcible attempt with ſo ſmall force. *Philanax* having entertained the gentleman, as well as in the midſt of ſo many tumults he could, pauſing a while with himſelf, conſidering how it ſhould not only be unjuſt, and againſt the law of nations, not well to receive a prince whom good-will had brought among them, but, in reſpect of the greatneſs of his might, very dangerous to give him any cauſe of due offence; remembring withal the excellent trials of his equity, which made him more famous than his victories, he thought he might be the fitteſt inſtrument to redreſs the ruins they were in, ſince his goodneſs put him without ſuſpicion, and his greatneſs beyond envy. Yet weighing with himſelf how hard many heads were to be bridled, and that in this monſtrous confuſion ſuch miſchief might be attempted, of which late repentance ſhould after be but a ſimple remedy: he judged beſt firſt to know how the people's minds would ſway to this determination. Therefore deſiring the gentleman to return to the king his maſter, and to beſeech him, though with his pains, to ſtay for an hour or two, where he was, till he had ſet things in better order to receive him, he himſelf went firſt to the noblemen, then to *Kalander*, and the principal *Mantineans*, who were moſt oppoſite unto him; deſiring them, that as the night had moſt bleſſedly ſtaid them from entring into civil blood, ſo they would be content in the night to aſſemble the people together, to hear ſome news, which he was to deliver unto them. There is nothing more deſirous of novelties than a man that fears his preſent fortune. Therefore they, whom mutual diffidence made doubtful of their utter deſtruction, were quickly perſuaded to hear of any new matter, which might alter at leaſt, if not help the nature of their fear. Namely, the chiefeſt men, who as they had moſt to loſe, ſo were moſt jealous of their own caſe, and were already grown

grown as weary to be followers of *Timautus*'s ambition, as before they were enviers of *Philanax*'s worthineſs. As for *Kalander* and *Sympathus*, as in the one a virtuous friendſhip had made him ſeek to advance, in the other a natural commiſeration had made him willing to protect the excellent, though unfortunate priſoners, ſo were they not againſt this convocation. For having nothing but juſt deſires in them, they did not miſtruſt the juſtifying of them. Only *Timautus* laboured to have withdrawn them from this aſſembly, ſaying, it was time to ſtop their ears from the ambitious charms of *Philanax*. Let them firſt deliver *Gynecia*, and her daughters, which were fit perſons to hear, and then they might begin to ſpeak. That this was but *Philanax*'s cunning, to link broil upon broil, becauſe he might avoid the anſwering of his treſpaſſes, which as he had long intended, ſo had he prepared coloured ſpeeches to diſguiſe them. But as his words expreſſed rather a violence of rancour, than any juſt ground of accuſation, ſo pierced they no farther, than to ſome partial ear, the multitude yielding good attention to what *Philanax* would propoſe unto them: Who, like a man, whoſe beſt building was a well-framed conſcience, neither with plauſible words, nor fawning countenance, but even with the grave behaviour of a wiſe father, whom nothing but love makes to chide, thus ſaid unto them. I have, ſaid he, a great matter to deliver unto you, and thereout am I to make a greater demand of you: but truly ſuch hath this late proceeding been of yours, that I know not what is to be demanded of you. Methinks I may have reaſon to require of you, as men are wont among pirates, that the life of him that never hurt you, may be ſafe. Methinks I am not without appearance of cauſe, as if you were *Cyclopes* or *Canabals*, to deſire that our prince's body, which hath thirty years maintained us in a flouriſhing peace, be not torn in pieces, or devoured among you, but may be ſuffered to yield itſelf, which never was defiled with any of your bloods, to the natural reſt of the earth. Methinks, not as to *Arcadian*'s renowned for your faith to prince, and love of country, but as to

ſworn enemies of this ſweet ſoil. I am to deſire you, that at leaſt, if you will have ſtrangers to your princes, yet you will not deliver the ſeigniory of this goodly kingdom to your noble king's murtherers. Laſtly, I have reaſon, as if I had to ſpeak to mad men, to deſire you to be good to your ſelves: for before god, what either barbarous violence or unnatural folly, hath not this day had his ſeat in your minds, and left his footſteps in your actions? but in troth I love you too well, to ſtand long diſplaying your faults: I would you yourſelves did forget them, ſo you did not fall again into them. For my part, I had much rather be an orator of your praiſes. But now, if you will ſuffer attentive judgment, and not fore-judging paſſion, to be the weigher of my words, I will deliver unto you what a bleſſed mean the gods have ſent unto you, if you liſt to embrace it. I think there is none among you ſo young, either in years, or underſtanding, but hath heard the true fame of that juſt prince *Euarchus*, king of *Macedon*. A prince with whom our late maſter did ever hold moſt perfect alliance. He, even he, is this day come, having but twenty horſe with him, within two miles of this place, hoping to have found the virtuous *Baſilius* alive, but now willing to do honour to his death. Surely, ſurely the heavenly powers have in ſo full a time beſtowed him on us, to unite our diviſions. For my part therefore I wiſh, that ſince among our ſelves we cannot agree in ſo manifold partialities, we do put the ordering of all theſe things into his hands, as well touching the obſequies of the king, the puniſhment of his death, as the marriage and crowning of our princeſſes, he is both by experience and wiſdom taught how to direct: his greatneſs ſuch, as no man can diſdain to obey him: his equity ſuch, as no man need to fear him. Laſtly, as he hath all theſe qualities to help, ſo hath he, though he would, no force to hurt. If therefore you ſo think, good, ſince our laws bear that our prince's murder be chaſtiſed before his murthered body be buried, we may invite him to ſit to morrow in the judgment ſeat; which done, you may after proceed to the burial. When *Philanax* firſt named *Euarchus* landing, there was a mutter-

muttering murmur among the people, as though, in that evil ordered weakneſs of theirs, he had come to conquer their country. But when they underſtood he had ſo ſmall a retinue, whiſpering one with another, and looking who ſhould begin to confirm *Philanax*'s propoſition, at length *Sympathus* was the firſt that allowed it, then the reſt of the noblemen; neither did *Kalander* ſtrive, hoping ſo excellent a prince could not but deal graciouſly with two ſuch young men, whoſe authority joined to *Philanax*, all the popular ſort followed. *Timautus* ſtill blinded with his own ambitious haſte, not remembring factions are no longer to be truſted, than the factious may be perſuaded it is for their own good, would needs ſtrive againſt the ſtream, exclaiming againſt *Philanax*, that now he ſhewed who it was, that would betray his country to ſtrangers. But well he found, that *who is too buſy in the foundation of an houſe, may pull the building about his ears.* For the people already tired with their own diviſions, of which his clampring had been a principal nurſe, and beginning now to eſpy a haven of reſt, hated any thing that ſhould hinder them from it: asking one another whether this were not he, whoſe evil tongue no man could eſcape? whether it were not *Timautus* that made the firſt mutinous oration, to ſtrengthen the troubles? whether *Timautus*, without their conſent, had not gone about to deliver *Gynecia*? And thus inflaming one another againſt him, they threw him out of the aſſembly, and after purſued him with ſtones and ſtaves, ſo that with loſs of one of his eyes, ſore wounded and beaten, he was fain to fly to *Philanax*'s feet, for ſuccour of his life: giving a true leſſon, that *vice itſelf is forced to ſeek the ſanctuary of virtue.* For *Philanax*, who hated his evil, but not his perſon, and knew that a juſt puniſhment might by the manner be unjuſtly done; remembring withal, that although herein the people's rage might have hit rightly, yet if it were nouriſhed in this, no man knew to what extremities it might extend itſelf: with earneſt dealing, and employing the uttermoſt of his authority he did protect the trembling *Timautus*. And then having taken a general oath, that they ſhould

in the nonage of the princeſs, or till theſe things were ſettled, yield full obedience to *Euarchus*, ſo far as were not prejudicial to the laws, cuſtoms, and liberties of *Arcadia:* and having taken a particular bond of *Sympathus*, under whom he had a ſervant of his own, that the priſoners ſhould be kept cloſe, without conference with any man: he himſelf honourably accompanied with a great number of torches, went to the king *Euarchus*, whoſe coming in this ſort into *Arcadia* had thus fallen out.

The woful prince *Plangus* receiving of *Baſilius* no other ſuccours, but only certain to conduct him to *Euarchus*, made all poſſible ſpeed towards *Byzantium*, where he underſtood the king, having concluded all his wars with the winning of that town, had now for ſome good ſpace made his abode. But being far gone on his way, he received certain intelligence, that *Euarchus* was not only ſome days before returned into *Macedon*, but ſince was gone with ſome haſte to viſit that coaſt of his country that lay towards *Italy*; the occaſion given by the *Latines*, who having already gotten into their hands, partly by conqueſt, and partly by confederacy, the greateſt part of *Italy*, and long gaped to devour *Greece* alſo, obſerving the preſent opportunity of *Euarchus*'s abſence, and *Baſilius*'s ſolitarineſs, which two princes they knew to be in effect the whole ſtrength of *Greece*, were even ready to lay an unjuſt gripe upon it, which after they might beautify with the noble name of conqueſt. Which purpoſe though they made not known by any ſolemn denouncing of war, but contrariwiſe gave many tokens of continuing ſtill their former amity: yet the ſtaying of his ſubjects ſhips, trafficking as merchants into thoſe parts, together with the daily preparation of ſhipping, and other warlike proviſions in ports, moſt convenient for the tranſporting of ſoldiers, occaſioned *Euarchus*, not unacquainted with ſuch practices, firſt to ſuſpect, then to diſcern, laſtly to ſeek to prevent the intended miſchief. Yet thinking war never to be accepted, until it be offered by the hand of neceſſity, he determined ſo long openly to hold them his friends, as open hoſpitality bewrayed them not his enemies,

mies, nor ceaſing in the mean time by letters and meſſages to move the ſtates of *Greece*, by uniting their ſtrength, to make timely proviſion againſt this peril; by many reaſons making them ſee, that, though in reſpect of place, ſome of them might ſeem farther removed from the firſt violence of the ſtorm, yet being imbarked in the ſame ſhip, the final wrack muſt needs be common to them all. And knowing the mighty force of example, with the weak effect of fair diſcourſes, not waited on with agreeable actions, what he perſuaded them, himſelf performed, leaving in his own realm nothing either undone or unprovided which might be thought neceſſary for withſtanding an invaſion. His firſt care was to put his people in a readineſs for war, and by his experienced ſoldiers to train the unſkilful to martial exercities. For the better effecting whereof, as alſo for meeting with other inconveniences in ſuch doubtful times incident to the moſt ſettled ſtates, making of the divers regions of his whole kingdom ſo many diviſions as he thought convenient, he appointed the charge of them to the greateſt, and of greateſt truſt he had about him: arming them with ſufficient authority to levy forces within their ſeveral governments, both for the reſiſting the invading enemy, and puniſhing the diſordered ſubject. Having thus prepared the body, and aſſured the heart of his country againſt any miſchief that might attaint it, he then took into his careful conſideration the external parts, giving order both for the repairing and increaſing his navy, and for the fortifying of ſuch places, eſpecially on the ſea-coaſt, as either commodity of landing, weakneſs of the country, or any other reſpect of advantage was likelieſt to draw the enemy unto. But being none of them who think all things done, for which they have once given direction, he followed every where his commandment with his preſence, which witneſſed of every man's ſlackneſs or diligence, chaſtiſing the one, and encouraging the other, ſuffered not the fruit of any profitable counſel for want of timely taking to be loſt. And thus making one place ſucceed another in the progreſs of wiſdom and

virtue, he was now come to *Aulon* a principal port of his realm, when the poor *Plangus* extremely wearied with his long journey, deſire of ſuccouring *Erona* no more relieving, than fear of not ſuccouring her in time, aggravating his travel, by a lamentable narration of his children's death, called home his cares from encountring foreign enemies, to ſuppreſs the inſurrection of inward paſſions. The matter ſo heinous, the manner ſo villainous, the loſs of ſuch perſons, in ſo unripe years, in a time ſo dangerous to the whole ſtate of *Greece*, how vehemently it moved to grief and compaſſion others, only not blind to the light of virtue, nor deaf to the voice of their country, might perchance by a more cunning workman in lively colours be delivered. But the face of *Euarchus*'s ſorrow, to the one in nature, to both in affection a father, and judging the world ſo much the more unworthily deprived of thoſe excellencies, as himſelf was better judge of ſo excellent worthineſs, can no otherwiſe be ſhadowed out by the ſkilfulleſt pencil, than by covering it over with the veil of ſilence. And indeed that way himſelf took, with ſo patient a quietneſs receiving this pitiful relation, that all words of weakneſs ſuppreſſed, magnanimity ſeemed to triumph over miſery. Only receiving of *Plangus* perfect inſtruction of all things concerning *Plexirtus* and *Artaxia*, with promiſe not only to aid him in delivering *Erona*, but alſo with vehement proteſtation, never to return into *Macedon*, till he had purſued the murtherers to death, he diſpatched with ſpeed a ſhip for *Byzantium*, commanding the governor to provide all neceſſaries for the war againſt his own coming, which he purpoſed ſhould be very ſhortly. In this ſhip *Plangus* would needs go, impatient of ſtay, for that in many days before he had underſtood nothing of his lady's eſtate. Soon after whoſe departure, news was brought to *Euarchus*, that all the ſhips detained in *Italy* were returned. For the *Latines* finding by *Euarchus*'s proceedings their intent to be fruſtrate, as before by his ſudden return they doubted it was diſcovered, deeming it no wiſdom to ſhew the will, not having the ability to hurt, had not only in free

free and friendly manner diſmiſſed them, but for that time wholly omitted their enterprize attending the opportunity of fitter occaſion. By means whereof *Euarchus*, rid from the cumber of that war, likely otherwiſe to have ſtayed him longer, with ſo great a fleet as haſte would ſuffer him to aſſemble, forthwith embarked for *Byzantium*. And now followed with freſh winds he had in a ſhort time run a long courſe, when on a night encountred with an extreme tempeſt, his ſhips were ſo ſcattered, that ſcarcely any two were left together. As for the king's own ſhip, deprived of all company, ſore bruiſed, and weather beaten, able no longer to brook the ſeas churliſh entertainment, a little before day it recovered the ſhore. The firſt light made them ſee it was the unhappy coaſt of *Laconia*: for no other country could have ſhown the like evidence of unnatural war. Which having long endured between the nobility and the *Helots*, and once compounded by *Pyrocles*, under the name of *Daiphantus*, immediately upon his departure had broken out more violently than ever before. For the king taking opportunity of their captain's abſence, refuſed to perform the conditions of peace, as extorted from him by rebellious violence. Whereupon they were again deeply entered into war, with ſo notable an hatred towards the very name of a king, that *Euarchus*, though a ſtranger unto them, thought it not ſafe there to leave his perſon, where neither his own force could be a defence, nor the ſacred name of majeſty, a protection. Therefore calling to him an *Arcadian*, one that coming with *Plangus* had remained with *Euarchus*, deſirous to ſee the wars, he demanded of him for the next place of ſurety, where he might make his ſtay, until he might hear ſomewhat of his fleet, or cauſe his ſhip to be repaired. The gentleman glad to have this occaſion of doing ſervice to *Euarchus*, and honour to *Baſilius*, to whom he knew he ſhould bring a moſt welcome gueſt, told him, that if it pleaſed him to commit himſelf to *Arcadia*, a part whereof lay open to their view, he would undertake e'er the next night were far ſpent to guide him ſafely to his maſter *Baſilius*. The preſent

preſent neceſſity much prevailed with *Euarchus*, yet more a certain virtuous deſire to try, whether by his authority he might withdraw *Baſilius* from burying himſelf alive, and to employ the reſt of his old years in doing good, the only happy action of man's life. For beſides the univerſal caſe of *Greece*, deprived by this means of a principal pillar, he weighed and pitied the pitiful ſtate of the *Arcadian* people, who were in worſe caſe than if death had taken away their prince. For ſo yet their neceſſity would have placed ſome one to the helm; now, a prince being, and not doing like a prince, keeping and not exerciſing the place, they were in ſo much more evil caſe, as they could not provide for their evil. Theſe rightly wiſe and virtuous conſiderations eſpecially moved *Euarchus* to take his journey towards the deſarts, where arriving within night, and underſtanding to his great grief the news of the prince's death, he waited for his ſafe conduct from *Philanax*; in the mean time taking his reſt under a tree, with no more affected pomps, than as a man that knew, howſoever he was exalted, the beginning and end of his body was earth. But *Philanax* as ſoon as he was in ſight of him, lighting from his horſe, preſented himſelf unto him in all thoſe humble behaviours, which not only the great reverence of the party, but the conceit of one's own miſery, is wont to frame: *Euarchus* roſe up unto him, with ſo gracious a countenance, as the goodneſs of his mind had long exerciſed him unto; careful ſo much more to deſcend in all courteſies, as he ſaw him bear a low repreſentation of his afflicted ſtate. But to *Philanax*, as ſoon as by near looking on him, he might perfectly behold him, the gravity of his countenance and years, not much unlike to his late deceaſed, but ever beloved maſter, brought his form ſo lively into his memory, and revived to all the thoughts of his wonted joys within him, that inſtead of ſpeaking to *Euarchus*, he ſtood a while like a man gone a far journey from himſelf, calling as it were with his mind an account of his loſſes, imagining that this pain needed not, if nature had not been violently ſtopped of her own courſe; and caſting more loving than wiſe conceits, what a world

world this would have been if this ſudden accident had not interrupted it. And ſo far ſtrayed he into his raving melancholy, that his eyes nimbler than his tongue, let fall a flood of tears, his voice being ſtopped with extremity of ſobbing. ſo much had his friendſhip carried him to *Baſilius*, that he thought no age was timely for his death. But at length taking the occaſion of his own weeping, he thus did ſpeak to *Euarchus*, let not my tears, moſt worthily renowned prince, make my preſence unpleaſant, or my ſpeech unmarked of you. For the juſtneſs of the cauſe takes away the blame of any weakneſs in me; and the affinity that the ſame beareth to your greatneſs, ſeems even lawfully to claim pity in you: a prince of a prince's fall, a lover of juſtice, of a moſt unjuſt violence. And give me leave, excellent *Euarchus*, to ſay, I am but the repreſenter of all the late flouriſhing *Arcadia*, which now with mine eyes doth weep, with my tongue doth complain, with my knees doth lay itſelf at your feet, which never have been unready to carry you to the virtuous protecting of innocents. Imagine, vouchſafe to imagine, moſt wiſe and good king, that here is before your eyes the pitiful ſpectacle of a moſt dolorouſly ending tragedy: wherein I do but play the part of all the new miſerable province, which being ſpoiled of their guide, doth lie like a ſhip without a pilot, tumbling up and down in the uncertain waves, till it either run itſelf upon the rocks of ſelf-diviſion, or be overthrown by the ſtormy wind of foreign force. *Arcadia* finding herſelf in theſe deſolate terms, doth ſpeak, and I ſpeak for her, to thee not vainly puiſſant prince, that ſince now ſhe is not only robbed of the natural ſupport of her lord, but ſo ſuddenly robbed that ſhe hath not breathing time to ſtand for her ſafety: ſo unfortunately, that it doth appal their minds, though they had leiſure: and ſo miſchievouſly, that it doth exceed both the ſuddenneſs and unfortunateneſs of it; thou wilt lend thine arm unto her, and as a man, take compaſſion of mankind: as a virtuous man, chaſtiſe moſt abominable vice; and as a prince protect a people, which all have with one voice called for thy goodneſs; thinking that as thou art only able, ſo thou art

art fully able, to redreſs their imminent ruins. They do therefore with as much confidence as neceſſity, fly unto you for ſuccour, they lay themſelves open unto you: to you, I mean yourſelf ſuch as you have ever been: that is to ſay, one that hath always had his determinations bounded with equity. They only reſerve the right to *Baſilius*'s blood; the manner to the antient preſcribing of their laws. For the reſt without exception they yield over unto you, as to the elected protector of this kingdom, which name and office they beſeech you, till you have laid a ſufficient foundation of tranquillity, to take upon you; the particularity both of their ſtatutes and demands you ſhall preſently after underſtand. Now only I am to ſay unto you, that this country falls to be a fair field, to prove whether the goodly tree of your virtue will live in all ſoils. Here I ſay will be ſeen, whether either fear can make you ſhort, or the licouriſhneſs of dominion make you beyond juſtice. And I can for concluſion ſay no more but this, you muſt think upon my words; and on your anſwer depends not only the quiet, but the lives of ſo many thouſands, which for their ancient confederacy, in this their extreme neceſſity, deſire neither the expence of your treaſure, nor hazard of your ſubjects, but only the benefit of your wiſdom, whoſe both glory and increaſe ſtands in the exerciſing of it. The ſum of this requeſt was utterly unlooked for of *Euarchus*, which made him the more diligent in marking his ſpeech, and after his ſpeech take the greater pauſe for a perfect reſolution. For as of the one ſide, he thought nature required nothing more of him than that he ſhould be a help to them of like creation, and had his heart no wit commanded with fear, thinking his life well paſſed, having ſatisfyed the tyranny of time, with the courſe of many years, the expectation of the world with more than expected honour: laſtly, the tribute due to his own mind, with the daily offering of moſt virtuous actions: ſo of the other he weighed the juſt reproach that followed thoſe who eaſily enter into other folks buſineſs, with the opinion might be conceived, love of ſeigniory rather than of juſtice, had made him embark himſelf

thus

thus into a matter nothing pertaining to him, eſpecially in a time when earneſt occaſion of his own buſineſs ſo greatly required his preſence. But in the end, wiſdom being an eſſential and not an opinionate thing, made him rather to bend to what was in itſelf good, than what by evil minds might be judged not good. And therein did ſee, that though the people did not belong unto him, yet doing good, which is not enclozed within any terms of people, did belong unto him. and if neceſſity forced him for ſome time to abide in *Arcadia*, the neceſſity of *Arcadia* might juſtly demand ſome fruit of abiding. To this ſecret aſſurance of his own worthineſs, which although it be never ſo well cloathed in modeſty, yet always lives in the worthieſt minds, did much puſh him forward, ſaying unto himſelf, the treaſure of thoſe inward gifts he had were beſtowed by the heavens upon him, to be beneficial and not idle. On which determination reſting, and yet willing before he waded any farther, to examine well the depth of the others proffer; he thus with that well poiſed geſture, unpaſſionate nature beſtoweth upon mankind, made anſwer to *Philanax*'s moſt urgent petition. Although long experience hath made me know all men, and ſo princes which be but men, to be ſubject to infinite caſualties, the very conſtitution of our lives remaining in continual change: yet the affairs of this country, or at leaſt my meeting ſo jumply with them, makes me abaſhed with the ſtrangeneſs of it. With much pain am I come hither to ſee my long approved friend, and now I find if I will ſee him, I muſt ſee him dead: after, for mine own ſecurity, I ſeek to be warranted mine own life; and there ſuddenly am I appointed to be a judge of other men's lives: though a friend to him, yet am I a ſtranger to the country, and now of a ſtranger you would ſuddenly make a director. I might object, to your deſire, my weakneſs, which age perhaps hath wrought in mind and body: and juſtly I may pretend the neceſſity of mine own affairs, to which as I am by all true rules moſt nearly tied, ſo can they not long bear the delay of my abſence. But though I would and could diſpence with theſe difficulties, what aſſu-

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rance can I have of the people's will? which having ſo many circles of imaginations can hardly be incloſed in one point. Who knows a people, that knows not ſudden opinion makes them hope, which hope if it be not anſwered, they fall into hate, chuſing and refuſing, erecting, and overthrowing, according as the preſentneſs of any fancy carries them. Even this their haſty drawing to me, makes me think they will be as haſtily withdrawn from me; for it is but one ground of inconſtancy, ſoon to take or ſoon to leave. It may be they have heard of *Euarchus* more than cauſe: their own eyes will be perhaps more curious judges, out of hear-ſay they may have builded many conceits, which I cannot, perchance will not, perform, then will undeſerved repentance be a greater ſhame and injury unto me, than their undeſerved proffer is honour. And to conclude, I muſt be fully informed how the patient is minded, before I can promiſe to undertake the cure. *Philanax* was not of the modern minds, who made ſuters magiſtrates; but did ever think *the unwilling worthy man, was fitter than the undeſerving deſirer.* Therefore the more *Euarchus* drew back, the more he found in him, that the cunningeſt pilot doth moſt dread the rocks, the more earneſtly he purſued his publick requeſt unto him. He deſired him not to make any weak excuſes of his weakneſs, ſince ſo many examples had well proved his mind was ſtrong to overpaſs the greateſt troubles, and his body ſtrong enough to obey his mind: and that ſo long as they were joined together, he knew *Euarchus* would think it no weariſome exerciſe, to make them veſſels of virtuous actions. The duty to his country he acknowledged, which as he had ſo ſettled as it was not to fear any ſudden alteration, ſo ſince it did want him, as well it might endure a fruitful as an idle abſence. As for the doubt he conceived of the people's conſtancy in this their election, he ſaid it was ſuch a doubt as all human actions are ſubject unto; yet as much as in politick matters, which receive not geometrical certainties, a man may aſſure himſelf there was evident likelihood to be conceived of the continuance, both in their

their unanimity, and his worthineſs; whereof the one was apt to be held, and the other to hold, joined to the preſent neceſſity the firmeſt band of mortal minds. In ſum, he alledged ſo many reaſons to *Euarchus*'s mind, already inclined to enter into any virtuous action, that he yielded to take upon himſelf the judgment of the preſent cauſe; ſo as he might find indeed, that ſuch was the people's deſire out of judgment, and not faction. Therefore mounting on their horſes, they haſted to the lodges, where they found, though late in the night, the people wakefully watching for the iſſue of *Philanax*'s embaſſage. No man thinking the matter would be well done, without he had his voice in it, and each deeming his own eyes the beſt guardians of his throat in that unaccuſtomed tumult. But when they ſaw *Philanax* return, having on his right hand the king *Euarchus*, on whom they had now placed the greateſt burthen of their fears, with joyful ſhouts, and applauding acclamations, they made him and the world quickly know, that *one mans ſufficiency is more available than ten thouſand of the multitude*. So evil balanced be the extremities of popular minds: and ſo much natural imperiouſneſs there reſts in a well-formed ſpirit. For, as if *Euarchus* had been born of the princely blood of *Arcadia*, or that long and well acquainted proof had ingrafted him in their country, ſo flocked they about this ſtranger, moſt of them already from dejected fears, riſing to ambitious conſiderations, who ſhould catch the firſt hold of his favour. And then from thoſe crying welcomes to babling one with the other, ſome praiſing *Philanax* for his exceeding pain, others liking *Euarchus*'s aſpect, and as they judged his age by his face, ſo judging his wiſdom by his age, *Euarchus* paſſed through them like a man that did neither diſdain a people, nor yet was any thing tickled with their flatteries. But always holding his own, a man might read a conſtant determination in his eyes. And in that ſoft diſmounting among them, he forthwith demanded the convocation to be made, which accordingly was done, with as much order and ſilence, as it might appear; *Neptune* had not more force to appeaſe the rebellious wind, than the admiration

miration of an extraordinary virtue hath, to temper a disordered multitude; he being raised up upon a place more high than the rest, where he might be best understood, in this sort speak unto them. I understand, said he, faithful *Arcadians*, by my lord *Philanax*, that you have with one consent chosen me to be the judge of the late evils happened; orderer of the present disorders; and finally protector of this country, till therein it be seen what the customs of *Arcadia* require. He could say no farther, being stopped with a general cry, that so it was, giving him all the honourable titles and happy wishes they could imagine. He beckoned unto them for silence, and then thus again proceeded, Well, said he, how good choice you have made, the attending must be in you, the proof in me. But because it many times falls out, we are much deceived in others, we being the first to deceive ourselves, I am to require you, not to have an over-shooting expectation of me, the most cruel adversary of all honourable doings. Nor promise yourselves wonders out of a sudden liking: but remember I am a man, that is to say, a creature, whose reason is often darkened with error. Secondly, that you will lay your hearts void of fore-taken opinions: else whatsoever I do or say, will be measured by a wrong rule, like them that have the yellow jaundice, every thing seeming yellow unto them. Thirdly, whatsoever debates have risen among you, may be utterly extinguished; knowing that even among the best men are diversities of opinions, which are no more in true reason to breed hatred, than one that loves black, should be angry with him that is cloathed in white; for thoughts and conceits are the very apparel of the mind: lastly, that you do not easily judge of your judge, but since you will have me to command, think it is your part to obey. And in reward of this, I will promise and protest unto you, that the uttermost of my skill, both in the general laws of nature, especially of *Greece*, and particularly of *Arcadia*, wherein I must confess I am not unacquainted, I will not only see the passed evils duly punished, and your weal hereafter established, but for your defence in it, if need shall require, I will employ

employ the force and treaſures of mine own country. In the mean time, this ſhall be the firſt order I will take, that no man, under pain of grievous puniſhment, name me by any other name but protector of *Arcadia*. For I will not leave any poſſible colour, to any of my natural ſucceſſors, to make claim to this which by free election you have beſtowed upon me. And ſo I vow unto you, to depoſe myſelf of it as ſoon as the judgment is paſſed, the king buried, and his lawful ſucceſſor appointed. For the firſt whereof, I mean the trying which be guilty of the king's death, and theſe other heinous treſpaſſes, becauſe your cuſtoms require ſuch haſte, I will no longer delay it, than till to morrow as ſoon as the ſun ſhall give us fit opportunity. You may therefore retire your ſelves to your reſt, that you may be readier to be preſent, at theſe ſo great important matters. With many allowing tokens was *Euarchus*'s ſpeech heard, who now by *Philanax*, that took the principal care of doing all due ſervices unto him, was offered a lodging made ready for him, the reſt of the people as well as a ſmall commodity of that place would ſuffer, yielding their weary heads to ſleep, when lo, the night thoroughly ſpent in theſe mixed matters, was for that time baniſhed the face of the earth, and *Euarchus*, ſeeing the day begin to diſcloſe his comfortable beauties, deſiring nothing more, than to join ſpeed with juſtice, willed *Philanax* preſently to make the judgment-place be put in order: and as ſoon the people, who yet were not fully diſperſed, might be brought together, to bring forth the priſoners and the king's body. Which the manner was, ſhould in ſuch caſes be held in ſight, though covered with black velvet, until they that were accuſed to be the murtherers were acquitted or condemned; whether the reaſon of the law were to ſhew the more grateful love to their prince, or by that ſpectacle, the more to remember the judge of his duty. *Philanax*, who now thought in himſelf, he approached to the juſt revenge he ſo much deſired, went with all care and diligence to perform his charge. But firſt it ſhall be well to know, how the poor and princely priſoners paſſed

ſed this tedious night. There was never tyrant exerciſed his rage with more grievous torments upon any he moſt hated, than afflicted *Gynecia* did crucify her own ſoul, after the guiltineſs of her heart was ſurcharged with the ſuddenneſs of her husband's death: for altho' that effect came not from her mind, yet her mind being evil, and the effect evil, ſhe thought the juſtice of god had for the beginning of her pains coupled them together. This inceſſantly boiled in her breaſt, but moſt of all, when *Philanax* having cloſely impriſoned her, ſhe was left more freely to ſuffer the firebrands of her own thoughts, eſpecially when it grew dark, and had nothing left her but a little lamp, whoſe ſmall light to a perplexed mind, might rather yield fearful ſhadows, than any aſſured ſight. Then began the heaps of her miſeries, to weigh down the platform of her judgment, then began deſpair to lay his ugly claws upon her, ſhe began then to fear the heavenly powers, ſhe was wont to reverence, not like a child, but like an enemy, neither kept ſhe herſelf from blaſphemouſly repining againſt her creation, O god, would ſhe cry out, why did you make me to deſtruction? if you love goodneſs, why did you not give me a good mind? or if I cannot have it without your gift, why do you plague me? is it in me to reſiſt the mightineſs of your power? then would ſhe imagine, ſhe ſaw ſtrange ſights, and that ſhe heard the cries of helliſh ghoſts, then would ſhe ſhriek out for ſuccour, but no man coming unto her, ſhe would fain have killed herſelf, but knew not how. At ſometimes again, the very heavineſs of her imaginations would cloſe up her ſenſes to a little ſleep: but then did her dreams become her tormentors. One time it would ſeem unto her, *Philanax* was hauling her by the hair of the head, and having put out her eyes was ready to throw her in a burning furnace. Another time ſhe would think ſhe ſaw her husband making the complaint of his death to *Pluto*, and the magiſtrates of that infernal region, contending in great debate, to what eternal puniſhment they ſhould allot her. But long her dreaming would not hold, but that it would fall upon *Zelmane*: to whom ſhe would think ſhe was crying for mercy,

mercy, and that she did pass away by her in silence, without any shew of pitying her mischief. Then waking out of a broken sleep, and yet wishing she might ever have slept; new forms, but of the same miseries, would seize her mind: she feared death, and yet desired death; she had passed the uttermost of shame, and yet shame was one of her cruellest assaulters; she hated *Pyrocles* as the original of her mortal overthrow; and yet the love she had conceived to him, had still a high authority of her passions. O *Zelmane*, would she say, not knowing how near he himself was to as great a danger, now shalt thou glut thy eyes, with the dishonoured death of thy enemy! enemy, alas enemy, since so thou hast well shewed thou wilt have me account thee: couldst thou not as well have given me a determinate denial, as to disguise thy first disguising, with a double dissembling? perchance if I had been utterly hopeless, the virtue was once in me might have called together his forces, and not have been led captive to this monstrous thraldom of punished wickedness. Then would her own knowing of good inflame anew the rage of despair: which becoming an unresisted lord in her breast, she had no other comfort but in death, which yet she had in horror, when she thought of. But the wearisome detesting of herself, made her long for the day's approach, at which time she determined to continue her former course, in acknowledging any thing that might hasten her end: wherein although she did not hope for the end of her torments, feeling already the beginning of hell-agonies; yet according to the nature of pain, the present being most intolerable, she desired to change that, and put to adventure the ensuing. And thus rested the restless *Gynecia*. No less sorrowful, though less rageful, were the minds of the princess *Pamela*, and the lady *Philoclea*, whose only advantages were, that they had not consented to so much evil, and so were at greater peace with themselves: and that they were not left alone, but might mutually bear part of each others woes. For when *Philanax* not regarding *Pamela*'s princely protestations, had by force left her under guard with her sister,

ſiſter, and that the two ſiſters were matched, as well in the diſgraces of fortune, as they had been in the beſt beauties of nature: thoſe things that till then baſhfulneſs and miſtruſt had made them hold reſerved one from the other, now fear, the underminer of all determinations, and neceſſity the victorious rebel of all laws, forced them interchangeably to lay open. Their paſſions then ſo ſwelling in them as they would have made auditors of ſtones, rather than have ſwallowed up in ſilence the choaking adventures were fallen unto them; truly the hardeſt hearts, which have at any time thought woman's tears to be a matter of ſlight compaſſion, imagining that fair weather will quickly after follow, would now have been mollified; and been compelled to confeſs, that the fairer a diamond is, the more pity it is it ſhould receive a blemiſh. Although, no doubt, their faces did rather beautify ſorrow, than ſorrow could darken that, which even in darkneſs did ſhine. But after they had ſo long, as their other afflictions would ſuffer them, with doleful ceremonies bemoaned their father's death: they ſate down together apparalled as their miſadventures had found them; *Pamela* in her journeying weeds now converted to another uſe: *Philoclea* only in her night gown, which ſhe thought ſhould be the rayment of her funerals. But when the excellent creatures had after much panting, with their inward travel, gotten ſo much breathing power, as to make a pitiful diſcourſe one to the other, what had befallen them, and that by the plain comparing the caſe they were in, they thoroughly found that their griefs were not more like in regard of themſelves, than like in reſpect of the ſubject, the two princes, as *Pamela* had learned of *Muſidorus*, being ſo minded as they would ever make both their fortunes one, it did more unite, and ſo ſtrengthen their lamentation: ſeeing the one could not be miſerable, but that it muſt neceſſarily make the other miſerable alſo. That therefore was the firſt matter their ſweet mouths delivered, the declaring the paſſionate beginning, troubleſome proceeding, and dangerous ending, their never ending loves had paſſed.

And

And when at any time they entered into praiſes of the young princes, too long it would have exerciſed their tongues, but that their memory forthwith warned them, the more praiſe-worthy they were, the more at that time they were worthy of lamentation. Then again to crying and wringing of hands; and then anew, as unquiet grief ſought each corner, to new diſcourſes, from diſcourſes to wiſhes, from wiſhes to prayers. Eſpecially the tender *Philoclea*, who as ſhe was in years younger, and had never lifted up her mind to any opinion of ſovereignty, ſo was ſhe the apter to yield to her misfortune; having no ſtronger debates in her mind, than a man may ſay a moſt witty childhood is wont to nouriſh, as to imagine with her ſelf, why *Philanax* and the other noblemen ſhould deal ſo cruelly by her, that had never deſerved evil of any of them. And how they could find in their hearts, to impriſon ſuch a perſonage, as ſhe did figure *Pyrocles*, whom ſhe thought all the world was bound to love, as well as ſhe did. But *Pamela*, although endued with a virtuous mildneſs, yet the knowledge of herſelf, and what was due unto her, made her heart full of a ſtronger diſdain againſt her adverſity.

So that ſhe joined the vexation of her friend, with the ſpight to ſee her ſelf, as ſhe thought, rebelliouſly detained, and mixed deſirous thoughts to help, with revengeful thoughts if ſhe could not help. And as in pangs of death, the ſtronger heart feels the greater torment, becauſe it doth the more reſiſt his oppreſſor: ſo her mind, the nobler it was ſet, and had already embraced the higher thoughts, ſo much more it did repine; and the more it repined, the more helpleſs wounds it gave unto it ſelf. But when great part of the night was paſſed over the doleful muſick of theſe ſweet ladies complaints, and that leiſure though with ſome ſtrife had brought *Pamela* to know, that an *Eagle when ſhe is in a cage muſt not think to do like an Eagle*, remembring with themſelves, that it was likely the next day, the lords would proceed againſt thoſe they had impriſoned. They employed the reſt of the night in writing unto them, with ſuch earneſtneſs as the

the matter required, but in ſuch ſtyles as the ſtate of their thoughts was apt to faſhion. In the mean time, *Pyrocles* and *Muſidorus* were recommended to ſo ſtrong a guard, as they might well ſee it was meant, they ſhould pay no leſs price than their lives, for the getting out of that place, which they like men indeed, fortifying courage with the true rampire of patience, did ſo endure, at they did rather appear governors of neceſſity, than ſervants to fortune. The whole ſum of their thoughts reſting upon the ſafety of their ladies, and their care one for the other: wherein, if at all, their hearts did ſeem to receive ſome ſoftneſs. For ſometimes *Muſidorus* would feel ſuch a motion to his friend, and his unworthy caſe, that he would fall into ſuch kind of ſpeeches. My *Pyrocles*, would he ſay, how unhappy may I think *Theſſalia*, that hath been as it were the middle way to this evil eſtate of yours? for if you had not been there brought up, the ſea ſhould not have had this power, thus to ſever you from your dear father. I have therefore, if complaints do at any time become a man's heart, moſt cauſe to complain, ſince my country, which received the honour of *Pyrocles*'s education, ſhould be a ſtep to his overthrow, if human chances can be counted an overthrow to him, that ſtands upon virtue. Oh excellent *Muſidorus*, anſwered *Pyrocles*, how do you teach me rather to fall out with my ſelf, and my fortune, ſince by you I have received all good, you only by me this affliction? to you and your virtuous mother, I in my tendereſt years, and father's greateſt troubles, was ſent for ſuccour. There did I learn the ſweet myſteries of philoſophy; there had I your lively example to confirm that which I learned; there laſtly had I your friendſhip, which no unhappineſs can ever make you ſay, but that hath made me happy. Now ſee how my deſtiny, the gods know, not my will, hath rewarded you: my father ſends for you out of your land, whence but for me you had not come: what after followed, you know. It was my love, not yours, which firſt ſtaid you here; and therefore if the heavens ever held a juſt proportion, it were I, and not you, that ſhould feel the ſmart. O

blame

blame not the heavens, ſweet *Pyrocles*, ſaid *Muſidorus*, as their courſe never alters, ſo is there nothing done by the unreachable ruler of them, but hath an everlaſting reaſon for it. And to ſay the truth of theſe things, we ſhould deal ungratefully with nature, if we ſhould be forgetful receivers of her gift, and diligent auditors of the chances we like not. We have lived, and have lived to be good to our ſelves and others: our ſouls which are put into the ſtirring earth of our bodies, hath atchieved the cauſes of their thither coming: they have known and honoured with knowledge, the cauſe of their creation, and to many men, for in this time, place and fortune, it is lawful for us to ſpeak gloriouſly, it hath been behoveful, that we ſhould live. Since then eternity is not to be had in this conjunction, what is to be loſt by the ſeparation, but time? which ſince it hath his end, when that is once come, all that is paſt is nothing: and by the protracting nothing gotten, but labour and care. Do not me therefore that wrong, who ſomething in years, but much in all other deſerts, am fitter to die than you, as to ſay, you have brought me to any evil: ſince the love of you doth over-balance all bodily miſchiefs, and thoſe miſchiefs be but miſchiefs to the baſer minds, too much delighted with the kennel of this life. Neither will I any more yield to my paſſion of lamenting you, which howſoever it might agree to my exceeding friendſhip, ſurely it would nothing to your exceeding virtue. Add this to your noble ſpeech my dear couſin, ſaid *Pyrocles*, that if we complain of this our fortune, or ſeem to our ſelves faulty; in having one hurt the other, we ſhew a repentance of the love we bear to theſe matchleſs creatures, or at leaſt a doubt, it ſhould be over dearly bought, which for my part, and ſo dear I anſwer for you, I call all the gods to witneſs, I am ſo far from, that no ſhame, no torment, no death, would make me forego the leaſt part of the inward honour, eſſential pleaſure, and living life, I have enjoyed in the preſence of the faultleſs *Philoclea*. Take the preheminence in all things but in true loving, anſwered *Muſidorus*, for the confeſſion of that

no death ſhall get of me. Of that, anſwered *Pyrocles* ſoberly ſmiling, I perceive we ſhall have a debate in the other world, if at leaſt there remain any thing of remembrance in that place. I do not think the contrary, ſaid *Muſidorus*, although you know, it is greatly held, that with the death of body and ſenſes, which are not only the beginning, but dwelling and nouriſhing of paſſions, thoughts and imaginations, they failing, memory likewiſe fails, which riſeth only out of them: and then is there left nothing, but the intellectual part or intelligence, which void of all moral virtues, which ſtand in the mean of perturbations, doth only live in the contemplative virtue, and power of the omnipotent good, the ſoul of ſouls, and univerſal life of this great work, and therefore is utterly void from the poſſibility of drawing to it ſelf theſe ſenſible conſiderations. Certainly, anſwered *Pyrocles*, I eaſily yield, that we ſhould not know one another, and much leſs theſe paſſed things, with a ſenſible or paſſionate knowledge. For the cauſe being taken away, the effects follow. Neither do I think, we ſhall have ſuch a memory, as now we have, which is but a relick of the ſenſes, or rather a print the ſenſes have left of things paſt in our thoughts, but it ſhall be a vital power of that very intelligence: which as vile as it was here, it held the chief ſeat of our life, and was as it were the laſt reſort, to which of all our knowledges, the higeſt appeal came, and ſo by that means was never ignorant of our actions, though many times rebelliouſly reſiſted, always with this priſon darkened; ſo much more being free of that priſon, and returning to the life of all things, where all infinite knowledge is, it cannot but be a right intelligence, which is both his name and being, of things both preſent and paſſed, though void of imagining to itſelf any thing; but even grown like to his creator hath all things, with a ſpiritual knowledge before it. The difference of which is as hard for us to conceive, as it was for us when we were in our mothers wombs, to comprehend, if any body would have told us, what kind of light we now in this life ſee, what kind of knowledge we now have:

have: yet now we do not only feel our preſent being, but we conceive what we were before we were born, though remembrance make us not do it, but knowledge, and though we are utterly without any remorſe of any miſery we might then ſuffer. Even ſuch, and much more odds, ſhall there be at that ſecond delivery of ours; when void of ſenſible memory, or memorative paſſion, we ſhall not ſee the colours, but lives of all things that have been or can be: and ſhall, as I hope, know our friendſhip, though exempt from the earthly cares of friendſhip, having both united it, and our ſelves, in that high and heavenly love of the unquenchable light. As he had ended his ſpeech, *Muſidorus* looking with a heavenly joy upon him, ſang this ſong unto him, he had made before love turned his muſe to another ſubject.

Since nature's works be good, and death doth ſerve
As nature's work: why ſhould we fear to die?
Since fear is vain, but when it may preſerve:
Why ſhould we fear that which we cannot fly?

Fear is more pain than is the pain it fears,
Diſarming human minds of native might:
While each conceit an ugly figure bears,
Which were not evil well view'd in reaſon's light.

Our owly eyes, which dimm'd with paſſions be,
And ſcarce diſcern the dawn of coming day,
Let them be clear'd, and now begin to ſee,
Our life is but a ſtep in duſty way.
Then let us hold the bliſs of peaceful mind,
Since this we feel, great loſs we cannot find.

Thus did they, like quiet ſwans, ſing their own obſequies, and virtuouſly enable their minds againſt all extremities, which they did think would fall upon them, eſpecially reſolving, that the firſt care they would have, ſhould be by taking the fault upon themſelves, to clear the two ladies, of whoſe caſe, as of nothing elſe that happened, they had not any knowledge. Although their friendly hoſt, the honeſt gentleman *Kalander*,

ſeeking all means how to help them, had endeavoured to ſpeak with them, and to make them know who ſhould be their judge. But the curious ſervant of *Philanax* forbad him the entry upon pain of death. For ſo it was agreed upon, that no man ſhould have any conference with them, for fear of new tumults. Inſomuch that *Kalander* was conſtrained to retire himſelf, having yet obtained thus much, that he would deliver unto the two princes their apparel and jewels, which being left with him at *Mantinea*, wiſely conſidering that their diſguiſed weeds, which were all as then they had, would make them more odious in the ſight of the judges, he had that night ſent for, and now brought unto them. They accepted their own with great thankfulneſs, knowing from whence it came, and attired themſelves in it againſt the next day, which being indeed rich and princely, they accordingly determined to maintain the names of *Palladius* and *Daiphantus*, as before it is mentioned. Then gave they themſelves to conſider, in what ſort they might defend their cauſes; for they thought it no leſs vain to wiſh death, than cowardly to fear it, till ſomething before morning, a ſmall ſlumber taking them, they were by and by after called up to come to the anſwer, of no leſs than their lives imported. But in this ſort was the judgment ordered. As ſoon as the morning had took a full poſſeſſion of the element, *Euarchus* called unto him *Philanax*, and willed him to draw out into the midſt of the green, before the chief lodge, the throne of judgment-ſeat, in which *Baſilius* was wont to ſit, and according to their cuſtoms, was ever carried with the prince. For *Euarchus* did wiſely conſider, the people to be naturally taken with exterior ſhews, far more than with inward conſideration of the material points. And therefore in this new entry into ſo entangled a matter, he would leave nothing which might be either an armour or an ornament unto him, and in theſe pompous ceremonies he well knew a ſecret of government much to conſiſt. That was performed by the diligent *Philanax*, and therein *Euarchus* did ſet himſelf all cloathed in black, with the principal men who could in that ſud-

denneſs

denneſs provide themſelves of ſuch mourning raiments; the whole people commanded to keep an orderly ſilence of each ſide, which was duly obſerved of them, partly for the deſire they had to ſee a good concluſion of theſe matters, and partly ſtricken with admiration, as well at the grave and princely preſence of *Euarchus*, as at the greatneſs of the cauſe which was then to come in queſtion. As for *Philanax*, *Euarchus* would have done him the honour to ſit by him, but he excuſed himſelf, deſiring to be the accuſer of the priſoners in his maſter's behalf; and therefore ſince he made himſelf a party, it was not convenient for him to ſit in the judicial place. Then was it a while deliberated, whether the two young ladies ſhould be brought forth in open preſence: but that was ſtopped by *Philanax*, whoſe love and faith did deſcend from his maſter to his children, and only deſired the ſmart ſhould light upon the others, whom he thought guilty of his death and diſhonour, alledging for this, that neither wiſdom would they ſhould be brought in preſence of the people, which might hereupon grow to new uproars, nor juſtice required they ſhould be drawn to any ſhame, till ſomebody accuſed them. And as for *Pamela*, he proteſted the laws of *Arcadia* would not allow any judgment of her, although ſhe herſelf were to determine nothing till age or marriage enabled her. Then the king's body being laid upon a table, juſt before *Euarchus*, and all covered over with black, the priſoners, namely, the queen and two young princes, were ſent for to appear in the protector's name: which name was the cauſe they came not to knowledge, how near a kinſman was to judge of them, but thought him to be ſome nobleman, choſen by the country, in this extremity. So extraordinary a courſe had the order of the heavens produced at this time, that both nephew and ſon, were not only priſoners, but unknown to their uncle and father, who of many years had not ſeen them. And *Pyrocles* was to plead for his life before that throne, in which throne lately before he had ſaved the king's life. But firſt was *Gynecia* led forth in the ſame weeds that the day and night before ſhe had worn, ſaving that inſtead of *Zelmane*'s garment in which ſhe

was found, she had cast on a long cloak, which reached to the ground, of russet coarse cloth, with a poor felt hat, which almost covered all her face, most part of her goodly hair, on which her hands had laid many a spiteful hold, so lying upon her shoulders, as a man might well see had no artificial carelessness. Her eyes down on the ground, of purpose not to look on *Pyrocles*'s face: which she did not so much shun, for the unkindness she conceived of her own overthrow, as for the fear, those motions in this short time of her life, should be revived, which she had with the passage of infinite sorrows mortified. Great was the compassion the people felt, to see their princess's state and beauty so deformed by fortune and her own desert, whom they had ever found a lady most worthy of all honour. But by and by the sight of the other two prisoners drew most of the eyes to that spectacle. *Pyrocles* came out led by *Sympathus*, cloathed after the *Greek* manner, in a long coat of white velvet, reaching to the small of his leg, with great buttons of diamonds all along upon it: his neck without any collar, not so much as hidden with a ruff, did pass the whiteness of his garments, which was not much in fashion unlike to the crimson raiment our knights of the Order * first put on. On his feet he had nothing but slippers, which, after the ancient manner, were tied up with certain laces, which were fastened under his knee, having wrapped about, with many pretty knots, his naked legs. His fair auborn hair, which he wore in great length, and gave at that time a delightful shew, with being stirred up and down with the breath of a gentle wind, had nothing upon it, but a white ribbon, in those days used for a diadem. Which rowled once or twice about the uppermost part of his forehead, fell down upon his back, closed up at each end with the richest pearl were to be seen in the world. After him followed another nobleman, guiding the noble *Musidorus*, who had upon him a long cloak, after the fashion of that which we call

* *Of the* Garter.

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the apoſtle's mantle, made of purple ſatten; not that purple which we now have, and is but a counterfeit of the *Getulian* purple, which yet was far the meaner in price and eſtimation, but of the right *Tyrian* purple, which was neareſt to a colour betwixt our murrey and ſcarlet. On his head, which was black and curled, he wore a *Perſian Tiara*, all ſet down with rows of ſo rich rubies, as they were enough to ſpeak for him, that they had to judge of no mean perſonage.

In this ſort with erected countenances, did theſe unfortunate princes ſuffer themſelves to be led, ſhewing aright, by the compariſon of them and *Gynecia*, how to divers perſons compaſſion is diverſly to be ſtirred. For as to *Gynecia*, a lady known of great eſtate, and greatly eſteemed, the more miſerable repreſentation was made of her ſudden ruin, the more mens hearts were forced to bewail ſuch an evident witneſs of weak humanity: ſo to theſe men, not regarded, becauſe unknown, but rather, beſides the deteſtation of their fact, hated as ſtrangers, the more they ſhould have fallen down in an abject ſemblance, the more, inſtead of compaſſion, they ſhould have gotten contempt: but therefore, were to uſe, as I may term it, the more violence of magnanimity, and ſo to conquer the expectation of the lookers with an extraordinary virtue. And ſuch effect indeed it wrought in the whole aſſembly, their eyes yet ſtanding as it were in ballance to whether of them they ſhould moſt direct their ſight. *Muſidorus* was in ſtature ſo much higher than *Pyrocles*, as commonly is gotten by one year's growth. His face now beginning to have ſome tokens of a beard, was compoſed to a kind of manlike beauty. His colour was of a well-pleaſing brownneſs, and the features of it ſuch, as they carried both delight and majeſty: his countenance ſevere, and promiſing a mind much given to thinking. *Pyrocles* of a pure complexion, and of ſuch a chearful favour, as might ſeem either a woman's face in a boy, or an excellent boy's face in a woman. His look gentle and baſhful, which bred the more admiration, having ſhewed ſuch notable proofs of courage. Laſtly, though both had both, if there were any odds, *Muſidorus* was

the more goodly, and *Pyrocles* the more lovely. But as ſoon as *Muſidorus* ſaw himſelf ſo far forth led among the people, that he knew to a great number of them his voice ſhould be heard, miſdoubting their intention to the princeſs *Pamela*, of whom he was more careful than of his own life, even as he went, though his leader ſought to interrupt him, he thus with a loud voice ſpake unto them. And is it poſſible, O *Arcadians*, ſaid he, that you can forget the natural duty you owe to your princeſs *Pamela?* hath this ſoil been ſo little beholden to her noble anceſtors? hath ſo long a time rooted no ſurer love in your hearts to that line? where is that faith to your prince's blood, which hath not only preſerved you from all dangers heretofore, but hath ſpread your fame to all the nations of the world? where is that juſtice the *Arcadians* were wont to flouriſh in, whoſe nature is to render to every one his own? will you now keep the right from your prince, who is the only giver of judgment, the key of juſtice, and life of your laws? do you hope in a few years, to ſet up another race, which nothing but length of time can eſtabliſh? will you reward *Baſilius*'s children with ungrateſulneſs, the very poiſon of manhood? will you betray your long ſettled reputation, with the foul name of traitors? is this your mourning for your king's death, to increaſe his loſs with his daughter's miſery? imagine your prince doth look out of the heavens unto you, what do you think he could wiſh more at your hands, than that you do well by his children? and what more honour I pray you can you do to his obſequies, than to ſatisfy his ſoul with a loving memory, as you do his body with an unfelt ſolemnity? what have you done with the princeſs *Pamela? Pamela*, the juſt inheritrix of this country, *Pamela*, whom this earth may be happy that it ſhall be hereafter ſaid, ſhe was born in *Arcadia*; *Pamela*, in herſelf your ornament, in her education your foſter child, and every way your only princeſs, what account can you render to yourſelves of her? truly I do not think that you all know what is become of her: ſo ſoon may a diamond be loſt: ſo ſoon may the faireſt light in the world be put out. But look,

look

look unto it, O *Arcadians*, be not ſo wilfully robbed of your greateſt treaſure, make not your ſelves miniſters to private ambitions, who do but uſe your ſelves to put on your own yokes. Whatſoever you determine of us, who I muſt confeſs are but ſtrangers, yet let not *Baſilius*'s daughters be ſtrangers unto you. Laſtly, howſoever you bar her from her publick ſovereignty, which if you do, little may we hope of equity where rebellion reigns, yet deny not that child's right unto her, that ſhe may come and do the laſt duties to her father's body. Deny not that happineſs, if in ſuch a caſe there be any happineſs, to your late king, that his body may have his laſt touch of his deareſt child. With ſuch like broken manner of queſtions and ſpeeches, was *Muſidorus* deſirous, as much as in paſſing by them he could, to move the people to tender *Pamela*'s fortune. But at length, by that they came to the judgment-place, both *Sympathus* and his guider had greatly ſatisfied him, with the aſſurance they gave him, this aſſembly of people had neither meaning nor power to do any hurt to the princeſs, whom they all acknowledged as their ſovereign lady. But that the cuſtom of *Arcadia* was ſuch, till ſhe had more years, the ſtate of the country to be guided by a protector, under whom, he and his fellow were to receive their judgment. That eaſed *Muſidorus*'s heart of his moſt vehement care, when he found his beloved lady to be out of danger. But *Pyrocles* as ſoon as the queen of the one ſide, he and *Muſidorus* of the other, were ſtaid before the face of their judge, having only for their bar the table whereon the king's body lay, being nothing leſs vexed with the doubt of *Philoclea*, than *Muſidorus* was for *Pamela*, in this ſort with a lowly behaviour, and only then like a ſuppliant, he ſpake to the protector. Pardon me, moſt honoured judge, ſaith he, that uncommanded I begin my ſpeech unto you, ſince both to you and me, theſe words of mine ſhall be moſt neceſſary. To you having the ſacred exerciſe of juſtice in your hand, nothing appertains more properly, than truth nakedly and freely ſet down. To me, being environed round about with many dangerous calamities, what can be more

convenient, than, at least, to be at peace with my self, in having discharged my conscience, in a most behoveful verity. Understand therefore, and truly understand, that the lady *Philoclea*, to whose unstained virtue it hath been my unspeakable misery, that my name should become a blot, if she be accused, is most unjustly accused of any dishonourable fact, which by my means she may be thought to have yielded unto. Whatsoever hath been done, hath been my only attempt, which notwithstanding was never intended against her chastity. But whatsoever hath been informed, was my fault. And I attest the heavens, to blaspheme which I am not now in fit tune, that so much as my coming into her chamber, was wholly unwitting unto her. This your wisdom may withal consider, if I would lye, I would lye for mine own behoof, I am not so old, as to be weary of my self; but the very sting of my inward knowledge, joined with the consideration I must needs have, what an infinite loss it should be to all those who love goodness in good folks, if so pure a child of virtue should wrongfully be destroyed, compels me to use my tongue against my self, and receive the burden of what evil was upon mine own doing. Look therefore with pitiful eyes upon so fair beams, and that misfortune which by me hath fallen upon her, help to repair it with your publick judgment, since whosoever deals cruelly with such a creature, shews himself a hater of mankind, and an envier of the world's bliss. And this petition I make, even in the name of justice, that before you proceed farther against us, I may know how you conceive of her noble, though unfortunate action, and what judgment you will make of it. He had not spoken his last word, when all the whole people, both of great and low estate, confirmed with an united murmur *Pyrocles*'s demand, longing, for the love generally was borne *Philoclea*, to know what they might hope of her. *Euarchus* though neither regarding a prisoner's passionate prayer, nor bearing over-plausible ears to a many headed motion, yet well enough content, to win their liking with things in themselves indifferent, he was content: first, to seek as much as might be of

Philoclea's

Philoclea's behaviour in this matter: which being cleared by *Pyrocles*, and but weakly gainſaid by *Philanax*, who had framed both his own and *Dametas*'s evidence moſt for her favour, and in truth could have gone no farther than conjecture, yet finding by his wiſdom, that ſhe was not altogether faultleſs, he pronounced, ſhe ſhould all her life long be kept priſoner among certain women of religion, like the *Veſtal* nuns, ſo to repay the touched honour of her houſe, with well obſerving a ſtrict profeſſion of chaſtity. Although this were a great prejudicating of *Pyrocles*'s caſe, yet was he exceedingly joyous of it, being aſſured of his lady's life; and in the depth of his mind not ſorry, that what end ſoever he had, none ſhould obtain the after enjoying that jewel, whereon he had ſet his life's happineſs. After it was by publick ſentence delivered, what ſhould be done with the ſweet *Philoclea*, the laws of *Arcadia* bearing, that what was appointed by the magiſtrates in the nonage of the prince, could not afterwards be repealed. *Euarchus* ſtill uſing to himſelf no other name but protector of *Arcadia*, commanded thoſe that had to ſay againſt the queen *Gynecia* to proceed, becauſe both her eſtate required ſhe ſhould be firſt heard, and alſo for that ſhe was taken to be the principal in the greater matter they were to judge of. *Philanax* incontinently ſtepped forth, and ſhewing in his greedy eyes, that he did thirſt for her blood, began a well thought on diſcourſe of her, in his judgment, execrable wickedneſs. But *Gynecia*, ſtanding up before the judge, caſting abroad her arms, with her eyes hidden under the breadth of her unſeemly hat, laying open in all her geſtures the deſpairful affliction, to which all the might of her reaſon was converted, with ſuch like words ſtopped *Philanax*, as he was entring into his invective oration. Stay, ſtay, *Philanax*, ſaid ſhe, do not defile thy honeſt mouth with thoſe diſhonourable ſpeeches thou art about to utter againſt a woman, now moſt wretched, lately thy miſtreſs. Let either the remembrance how great ſhe was, move thy heart to ſome reverence; or the ſeeing how low ſhe is, ſtir in thee ſome pity. It may be truth doth make thee deal untruly,

and

and love of juſtice frames injuſtice in thee, do not therefore, neither ſhalt thou need, tread upon my deſolate ruins. Thou ſhalt have what thou ſeekeſt; and yet ſhalt not be oppreſſor of her, who cannot chuſe but love thee for thy ſingular faith to thy maſter. I do not ſpeak this to procure mercy, or to prolong my life, no, no, I ſay unto you I will not live, but I am only loth, my death ſhould be engrieved with any wrong thou ſhouldeſt do unto me. I have been too painful a judge over my ſelf, to deſire pardon in others judgment. I have been too cruel an executioner of my own ſoul, to deſire that execution of juſtice ſhould be ſtaid for me. Alas, they that know how ſorrow can rent the ſpirits, they that know what fiery hells are contained in a ſelf-condemning mind, need not fear that fear can keep ſuch an one from deſiring to be ſeparated from that which nothing but death can ſeparate. I therefore ſay to thee, O juſt judge, that I, and only I, was the worker of *Baſilius*'s death. They were theſe hands that gave unto him the poiſonous potion that hath brought death to him, and loſs to *Arcadia*; it was I, and none but I, that haſtned his aged years to an unnatural end, and that have made all his people orphans of their royal father. I am the ſubject that have killed my prince, I am the wife that have murdered my huſband, I am a degenerate woman, an undoer of this country, a ſhame of my children. What wouldſt thou have ſaid more, O *Philanax!* and all this I grant, there reſteth then nothing elſe to ſay, but that I deſire you, you will appoint quickly ſome to rid me of my life, rather than theſe hands, which elſe are deſtined unto it, and that indeed it may be done with ſuch ſpeed as I may not long die in this life, which I have in ſo great horror: with that ſhe croſſed her arms, and ſat down upon the ground, attending the judge's anſwer. But a great while it was, before any body could be heard ſpeak, the whole people concurring in a lamentable cry, ſo much had *Gyneeia*'s words and behaviour ſtirred their hearts to a doleful compaſſion, neither in troth could moſt of them in their judgments tell, whether they ſhould be more ſorry for her fault, or her miſery: for the loſs of her eſtate,

or

or loſs of her virtue. But moſt were moſt moved with that which was under their eyes, the ſenſe moſt ſubject to pity. But at length the reverent awe they ſtood in of *Euarchus* brought them to a ſilent waiting his determination, who, having well conſidered the abomination of the fact, attending more the manifeſt proof of ſo horrible a treſpaſs, confeſſed by her ſelf, and proved by others, than any thing relenting to thoſe tragical phraſes of hers, apter to ſtir a vulgar pity, than his mind, which hated evil, in what colours ſoever he found it, having conſidered a while with the principal men of the country, and demanded their allowance, he definitively gave this ſentence: That whereas, both in private and publick reſpects, this woman had moſt heinouſly offended, in private, becauſe marriage being the moſt holy conjunction that falls to mankind, out of which all families, and ſo conſequently all ſocieties do proceed, which not only by community of goods, but community of children, is to knit the minds in a moſt perfect union, which whoſo breaks, diſſolves all humanity, no man living free from the danger of ſo near a neighbour, ſhe had not only broken it, but broken it with death, and the moſt pretended death that might be: in publick reſpect, the princes perſons, being in all monarchal governments the very knot of the people's welfare, and light of all her doings, to which they are not only in conſcience, but in neceſſity bound to be loyal, ſhe had traiterouſly empoiſoned him, neither regarding her country's profit, her own duty, nor the rigour of the laws. That therefore, as well for the due ſatisfaction to eternal juſtice, and accompliſhment of the *Arcadian* ſtatutes, as for the everlaſting example to all wives and ſubjects, ſhe ſhould preſently be conveyed to cloſe priſon, and there kept with ſuch food as might ſerve to ſuſtain her life, until the day of her huſband's burial, at which time ſhe ſhould be buried quick, in the ſame tomb with him: that ſo his murder might be a murder to her ſelf, and ſhe forced to keep company with the body from which ſhe had made ſo deteſtable a ſeverance; and laſtly, death might redreſs their diſjoined conjunction of marriage. His judgment

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was received of the whole aſſembly, as not with diſliking, ſo with great aſtoniſhment, the greatneſs of the matter and perſon as it were overpreſſing the might of their conceits. But when they did ſet it to the beam, with the monſtrouſneſs of her ugly miſdeed, they could not but yield in their hearts, there was no over-balancing. As for *Gynecia*, who had already ſettled her thoughts, not only to look but long for this event, having, in this time of her vexation, found a ſweetneſs in the reſt ſhe hoped by death, with a countenance witneſſing ſhe had before-hand ſo paſſed through all the degrees of ſorrow, that ſhe had no new look to figure forth any more, roſe up, and offered forth her fair hands to be bound or led as they would, being indeed troubled with no part of this judgment, but that her death was as ſhe thought long delayed. They that were appointed for it, conveyed her to the place ſhe was in before, where the guard was relieved, and the number increaſed to keep her more ſure for the time of her execution: none of them all that led her, though moſt of them were ſuch, whoſe hearts had been long hardened with the often exerciſing ſuch offices, being able to bar tears from their eyes, and other manifeſt tokens of compaſſionate ſorrow. So goodly a virtue is a reſolute conſtancy, that even in evil deſervers, it ſeems that party might have been notably well deſerving. Thus the excellent lady *Gynecia*, having paſſed five and thirty years of her age, even to the admiration of a beautiful mind and body, and having not in her own knowledge, ever ſpotted her ſoul with any wilful vice, but her immoderate love of *Zelmane*, was brought firſt by that ill-anſwered paſſion, and then by the deſpairing conceit ſhe took of the judgment of god in her huſband's death and her own fortune, purpoſely to overthrow her ſelf, and confirm by a wrong confeſſion, that abominable ſhame, which with her wiſdom, joined to the truth, perhaps ſhe might have refelled. Then did *Euarchus* aſk *Philanax*, whether it were he that would charge the two young priſoners, or that ſome other ſhould do it, and he fit, according to his eſtate, as an aſſiſtant in the judgment. *Philanax* told

told him as before he had done, that he thought no man could ſay manifeſt the naughtineſs of thoſe two young men, with ſo much either truth or zeal as himſelf, and therefore he deſired he might do this laſt ſervice to his faithfully beloved maſter, as to proſecute the traiterous cauſers of his death and diſhonour, which being done, for his part he meant to give up all dealing in publick affairs, ſince that man was gone who had made him love them. *Philanax* thus being ready to ſpeak, the two princes were commanded to tell their names, who anſwered, according to their agreements, that they were *Daiphantus* of *Lycia*, and *Palladius* prince of *Iberia*. Which when they had ſaid, they demanded to know by what authority they could judge of them, ſince they were not only foreigners, and ſo not born under their laws, but abſolute princes, and therefore not to be touched by laws. But anſwer was preſently made them, that *Arcadian* laws were to have their force upon any found in *Arcadia:* ſince ſtrangers have ſcope to know the cuſtoms of a country, before they put themſelves in it: and when they once are entred, they muſt know, that what by many was made, muſt not for one be broken. And ſo much leſs for a ſtranger, as he is to look for no privilege in that place, to which in time of need, his ſervice is not to be expected. As for their being princes, whether they were ſo or no, the belief ſtood in their own words, which they had ſo diverſly falſified, as they did not deſerve belief. But whatſoever they were, *Arcadia* was to acknowledge them but as private men, ſince they were neither by magiſtracy nor alliance to the princely blood, to claim any thing in that region. Therefore if they had offended, which now by the plaintiff and their defence was to be judged, againſt the laws of nations, by the laws of nations they were to be chaſtiſed: if againſt the peculiar ordinances of the province, thoſe peculiar ordinances were to lay hold of them. The princes ſtood a while upon that, demanding leiſure to give perfect knowledge of their greatneſs; but when they were anſwered, that in a caſe of a prince's death, the law of that country had ever been, that immediate

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trial should be had: they were forced to yield, resolved that in those names, they would as much as they could, cover the shame of their royal parentage, and keep as long as might be, if evil were determined against them, the evil news from their careful kinsfolks, wherein the chief man they considered was *Euarchus:* whom the strange and secret working of justice had brought to be the judge over them. In such a shadow, or rather pit of darkness, the wormish mankind lives, that neither they know how to foresee, nor what to fear: and are but like tenis-balls, tossed by the racket of the higher powers. Thus both sides ready, it was determined, because their cases were separated, first *Philanax* should be heard against *Pyrocles*, whom they termed *Daiphantus*, and that heard, the other's cause should follow, and so receive together such judgment as they should be found to have deserved. But *Philanax* that was even short-breathed at the first, with the extreme vehemency he had to speak against them, stroking once or twice his forehead, and wiping his eyes, which either wept, or he would at that time have them seem to weep, looking first upon *Pyrocles*, as if he had proclaimed all hatefulness against him, humbly turning to *Euarchus*, who with quiet gravity shewed great attention, he thus began his oration. That which all men, who take upon them to accuse another, are wont to desire, most worthy protector, to have many proofs of faults in them they seek to have condemned: that is to me in this present action, my greatest cumber and annoyance. For the number is so great, and the quality so monstrous of the enormities this wretched young man hath committed, that neither I in myself, can tell where to begin, my thoughts being confused with the horrible multitude of them, neither do I think your virtuous ears will be able to endure the report: but will rather imagine you hear some tragedy invented of the extremity of wickedness, than a just recital of a wickedness indeed committed: for such is the disposition of the most sincere judgments, that as they can believe mean faults, and such as man's nature may slide into, so when they pass to a certain degree, nay, when they pass all degrees of unspeakable naughtiness,

naughtineſs, then find they in themſelves a hardneſs to give credit that human creatures can ſo from all humanity be transformed. But in my ſelf the ſtrength of my faith to my dead maſter will help the weakneſs of my memory; in you, your excellent love of juſtice will force you to vouchſafe attention: and as for the matter, it is ſo manifeſt, ſo pitiful evidences lie before your eyes of it, that I ſhall need to be but a brief recounter, and no rhetorical enlarger of this moſt harmful miſchief. I will therefore, in as few words as ſo huge a treſpaſs can be contained, deliver unto you the ſum of this miſerable fact: leaving out a great number of particular tokens of his naughtineſs, and only touching the eſſential points of this doleful caſe. This man, whom to begin withal I know not how to name, ſince being come into this country, unaccompanied like a loſt pilgrim, from a man grew a woman, from a woman a raviſher of women, thence a priſoner, and now a prince: but this *Zelmane*, this *Daiphantus*, this what you will, for any ſhape or title he can take upon him, that hath no reſtraint of ſhame, having underſtood the ſolitary life my late maſter lived, and conſidering how open he had laid himſelf to any traiterous attempt, for the firſt maſk of his falſhood, diſguiſed himſelf like a woman: which being the more ſimple and hurtleſs ſex, might eaſier hide his ſubtle harmfulneſs. And preſenting himſelf to my maſter, the moſt courteous prince that lived, was received of him with ſo great graciouſneſs, as might have bound not only any grateful mind, but might have mollified any enemy's rancour. But this venomous ſerpent, admitted thus into his boſom, as contagion will eaſily find a fit body for it, ſo had he quickly fallen into ſo near acquaintance with this naughty woman, whom even now you have moſt juſtly condemned, that this was her right hand, ſhe ſaw with no eyes but his, nor ſeemed to have any life but in him, ſo glad ſhe was to find one more cunning than herſelf, in covering wickedneſs with a modeſt veil. What is to be thought paſſed betwixt two ſuch virtuous creatures, whereof the one hath confeſſed murder, and the other rape, I leave to your wiſe conſideration. For my heart haſtens to the miſerable

miſerable point of *Baſilius*'s murder, for the executing of which with more facility, this young nymph of *Diana*'s bringing up, feigned certain rites ſhe had to perform, ſo furious an impiety had carried him from all remembrance of goodneſs, that he did not only not fear the gods, as the beholders and puniſhers of ſo ungodly a villany, but did blaſphemouſly uſe their ſacred holy name, as a miniſter unto it. And forſooth a cave hereby was choſen, for the temple of his devotions, a cave of ſuch darkneſs, as did prognoſticate, he meant to pleaſe the infernal powers; for there this accurſed caitiff, upon the altar of falſhood, ſacrificed the life of the virtuous *Baſilius*. By what means he trained him thither, alas I know not, for if I might have known it, either my life had accompanied my maſter, or this fellow's death had preſerved him. But this may ſuffice that in the mouth of this cave, where this traitor had his lodging and chappel, when already maſter ſhepherd his companion had conveyed away the undoubted inheritrix of this country, was *Gynecia* found by the dead corps of her husband, newly empoiſoned, apparelled in the garments of the young lady, and ready no queſtion to have fled to ſome place, according to their conſort, but that ſhe was by certain honeſt ſhepherds arreſted: while in the mean time, becauſe there ſhould be left no revenger of this bloody miſchief, this noble *Amazon* was violently gotten into the chamber of the lady *Philoclea*, where by the mingling, as much as in him lay, of her ſhame with his miſdeed, he might enforce her to be acceſſary to her father's death, and under the countenance of her and her ſiſter, againſt whom they knew we would not rebel, ſeize as it were with one gripe into their treacherous hands, the regiment of this mighty province. But the almighty eye prevented him of the end of his miſchief, by uſing a villain *Dametas*'s hand to incloſe him in there, where with as much fortification as in a houſe could be made, he thought himſelf in moſt ſecurity. Thus ſee you moſt juſt judge, a ſhort and ſimple ſtory of the infamous miſery fallen up this country; indeed infamous, ſince by an effeminate man, we ſhould ſuffer a greater overthrow, than our mightieſt

mightieſt enemies have been ever able to lay upon us. And that all this, which I have ſaid, is moſt manifeſt, as well of the murdering of *Baſilius*, as the raviſhing of *Philoclea*, for thoſe two parts I eſtabliſh of my accuſation, who is of ſo incredulous a mind, or rather who will ſo ſtop his eyes from ſeeing a thing clearer than the light, as not to hold for aſſured ſo palpable a matter? for to begin with his moſt cruel miſdeed, it is to be imagined, that *Gynecia*, a woman though wicked, yet witty, would have attempted and atchieved an enterprize, no leſs hazardous than horrible, without having ſome counſellor in the beginning, and ſome comforter in the performing? had ſhe, who ſhewed her thoughts were ſo over-ruled with ſome ſtrange deſire, as in deſpite of god, nature, and womanhood, to execute that in deeds, which in words we cannot hear without trembling? had ſhe I ſay no practice to lead her unto it? or had ſhe a practice without conſpiracy? or could ſhe conſpire without ſome body to conſpire with? and if one were, who ſo likely as this, to whom ſhe communicated I am ſure her mind, the world thinks her body? neither let her words, taking the whole fault upon herſelf, be herein any thing available. For to thoſe perſons who have vomited out of their ſouls all remnants of goodneſs, there reſts a certain pride in evil, and having elſe no ſhadow of glory left them, they glory to be conſtant in iniquity, and that god knows muſt be held out to the laſt gaſp, without revealing their accomplices; as thinking great courage is declared in being neither afraid of the heavens, nor aſhamed of the world. But let *Gynecia*'s action die with herſelf, what can all the earth anſwer for his coming hither? why alone, if he be a prince? how ſo richly jewelled, if he be not a prince? why then a woman if now a man? why now *Daiphantus*, if then *Zelmane*? was all this play for nothing, or if it had an end, what end but the end of my dear maſter? ſhall we doubt ſo many ſecret conferences with *Gynecia*, ſuch feigned favour to the over-ſoon beguiled *Baſilius*, a cave made a lodging, and the ſame lodging made a temple of his religion, laſtly, ſuch changes and traverſes, as a quiet poet could ſcarce fill a poem withal, were

were directed to any leſs ſcope than to this monſtrous murderer? O ſnaky ambition, which can wind thyſelf in ſo many figures, to ſlide thither thou deſireſt to come! O corrupted reaſon of mankind, that can yield to deform thyſelf with ſo filthy deſires? and O hopeleſs be thoſe minds, whom ſo unnatural deſires do not with their own uglineſs ſufficiently terrify! but yet even of favour let us grant him thus much more, as to fancy that in theſe foretold things, fortune might be a great actor, perchance to an evil end, yet to a leſs evil end all theſe entangled devices were intended. But I beſeech your ladyſhip, my lady *Daiphantus*, tell me what excuſe can you find for the changing your lodging with the queen, that very inſtant ſhe was to finiſh her execrable practice? how can you cloak the lending of your cloak unto her, was all that by chance too? had the ſtars ſent ſuch an influence unto you, as you ſhould be juſt weary of your lodging and garments, when our prince was deſtined to the ſlaughter? what ſay you to this, O ſhameful and ſhameleſs creature? fit indeed to be the diſhonour of both ſexes. But alas, I ſpend too many words in ſo manifeſt and ſo miſerable a matter. They muſt be four wild horſes, which according to our laws are the executioners of men which murder our prince, which muſt decide this queſtion with you. Yet ſee ſo far had my zeal to my beloved prince tranſported me, that I had almoſt forgotten my ſecond part, and his ſecond abomination, I mean his violence offered to the lady *Philoclea*: wherewith as if it had well become his womanhood, he came braving to the judgment-ſeat: indeed our laws appoint not ſo cruel a death, although death too, for this fact as for the other. But whoſoever well weighs it, ſhall find it ſprung out of the ſame fountain of michievous naughtineſs, the killing of the father, diſhonouring the mother, and raviſhing the child. Alas, could not ſo many benefits received of my prince, the juſtice of nature, the ſign of hoſpitality, be a bridle to thy luſt, if not to thy cruelty? or if thou hadſt, as ſurely thou haſt, a heart recompencing goodneſs with hatred, could not his death, which is the laſt of revenges, ſatisfy thy malice,

lice, but thou muſt heap upon it the ſhame of his daughter? were thy eyes ſo ſtony, thy breaſt ſo tygriſh, as the ſweet and beautiful ſhews of *Philoclea*'s virtue did not aſtoniſh thee? O woful *Arcadia*, to whom the name of this mankind courtiſan, ſhall ever be remembred as a procurer of thy greateſt loſs! but too far I find my paſſion, yet honeſt paſſion hath guided me; the cauſe is every way too too much unanſwerable. It reſteth in you, O excellent protector, to pronounce judgment, which if there be hope that ſuch a young man may prove profitable to the world, who in the firſt exerciſe of his own determination, far paſſed the arranteſt ſtrumpet in luxurioufneſs, the cunningeſt forger in falſhood, a player in diſguiſing, a tyger in cruelty, a dragon in ingratefulneſs, let him be preſerved like a jewel, to do greater miſchief. If his youth be not more defiled with treachery, than the eldeſt man's age, let I ſay his youth be ſome cauſe of compaſſion. If he have not every way ſought the overthrow of human ſociety, if he have done any thing like a prince, let his naming himſelf a prince breed a reverence of his baſe wickedneſs. If he have not broken all the laws of hoſpitality, and broken them in the moſt deteſtable degree that can be, let his being a gueſt, be a ſacred protection of his more than ſavage doings: or if his whoriſh beauty, have not been as the high way of his wickedneſs, let the picture drawn upon ſo poiſonous a wood, be reſerved to ſhew how greatly colours can pleaſe us. But if it is as it is, what ſhould I ſay more, a very ſpirit of helliſh naughtineſs; if his act be to be puniſhed, and his defiled perſon not to be pitied, then reſtore unto us our prince, by duly puniſhing his murderers, for then we ſhall think him and his name to live, when we ſhall ſee his killers to die. Reſtore to the excellent *Philoclea* her honour, by taking out of the world her diſhonour, and think that at this day, in this matter, e'er the eyes of the world upon you, whether any thing can ſway your mind from a true adminiſtration of juſtice. Alas, though I have much more to ſay, I can ſay no more, for my tears and ſighs interrupt my ſpeech, and force me

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to give my self over to my private sorrow. Thus when *Philanax* had uttered the uttermost of his malice, he made sorrow the cause of his conclusion. But while *Philanax* was in the course of his speech, and did with such bitter reproaches defame the princely *Pyrocles*, it was well to be seen, his heart was unused to bear such injuries, and his thoughts such, as could arm themselves better against any thing than shame. For sometimes blushing, his blood with divers motions coming and going, sometimes closing his eyes, and laying his hand over them, sometimes giving such a look to *Philanax*, as might shew he assured himself he durst not so have spoken, if they had been in an indifferent place: with some impatiency he bare the length of his oration: which being ended, with as much modest humbleness to the judge, as despiteful scorn to the accuser, with words to this purpose he defended his honour.

My accuser's tale, may well bear witness with me, most rightful judge, in how hard a case, and invironed with how many troubles, I may esteem myself. For if he, who shews his tongue, is not unacquainted with railing, was in an agony in the beginning of his speech, with the multitude of the matters he had to lay unto me, wherein notwithstanding the most evil could fall unto him, was, that he should not do so much evil as he would; how cumbred do you think may I acknowledge myself, who, in things no less importing than my life, must be mine own advocate, without leisure to answer, or foreknowledge what should be objected? in things I say promoted with so cunning confusion, as having mingled truth with falshoods, surmises with certainties, causes of no moment with matters, capital, scolding with complaining, I can absolutely neither grant nor deny, neither can I tell whether I come hither to be judged, or before judgment to be punished, being compelled to hear such unworthy words, far more grievous than any death, unto me. But since the form of this government allows such tongue-liberty unto him, I will pick as well as I can out of his invective speech those few points, which may seem of some purpose in the touching of me, hoping that by your easy hearing

hearing of me, you will ſhew, that though you hate evil, yet you wiſh men may prove themſelves not evil; ſo in that he hath ſaid, you will not weigh ſo much what he hath ſaid, as what he hath proved, remembring that truth is ſimple and naked, and that if he had guided himſelf under that banner, he needed not out of the way have ſought ſo vile and falſe diſgracing of me, enough to make the untrueſt accuſation believed. I will therefore, uſing truth as my beſt eloquence, repeat unto you as much as I know in this matter, and then, by the only clearneſs of the diſcourſe, your wiſdom I know will find the difference between cavilling ſuppoſition, and direct declaration. This prince *Palladius* and I being inflamed with love, a paſſion far more eaſily reprehended than refrained, to the two peerleſs daughters of *Baſilius*, and underſtanding how he had ſecluded himſelf from the world, that, like princes, there was no acceſs unto him, we diſguiſed ourſelves, in ſuch forms as might ſooneſt bring us to the revealing our affections. The prince *Palladius* had ſuch event of his doings, that, with *Pamela*'s conſent, he was to convey her out of the thraldom ſhe lived in, to receive the ſubjection of a greater people than her own, until her father's conſent might be obtained. My fortune was more hard, for I bare no more love to the chaſte *Philoclea*, than *Baſilius*, deceived in my ſex, ſhewed to me, inſomuch that by his importunacy, I could have no time to obtain the like favour of the pure *Philoclea*, till this policy I found, taking under colour of ſome devotions, my lodging, to draw *Baſilius* thither, with hope to enjoy me: which likewiſe I revealed to the queen, that ſhe might keep my place, and ſo make her huſband ſee his error. While I in the mean time, being delivered of them both, and having lock'd ſo the doors as I hoped, if the immaculate *Philoclea* would condeſcend to go with me, there ſhould be none to hinder our going, I was made priſoner there, I know not by what means, when being repelled by her divine virtue, I would faineſt have eſcaped. Here you have the thread to guide you in the labyrinth, this man of his tongue,

tongue, had made so monstrous. Here you see the true discourse, which he mountebank-fashion doth make so wide a mouth over. Here may you conceive the reason why the queen had my garment, because in her going to the cave, in the moon-shine night, she might be taken for me, which he useth as the knot of all his wise assertions: so that as this double minded fellow's accusation was double, double likewise my answer must perforce be, to the murther of *Basilius*, and violence offered to the inviolate *Philoclea*. For the first, O heavenly gods, who would have thought any mouth could have been found so mercenary, as to have opened so slight proofs of so horrible matters! his first argument is a question, who would imagine that *Gynecia* would accomplish such an act, without some accessories? and if any, who but I? truly I am so far from imagining any thing, that till I saw these mourning tokens, and heard *Gynecia*'s confession, I never imagined the king was dead. And for my part so vehemently, and more like the manner of passionate than guilty folks, I see the queen persecute herself, that I think condemnation may go too hastily over her, considering the unlikelihood, if not impossibility, her wisdom and virtue so long nourished, should in one moment throw down itself to the uttermost end of wickedness. But whatsoever she hath done, which as I say, I never believed, yet how unjustly should that aggravate my fault? she found abroad, I within doors, for as for the wearing my garment I have told you the cause, she seeking, as you say, to escape, I locking myself in a house: without perchance the conspiracy of one poor stranger, might greatly enable her attempt, or the fortification of the lodge, as the trim man alledged, might make me hope to resist all *Arcadia*. And see how treacherously he seeks to draw from me my chiefest clearing, by preventing the credit of her words; wherewith she had wholly taken the fault upon herself. An honest and impartial examiner: her words may condemn her, but may not absolve me. Thus, void of all probable allegation, the craven crows upon my affliction, not leaving out any evil

evil that ever he hath felt in his own ſoul, to charge my youth withal. But who can look for a ſweet breath out of ſuch a ſtomach? or for honey from ſo filthy a ſpider? what ſhould I ſay more? if in ſo inhuman a matter, which he himſelf confeſſeth, ſincereſt judgments are lotheſt to believe, and in the ſevereſt laws proofs clearer than the ſun are required, his reaſons are only the ſcum of a baſe malice, my anſwers moſt manifeſt, ſhining in their own truth, there remain any doubt of it, becauſe it ſtands betwixt his affirming and my denial, I offer, nay I deſire, and humbly deſire I may be granted the trial by combat, wherein let him be armed, and me in my ſhirt, I doubt not juſtice will be my ſhield, and his heart will ſhew itſelf as faint as it is falſe.

Now come I to the ſecond part of my offence towards the young lady, which, howſoever you term it, ſo far forth as I have told you, I confeſs, and for her ſake heartily lament. But if herein I offered force to her, love offered more force to me. Let her beauty be compared to my years, and ſuch effects will be found no miracles. But ſince it is thus as it is, and that juſtice teacheth us not to love puniſhment, but to fly to it for neceſſity: the ſalve of her honour, I mean as the world will take it, for elſe in truth it is moſt untouched, muſt be my marriage, and not my death, ſince the one ſtops all mouths, the other becomes a doubtful fable. This matter requires no more words, and your experience, I hope, in theſe caſes ſhall need no more; for myſelf methinks I have ſhewed already too much love of my life to beſtow ſo many. But certainly it hath been love of truth, which could not bear ſo unworthy falſhood, and love of juſtice that would brook no wrong to my ſelf nor other, and makes me now, even in that reſpect to deſire you to be moved rather with pity at a juſt cauſe of tears, than with the bloody tears this crocadile ſpends, who weeps to procure death, and not to lament death. It will be no honour to *Baſilius*'s tomb to have guiltleſs blood ſprinkled upon it, and much more may a judge over-weigh himſelf in cruelty than in clemency. It is hard, but it is excellent where it is found, a right

knowledge when correction is necessary, when grace doth more avail. For mine own respect, if I thought in wisdom I had deserved death, I would not desire life: for I know nature will condemn me to die though you do not; and longer I would not wish to draw this breath, than I may keep myself unspotted of any horrible crime; only I cannot, nor ever will deny the love of *Philoclea*, whose violence wrought violent effects in me. With that he finished his speech, casting up his eyes to the judge, and crossing his hands, which he held in their length before him, declaring a resolute patience in whatsoever should be done with him. *Philanax*, like a watchful adversary, curiously marked all that he said, saving that in the beginning he was interrupted by two letters were brought him from the princess *Pamela*, and the lady *Philoclea*: who having all that night considered and bewailed their estate, careful for their mother likewise, of whom they could never think so much evil, but considering with themselves that she assuredly should have so due trial by the laws, as either she should not need their help, or should be past their help; they looked to that which nearliest touched them, and each wrote in this sort for him, in whom their live's joy consisted.

The humble hearted *Philoclea* wrote much after this manner.

MY Lords, what you will determine of me, it is to me uncertain, but what I have determined of my self I am most certain, which is, no longer to enjoy my life, than I may enjoy him for my husband, whom the heavens for my highest glory have bestowed upon me. Those that judge him, let them execute me. Let my throat satisfy their hunger of murder. For alas what hath he done, that had not its original in me? Look upon him I beseech you with indifferency, and see whether in those eyes all virtue shines not. See whether that face could hide a murder. Take leisure to know him, and then yourselves will say, it hath been too great an inhumanity to suspect such excellency. Are the gods think you deceived

in

in their workmanſhip? artificers will not uſe marble but to noble uſes. Should thoſe powers be ſo overſhot, as to frame ſo precious an Image of their own, but to honourable purpoſes? O ſpeak with him, O hear him, O know him, and become not the putters out of the world's light. Hope you to joy my father's ſoul with hurting him he loved above all the world? ſhall a wrong ſuſpicion make you forget the certain knowledge of thoſe benefits this houſe hath received by him? Alas, alas, let not Arcadia *for his loſs be accurſed of the whole earth and of all poſterity. He is a great prince, I ſpeak unto you that which I know, for I have ſeen moſt evident teſtimonies. Why ſhould you hinder my advancement? who if I have paſt my childhood hurtleſs to any of you, if I have refuſed no body to do what good I could, if I have often mitigated my father's anger, ever ſought to maintain his favour towards you, nay, if I have held you all as fathers and brothers unto me, rob me not of more than my life comes unto. Tear not that which is inſeparably joined to my ſoul; but if he reſt miſliked of you, which, O god, how can it be, yet give him to me, let me have him, you know I pretend no right to your ſtate. Therefore it is but a private petition I make unto you. Or if you be hard-heartedly bent, to appoint otherwiſe, which Oh ſooner let me die than know: then, to end as I began, let me by you be ordered to the ſame end: without, for more cruelty, you mean to force* Philoclea *to uſe her own hands to kill one of your king's children.*

Pamela's letter, which ſhe meant to ſend to the general aſſembly of the *Arcadian* nobility, for ſo cloſely they were kept, as they were utterly ignorant of the new taken orders, was thus framed.

IN ſuch a ſtate, my Lord, you have placed me, as I can neither write nor be ſilent; for how can I be ſilent, ſince you have left me nothing but my ſolitary words to teſtify my miſery? and how ſhould I write, for as for ſpeech I have none but my jailor, that can hear me, who neither can reſolve what to write, nor to whom to write? What to write is hard for me to ſay, as what I may not write.

so little hope have I of any success, and so much hath no injury been left undone to me-wards. To whom to write, where may I learn, since yet I wot not how to entitle you? shall I call you my sovereigns? set down your laws that I may do you homage. Shall I fall lower, and name you my fellows? shew me, I beseech you, the lord and master over us. But shall Basilius's *heir name herself your princess? alas I am your prisoner. But whatsoever I be, or whatsoever you be, O all you beholders of these doleful lines, this do I signify unto you, and signify it with a heart that ever shall remain in that opinion, the good or evil you do to the excellent prince was taken with me, and after by force from me, I will ever impute it as either way done to mine own person. He is a prince, and worthy to be my husband, and so is he my husband by me worthily chosen. Believe it, believe it, either you shall be traitors for murdering of me, or if you let me live, the murderers of him shall smart as traitors. For what do you think I can think? am I so childish, as not to see, wherein you touch him you condemn me? can his shame be without my reproach? no, nor shall be, since nothing he hath done, that I will not avow. Is this the comfort you bring me in my father's death, to make me fuller of shame than sorrow? would you do this, if it were not with full intention to prevent my power with slaughter? and so do I pray you it is high time for me, to be weary of my life too long led, since you are weary of me, before you have me. I say again, I say it indefinitely unto you, I will not live without him, if it be not to revenge him: either do justly in saving both, or wisely in killing both. If I be your princess, I command his preservation; if but a private person, then are we both to suffer. I take all truth to witness, he hath done no fault but in going with me. Therefore to conclude, in judging him you judge me, neither conceive with yourselves, the matter you treat of, is the life of a stranger, though even in that name he deserved pity; nor of a shepherd, to which estate love of me made such a prince descend: but determine most assuredly, the life that is in question is of* Pamela, Basilius's *daughter.*

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Many blots had the tears of theſe ſweet ladies made in their letters, which many times they had altered, many times torn, and written anew, ever thinking ſomething either wanted, or was too much, or would offend, or, which is worſt, would breed denial: but at laſt, the day warned them to diſpatch, which they accordingly did, and calling one of their guard, for no body elſe was ſuffered to come near them, with great entreaty, they requeſted him, that he would preſent them to the principal noblemen and gentlemen together. For they had more confidence in the numbers favour, than in any one, upon whom they would not lay the lives they held ſo precious. But the fellow truſted to *Philanax*, who had placed him there, delivered them both to him, what time *Pyrocles* began to ſpeak, which he ſuddenly opened, and ſeeing to what they tended, by the firſt words, was ſo far from publiſhing them, whereby he feared in *Euarchus*'s juſt mind, either the princeſſes might be endangered, or the priſoners preſerved, of which choice he knew not which to think the worſt, that he would not himſelf read them over, doubting his own heart might be mollified, ſo bent upon revenge. Therefore utterly ſuppreſſing them, he lent a ſpightful ear to *Pyrocles*, and as ſoon as he had ended, with a very willing heart deſired *Euarchus* he might accept the combat: although it would have framed but evil with him: *Pyrocles* having never found any match near him, beſides *Muſidorus*. But *Euarchus* made anſwer, ſince bodily ſtrength is but a ſervant to the mind, it were very barbarous and prepoſterous, that force ſhould be made judge over reaſon. Then would he alſo have replied in words unto him, but *Euarchus* who knew what they could ſay was already ſaid, taking their arguments into his mind, commanded him to proceed againſt the other priſoner, and that then he would ſentence them both together. *Philanax* nothing the milder for *Pyrocles*'s purging himſelf, but rather, according to the nature of arguing, eſpecially when it is bitter, ſo much more vehement, entered thus into his ſpeech againſt *Muſidorus*, being ſo overgone with rage, that he

forgat in this oration his precise method of oratory. Behold, most noble protector, to what a state *Arcadia* is come, since such manner of men, may challenge in combat the faithfullest of the nobility, and having merited the shamefullest of all deaths dare name in marriage the princesses of this country. Certainly my masters, I must say, you were much out of taste, if you had not rather enjoy such ladies, than be hanged. But the one you have as much deserved, as you have dishonoured the other. But now my speech must be directed to you, good master *Dorus*, who, with *Pallas*'s help perdy, are lately grown *Palladius*. Too much this sacred seat of justice grants unto such a fugitive bondslave, who, instead of these examinations, should be made confess with a whip, that which a halter should punish. Are not you he, Sir, whose sheep-hook was prepared to be our scepter; in whom lay the knot of all this tragedy? or else perchance, they that should gain little by it were dealers in the murder, you only that had provided the fruits for yourself, knew nothing of it; knew nothing! hath thy companion here infected thee with such impudency, as even in the face of the world to deny that which all the world perceiveth? the other pleads ignorance, and you, I doubt not, will alledge absence. But he was ignorant, when he was hard by, and you had framed your absence, just against the time the act should be committed, so fit a lieutenant he knew he had left of his wickedness, that for himself his safest mean, was to convey away the lady of us all, who once out of the country, he knew we would come with olive branches of intercession unto her, and fall at his feet to beseech him to leave keeping of sheep, and vouchsafe the tyrannizing over us: for to think they are princes, as they say, although in our laws it behoveth them nothing, I see at all no reason. These jewels certainly with their disguising slights, they have pilfered in their vagabonding race. And think you such princes should be so long without some followers after them? truly if they be princes, it manifestly shews their virtues such, as all their subjects are glad to be

be rid of them. But be they as they are, for we are to conſider the matter and not the men, *Baſilius*'s murder hath been the cauſe of their coming, *Baſilius*'s murder they have moſt treacherouſly brought to paſs; yet that I doubt not, you will deny as well as your fellow. But how will you deny the ſtealing away the princeſs of this province, which is no leſs than treaſon? ſo notably hath the juſtice of the gods provided for the puniſhing of theſe malefactors, as if it were poſſible, men would not believe the certain evidences of their principal miſchief, yet have they diſcovered themſelves ſufficiently for their moſt juſt overthrow. I ſay therefore, to omit my chief matter of the king's death, this wolfiſh ſhepherd, this counterfeit prince, hath traiterouſly, contrary to his allegiance, having made himſelf a ſervant and ſubject, attempted the depriving this country of our natural princeſs: and therefore by all right muſt receive the puniſhment of traitors. This matter is ſo aſſured as he himſelf will not deny it, being taken and brought back in the fact. This matter is ſo odious in nature, ſo ſhameful to the world, ſo contrary to all laws, ſo hurtful to us, ſo falſe in him, as if I ſhould ſtand farther in declaring or defacing it, I ſhould either ſhew great doubts in your wiſdom, or in your juſtice. Therefore I will transfer my care upon you, and attend, to my learning and comfort, the eternal example you will leave to all mankind, of diſguiſers, falſifiers, adulterers, raviſhers, murderers and traitors. *Muſidorus*, while *Philanax* was ſpeaking againſt his couſin and him, had looked round about him, to ſee whether by any means he might come to have caught him in his arms, and have killed him; ſo much had his diſgracing words filled his breaſt with rage. But perceiving himſelf ſo guarded as he ſhould rather ſhew a paſſionate act, than perform his revenge, his hand trembling with deſire to ſtrike, and all the veins in his face ſwelling, caſting his eyes over the judgment ſeat: O gods, ſaid he, and have you ſpared my life to bear theſe injuries of ſuch a drivel! is this the juſtice of this place, to have ſuch men as we are, ſubmitted not only to apparent falſhood, but moſt

ſhameful reviling? but mark I pray you the ungrateſulneſs of the wretch, how utterly he hath forgotten the benefits both he and all this country hath received of us. For if ever men may remember their own noble deeds, it is then when their juſt defence, and others unjuſt unkindneſs doth require it. I omit our ſervices done to *Baſilius* in the late war with *Amphialus*, importing no leſs than his daughters lives, and his ſtates preſervation: were not we the men that killed the wild beaſts which otherwiſe had killed the princeſſes, if we had not ſuccoured them? conſider if it pleaſe you where had been *Daiphantus*'s rape, or my treaſon, if the ſweet beauties of the earth had then been devoured? either think them now dead, or remember they live by us. And yet full often this tell-tale can acknowledge the loſs they ſhould have by their taking away while malicioufly he overpaſſeth who were their preſervers: neither let this be ſpoken of me, as if I meant to balance this evil with that good, for I muſt confeſs that ſaving of ſuch creatures was rewarded in the act itſelf: but only to manifeſt the partial jangling of this vile pick-thank. But if we be traitors, where was your fidelity, O only tongue-valiant gentleman, when not only the young princeſs, but the king himſelf was defended from uttermoſt peril, partly by me, but principally by this excellent young man's both wiſdom and valour? were we that made ourſelves againſt hundreds of armed men, openly the ſhields of his life, like ſecretly to be his impoiſoners? Did we then ſhew his life to be dearer to us than our own, becauſe we might after rob him of his life to die ſhamefully? truly, truly, maſter orator, whoſoever hath hired you to be ſo buſy in their matters, who keep honeſter ſervants than your ſelf, he ſhould have bid you in ſo many railings, bring ſome excuſe for yourſelf, why in the greateſt need of your prince, to whom you pretend a miraculous good will, you were not then as forward to do like a man yourſelf, or at leaſt to accuſe them that were ſlack in that ſervice: but *commonly they uſe their feet for their defence, whoſe tongue is their weapon.* Certainly a very ſimple

ſimple ſubtilty it had been in us, to repoſe our lives in the daughters, when we had killed the father. But as this gentleman thinks to win the reputation of a copious talker by leaving nothing unſaid which a filthy mind can imagine, ſo think I, or elſe all words are vain, that to wiſe mens judgment our clearneſs in the king's death is ſufficiently notorious. But at length when the merchant hath ſet out his gilded baggage, laſtly, he comes to ſome ſtuff of importance, and ſaith, I conveyed away the princeſs of this country. And is ſhe indeed your princeſs? I pray you then whom ſhould I wait on elſe but her that was my miſtreſs by my profeſſed vow, and princeſs over me while I lived in this ſoil? aſk her why ſhe went; aſk not me while I ſerved her. Since accounting me as a prince, you have not to do with me: taking me as her ſervant, then take withal that I muſt obey her. But you will ſay, I perſuaded her to fly away; certainly I will for no death deny it, knowing to what honour I ſhould bring her from the thraldom by ſuch fellows counſel as you, ſhe was kept in. Shall perſuaſion to a prince grow treaſon to a prince? it might be error in me, but falſhood it could not be, ſince I made myſelf partaker of whatſoever I wiſhed her unto. Who will ever counſel his king, if his counſel be judged by the event, and if it be not found wiſe, ſhall therefore be thought wicked? but if I be a traitor, I hope you will grant me a correlative, to whom I ſhall be the traitor. For the princeſs againſt whom the treaſons are conſidered, I am ſure will avow my faithfulneſs, without you will ſay that I am a traitor to her, becauſe I left the country? and a traitor to the country becauſe I went with her. Here do I leave out my juſt excuſes of love's force, which has thy narrow heart hath never had noble room enough in it to receive, ſo yet thoſe manlike courages, that by experience know how ſubject the virtuous minds are to love a moſt virtuous creature, witneſſed to be ſuch by the moſt excellent gifts of nature, will deem it a venial treſpaſs, to ſeek the ſatisfaction of honourable deſires, honourable even in the curiouſeſt points of honour, whereout there can no diſgrace nor diſparagement come unto her.

Therefore, O judge, who I hope doſt know what it is to be a judge, that your end is to preſerve and not to deſtroy mankind, that laws are not made like lime twigs or nets, to catch every thing that toucheth them, but rather like ſea-marks, to avoid the ſhipwrack of ignorant paſſengers, ſince that our doing in the extremeſt interpretation is but a human error, and that of it you may make a profitable event, we being of ſuch eſtate, as their parents would not have miſliked the affinity, you will not I truſt at the perſuaſion of this babler, burn your houſe to make it clean, but like a wiſe father turn even the fault of your children to any good that may come of it: ſince that is the fruit of wiſdom and end of all judgments. While this matter was thus handling, a ſilent and as it were aſtoniſhed attention, poſſeſt all the people. A kindly compaſſion moved the noble gentleman *Sympathus*, but as for *Kalander*, every thing was ſpoken either by or for his own dear gueſts, moved an affect in him: ſometimes tears, ſometimes hopeful looks, ſometimes whiſpering perſuaſions in their ears, that ſtood by him, to ſeek the ſaving the two young princes. But the general multitude waited the judgment of *Euarchus*, who ſhewed in his face no motions, either at the ones or others ſpeech, letting paſs the flowers of rhetorick and only marking whether their reaſons tended; having made the queſtion to be aſked of *Gynecia*, who continued to take the whole fault upon herſelf, and having called *Dametas* with *Miſo* and *Mopſa*, who by *Philanax*'s order had been held in moſt cruel priſon, to make a full declaration, how much they knew of theſe paſſed matters, and then gathering as aſſured ſatisfaction to his own mind as in that caſe he could, not needing to take leiſure for that, whereof a long practice had bred a well grounded habit in him, with a voice and geſture directed to the univerſal aſſembly, in this form pronounced ſentence. This weighty matter, whereof preſently we are to determine, doth at the firſt conſideration yield to important doubts. The firſt whether theſe men be to be judged: the ſecond, how they are to be judged. The firſt doubt ariſeth, becauſe they give themſelves out for princes abſolute: a ſacred name,

name, and to which any violence ſeems to be an impiety. For how can any laws, which are the bonds of all human ſociety, be obſerved, if the law-givers, and law-rulers, be not held in an untouched admiration? but hereto, although already they have been ſufficiently anſwered, yet thus much again will I repeat unto you. That whatſoever they be or be not, here they be no princes, ſince betwixt prince and ſubject there is as neceſſary a relation, as between father and ſon; and as there is no man a father, but to his child, ſo is not a prince a prince, but to his own ſubjects. Therefore is not this place to acknowledge in them any principality, without it ſhould at the ſame time, by a ſecret conſent, confeſs ſubjection. Yet hereto may be objected, that the univerſal civility, the law of nations, all mankind being as it were co-inhabiters, or world-citizens together, hath ever required publick perſons ſhould be of all parties eſpecially regarded, ſince not only in peace but in war, not only princes, but heralds and trumpeters, are with great reaſon exempted from injuries. This point is true, but yet ſo true, as they that will receive the benefit of a cuſtom, muſt not be the firſt to break it: for then can they not complain, if they be not helped by that which they themſelves hurt. If a prince do acts of hoſtility, without denouncing war, if he breaks his oath of amity, or innumerable ſuch other things contrary to the law of arms, he muſt take heed how he fall into their hands, whom he ſo wrongeth, for then is courteſy the beſt cuſtom he can claim; much more theſe men, who have not only left to do like princes, but to be like princes, not only entered into *Arcadia*, and ſo into the *Arcadian* orders, but into domeſtical ſervices, and ſo, by making themſelves private, deprived themſelves of reſpect due to their publick calling. For no proportion it were of juſtice, that a man might make himſelf no prince when he would do evil, and might anew create himſelf a prince when he would not ſuffer evil. Thus therefore by all laws of nature and nations, and eſpecially by their own putting themſelves out of the ſanctuary of them, theſe young men cannot in juſtice avoid the judgment: but, like

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private men, muſt have their doings either cleared, excuſed, or condemned. There reſteth then the ſecond point, how to judge well. And that muſt undoubtedly be done, not by a free diſcourſe of reaſon and ſkill of philoſophy: but muſt be tied to the laws of *Greece*, and municipal ſtatutes of this kingdom. For although out of them theſe came, and to them muſt indeed refer their off-ſpring, yet becauſe philoſophical diſcourſes ſtand in the general conſideration of things, they leave to every man a ſcope of his own interpretation: where the laws, applying themſelves to the neceſſary uſe, fold us within aſſured bounds: which once broken, man's nature infinitely rangeth. Judged therefore they muſt be, and by your laws judged. Now the action offereth itſelf to due balance, betwixt the accuſer's twofold accuſation, and their anſwer accordingly applied. The queſtions being, the one of a fact ſimply, the other of the quality of a fact. To the firſt they uſe direct denial; to the ſecond, qualification and excuſe. They deny the murther of the king; and againſt mighty preſumptions bring forth ſome probable anſwers, which they do principally fortify with the queen's acknowledging herſelf only culpable. Certainly as in equality of conjectures, we are not to take hold of the worſe, but rather to be glad we may find any hope that mankind is not grown monſtrous, being undoubtedly leſs evil a guilty man ſhould eſcape, than a guiltleſs periſh, ſo if in the reſt they be ſpotleſs, then is this no farther to be remembred. But if they have aggravated theſe ſuſpicions with new evils, then are thoſe ſuſpicions ſo far to ſhew themſelves, as to cauſe the other points to be thoroughly examined, and with leſs favour weighed, ſince this no man can deny, they have been accidental, if not principal cauſes of the king's death. Now then we are to determine of the other matters, which are laid to them, wherein they do not deny the fact, but deny, or at leaſt diminiſh the fault: but firſt I may remember, though it were not firſt alledged by them, the ſervices they had before done, truly honourable, and worthy of great reward, but not worthy to countervail a following wickedneſs. Reward is proper to well

well doing, puniſhment to evil doing, which muſt not be confounded, no more than good and evil are to be mingled. Therefore hath it been determined in all wiſdoms, that no man becauſe he hath done well before, ſhould have his preſent evil ſpared, but rather ſo much the more puniſhed, as having ſhewed he knew how to be good, yet would againſt his knowledge be naught. The fact is then nakedly without paſſion or partiality to be viewed: wherein without all queſtion they are equally culpable. For though he that terms himſelf *Daiphantus*, were ſooner diſappointed of his purpoſe of conveying away the lady *Philoclea*, than he that perſuaded the princeſs *Pamela* to fly her country, and accompanied her in it: yet ſeeing in cauſes of this nature, the will by the rules of juſtice ſtandeth for the deed, they are both alike to be found guilty, and guilty of heinous raviſhment. For though they raviſhed them not from themſelves, yet they raviſhed them from him that owed them, which was their father. An act puniſhed by all the *Grecian* laws, by the loſs of the head, as a moſt execrable theft. For if they muſt die, who ſteal from us our goods, how much more they, who ſteal from us that, for which we gather our goods? and if our laws have it ſo in private perſons, much more forcibly are they to be in princes children; where one ſteals as it were the whole ſtate and well-being of that people, being tied by the ſecret of a long uſe, to be governed by none but the next of that blood. Neither let any man marvel, our anceſtors have been ſo ſevere in theſe caſes, ſince the example of the *Phœnician Europa*, but eſpecially of *Grecian Helene*, hath taught them, what deſtroying fires have grown of ſuch ſparkles. And although *Helene* was a wife, and this but a child, that booteth not, ſince the principal cauſe of marrying wives, is, that we may have children of our own. But now let us ſee how theſe young men, truly for their perſons worthy of pity, if they had rightly pitied themſelves, do go about to mitigate the vehemency of their errors. Some of their excuſes are common to both, ſome peculiar only to him that was the ſhepherd. Both remember the force of love, and

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as it were the mending up of the matter by their marriage: if that unbridled deſire, which is intitled love, might purge ſuch a ſickneſs as this, ſurely we ſhould have many loving excuſes of hateful miſchief. Nay rather, no miſchief ſhould be committed, that ſhould not be veiled under the name of love. For as well he that ſteals might alledge the love of money; he that murders, the love of revenge; he that rebels, the love of greatneſs, as the adulterer the love of a woman. Since they do in all ſpeeches affirm they love that, which an ill-governed paſſion maketh them to follow: but love may have no ſuch priviledge. That ſweet and heavenly uniting of the minds, which properly is called love, hath no other knot but virtue, and therefore if it be a right love, it can never ſlide into any action that is not virtuous. The other, and indeed more effectual reaſon is, that they may be married unto them, and ſo honourably redreſs the diſhonour of them, whom this matter ſeemeth moſt to touch. Surely if the queſtion were, what were convenient for the parties, and not what is juſt in the never changing juſtice, there might be much ſaid in it. But herein we muſt conſider, that the laws look how to prevent by due examples, that ſuch things be not done: and not how to ſalve ſuch things when they are done. For if the governors of juſtice ſhall take ſuch a ſcope, as to meaſure the foot of the law by the ſhew of conveniency, and meaſure that conveniency not by the publick ſociety, but by that which is fitteſt for them which offend: young men, ſtrong men, and rich men, ſhall ever find private conveniences how to palliate ſuch committed diſorders, as to the publick ſhall not only be inconvenient, but peſtilent. The marriage perchance might be fit for them, but very unfit were it to the ſtate, to allow a pattern of ſuch procurations of marriage. And thus much do they both alledge. Further goes he that went with the princeſs *Pamela*, and requireth the benefit of a counſellor, who hath place of free perſuaſion: and the reaſonable excuſe of a ſervant, that did but wait of his miſtreſs. Without all queſtion, as counſellors have great cauſe to take heed how

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they advise any thing, directly opposite to the form of that present government, especially when they do it singly without publick allowance: yet so is the case much more apparent: since neither she was an effectual princess, her father being then alive, and though he had been dead, she not come to the years of authority, nor he her servant in such manner to obey her, but by his own preferment first belonging to *Dametas*, and then to the king; and therefore if not by *Arcadian* laws, yet by household orders, bound to have done nothing without his agreement. Thus therefore since the deeds accomplished by these two, are both abominable and inexcusable. I doin the behalf of justice, and by the force of *Arcadian* laws pronounce, that *Daiphantus* should be thrown out of a high tower to receive his death by his fall, *Palladius* shall be beheaded; the time before the sun set; the place, in *Mantinea*; the executioner, *Dametas*: which office he shall execute all the days of his life, for his beastly forgetting the careful duty he owed to his charge. This said, he turned himself to *Philanax*, and two of the other noblemen, commanding them to see the judgment presently performed. *Philanax*, more greedy than any hunter of his prey, went streight to lay hold of the excellent prisoners, who, casting a farewel look one upon the other, represented in their faces as much unappalled constancy, as the most excellent courage can deliver in outward graces. Yet if at all there were any shew of change in them, it was that *Pyrocles* was somewhat nearer to bashfulness, and *Musidorus* to anger, both over-ruled by reason and resolution. But as with great number of armed men, *Philanax* was descending unto them, and that *Musidorus* was beginning to say something in *Pyrocles*'s behalf, behold *Kalander*, that with arms cast abroad, and open mouth, came crying to *Euarchus*, holding a stranger in his hand that cried much more than he, desiring they might be heard speak before the prisoners were removed, even the noble gentleman *Sympathus* aided them in it, and taking such as he could command, stopped *Philanax*, betwixt entreaty and force, from carrying away the princes, until it were heard what

what new matters theſe men did bring. So again mounting to the tribunal, they hearkned to the ſtrangers vehement ſpeech, or rather a paſſionate exclaiming. It was indeed *Kalodulus*, the faithful ſervant of *Muſidorus*, to whom his maſter, when in deſpite of his beſt grounded determinations he firſt became a ſlave to affection, had ſent the ſhepherd *Menalcas* to be arreſted: by the help of whoſe raiment in the mean time he advanced himſelf to that eſtate, which he accounted moſt high, becauſe it might be ſerviceable to that fancy, which he had placed moſt high in his mind. For *Menalcas* having faithfully performed his errand, was as faithfully impriſoned by *Kalodulus*. But as *Kalodulus* performed the firſt part of his duty in doing the commandment of his prince: ſo was he with abundance of ſincere loyalty extremely perplexed, when he underſtood of *Menalcas* the ſtrange diſguiſing of his beloved maſter. For as the acts he and his couſin *Pyrocles* had done in *Aſia*, had filled all the ears of the *Theſſalians* and *Macedonians* with no leſs joy than admiration: ſo was the fear of their loſs no leſs grievous unto them, when by the noiſe of report they underſtood of their lonely committing themſelves to the ſea, the iſſue of which they had no way learned. But now that by *Menalcas* he perceived where he was, gueſſing the like of *Pyrocles*, comparing the unuſedneſs of this act with the unripeneſs of their age, ſeeing in general conjecture they could do it for nothing that might not fall out dangerous: he was ſom[illegible]hile troubled with himſelf, what to do, betwixt doubt of their hurt, and doubt of their diſpleaſure. Often he was minded, as his ſafeſt and honeſteſt way, to reveal it to king *Euarchus*: that both his authority might prevent any damage to them, and under his wings he himſelf might remain ſafe. But conſidering a journey to *Bazantium*, whereas yet he ſuppoſed *Euarchus* lay, would require more time, than he was willing to remain doubtful of his prince's eſtate, he reſolved at length to write the matter to *Euarchus*, and himſelf the while to go into *Arcadia*: uncertain what to do when he came thither, but determined to do his beſt ſervice to his dear maſter,

maſter, if by any good fortune he might find him. And ſo it happened, that being even this day come to *Mantinea*, and as warily and attentively as he could, giving ear to all reports, in hope to hear ſomething of them he ſought, he ſtreight received a ſtrange rumour of theſe things: but ſo uncertainly, as popular reports carry ſo rare accidents. But this by all men he was willed, to ſeek out *Kalander* a great gentleman of that country, who would ſooneſt ſatisfy him of all occurrents. Thus inſtructed he came even about the midſt of *Euarchus*'s judgment to the deſert: where ſeeing great multitudes, and hearing unknown names of *Palladius* and *Daiphantus*, and not able to preſs to the place where *Euarchus* ſat, he enquired for *Kalander*, and was ſoon brought unto him, partly becauſe he was generally known unto all men, and partly becauſe he had withdrawn himſelf from the preſs, when he perceived by *Euarchus*'s words whither they tended, being not able to endure his gueſts condemnation. He requireth forthwith of *Kalander* the cauſe of the aſſembly; and whether the fame were true of *Euarchus*'s preſence: who with many tears made a doleful recital unto him, both of the *Amazon* and ſhepherd, ſetting forth their natural graces, and lamenting their pitiful undoing. But this deſcription made *Kalodulus* immediately know the ſhepherd was his duke, and ſo judging the other to be *Pyrocles*, and ſpeedily communicating it to *Kalander*, who he ſaw did favour their caſe, they break the preſs with aſtoniſhing every man with their cries. And being come to *Euarchus*, *Kalodulus* fell at his feet, telling him thoſe he had judged, were his own ſon and nephew, the one the comfort of *Macedon*, the other the only ſtay of *Theſſalia*. With many ſuch like words; but as from a man that aſſured himſelf in that matter he ſhould need ſmall ſpeech, while *Kalander* made it known to all men, what the priſoners were to whom he cried they ſhould ſalute their father, and joy in the good hap the gods had ſent them; who were no leſs glad, than all the people amazed at the ſtrange event of theſe matters. Even *Philanax*'s own revengeful heart was mollified, when he ſaw from divers parts of the world ſo near kinſmen ſhould meet in

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ſuch a neceſſity. And withal the fame of *Pyrocles* and *Muſidorus*, greatly drew him to a compaſſionate conceit, and had already uncloathed his face of all ſhew of malice. But *Euarchus* ſtaid a good while upon himſelf, like a valiant man that ſhould receive a notable encounter, being vehemently ſtricken with the fatherly love of ſo excellent children, and ſtudying with his beſt reaſon, what his office required: at length with ſuch a kind of gravity, as was near to ſorrow, he thus uttered his mind: I take witneſs of the immortal gods, ſaid he, O *Arcadians*, that what this day I have ſaid, hath been out of my aſſured perſuaſion, what juſtice itſelf and your juſt laws require. Though ſtrangers then to me, I had no deſire to hurt them, but leaving aſide all conſiderations of the perſons, I weighed the matter which you committed into my hands, with my moſt impartial and fartheſt reach of reaſon. And thereout have condemned them to loſe their lives, contaminated with ſo many foul breaches of hoſpitality, civility, and virtue. Now contrary to all expectations, I find them to be my only ſon and nephew, ſuch upon whom you ſee what gifts nature hath beſtowed: ſuch who have ſo to the wonder of the world heretofore behaved themſelves, as might give juſt cauſe to the greateſt hopes, that in an excellent youth may be conceived. Laſtly, in few words, ſuch in whom I placed all my mortal joys, and thought myſelf now near my grave, to recover a new life. But alas, ſhall juſtice halt? or ſhall ſhe wink in one's cauſe, which had *Lynce*'s eyes in another's; or rather ſhall all private reſpects give place to that holy name? be it ſo, be it ſo, let my grey hairs be laid in the duſt with ſorrow, let the ſmall remnant of my life be to me an inward and outward deſolation, and to the world a gazing ſtock of wretched miſery: but never, never let ſacred righteouſneſs fall: it is immortal, and immortally ought to be preſerved. If rightly I have judged, then rightly I have judged mine own children: unleſs the name of a child ſhould have force to change the never changing juſtice. No, no, *Pyrocles*, and *Muſidorus*, I prefer you much before my life, but

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I prefer juſtice as far before you: while you did like yourſelves, my body ſhould willingly have been your ſhield, but I cannot keep you from the effects of your own doing: nay, I cannot in this caſe acknowledge you for mine: for never had I ſhepherd to my nephew, nor ever had woman to my ſon; your vices have degraded you from being princes, and have diſannull'd your birth-right. Therefore if there be any thing left in you of princely virtue, ſhew it in conſtant ſuffering, that your unprincely dealing hath purchaſed unto you. For my part I muſt tell you, you have forced a father to rob himſelf of his children. Do you therefore, O *Philanax*, and you my other lords of this country, ſee the judgment be rightly performed in time, place, and manner, as before appointed. With that though he would have refrained them, a man might perceive the tears drop down his long white beard. Which moved not only *Kalodulus* and *Kalander* to roaring lamentations, but all the aſſembly dolefully to record that pitiful ſpectacle. *Philanax* himſelf could not abſtain from great ſhews of pitying ſorrow, and manifeſt withdrawing from performing the kings commandment. But *Muſidorus* having the hope of his ſafety, and recovering of the princeſs *Pamela*, which made him moſt deſirous to live, ſo ſuddenly daſhed; but eſpecially moved for his dear *Pyrocles*, for whom he was ever reſolved his laſt ſpeech ſhould be, and ſtirred up with rage of unkindneſs, he thus ſpake: Enjoy thy bloody conqueſt, tyrannical *Euarchus*, ſaid he, for neither is convenient the title of a king to a murderer, nor the remembrance of kindred to a deſtroyer of his kindred. Go home and glory, that it hath been in thy power, ſhamefully to kill *Muſidorus*. Let thy flattering orators dedicate crowns of lawrel unto thee, that the firſt of thy race thou haſt overthrown a prince of *Theſſalia*. But for me, I hope the *Theſſalians* are not ſo degenerate from their anceſtors, but that they will revenge my injury, and their loſs upon thee. I hope my death is no more unjuſt to me, than it ſhall be bitter to thee; howſoever it be, my death ſhall triumph over thy cruelty; neither as now would I live, to make my life beholden

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unto thee: but if thy cruelty hath not ſo blinded thine eyes, that thou canſt not ſee thine own hurt, if thy heart be not ſo deviliſh, as thou haſt no power but to torment thy ſelf, then look upon this young *Pyrocles* with a manly eye, if not with a pitiful: give not occaſion to the whole earth to ſay, See how the gods have made the tyrant tear his own bowels! Examine the eyes and voices of all this people; and what all men ſee, be not blind in thine own cauſe. Look, I ſay look upon him, in whom the moſt curious ſearcher is able to find no fault, but that he is thy ſon. Believe it, thy own ſubjects will deteſt thee, for robbing them of ſuch a prince, in whom they have right as well as thy ſelf. Some more words to that purpoſe he would have ſpoken: but *Pyrocles*, who often had called to him, did now fully interrupt him, deſiring him not to do him the wrong to give his father ill words, before him, willing him to conſider it was their own fault, and not his injuſtice; and withal, to remember their reſolution of well ſuffering all accidents, which this impatiency did ſeem to vary from: and then kneeling down with all humbleneſs, he took the ſpeech in this order to *Euarchus*: If my daily prayers to the almighty gods, had ſo far prevailed, as to have granted me the end whereto I have directed my actions; I ſhould rather have been now a comfort to your mind, than an example of your juſtice; rather a preſerver of your memory by my life, than a monument of your judgment by my death. But ſince it hath pleaſed their unſearchable wiſdoms to overthrow all the deſires I had to ſerve you, and make me become a ſhame unto you; ſince the laſt obedience I can ſhew you is to die: vouchſafe yet, O father, if my fault have not made me altogether unworthy ſo to term you, vouchſafe I ſay to let the few and laſt words your ſon ſhall ever ſpeak, not be tedious unto you. And if the remembrance of my virtuous mother, who once was dear unto you, may bear any ſway with you, if the name of *Pyrocles* have at any time been pleaſant, let one requeſt of mine, which ſhall not be for mine own life, be graciouſly accepted of you. What you owe to juſtice is performed in my death: a father to have executed

executed his only ſon, will leave a ſufficient example for a greater crime than this. My blood will ſatisfy the higheſt point of equity, my blood will ſatisfy the hardeſt hearted in this country. O ſave the life of this prince: that is the only all I will with my laſt breath demand of you. With what face will you look upon your ſiſter, when in reward of nouriſhing me in your greateſt need, you take away, and in ſuch ſort take away that which is more dear to her than all the world, and is the only comfort where with ſhe nouriſheth her old age? O give not ſuch an occaſion to the noble *Theſſalians*, for ever to curſe the match that their prince did make with the *Macedonian* blood. By my loſs there follows no publick loſs, for you are to hold the ſeat, and to provide your ſelf perchance of a worthier ſucceſſor. But how can you or all the earth recompenſe that damage that poor *Theſſalia* ſhall ſuſtain? who ſending out, whom otherwiſe they would no more have ſpared than their own eyes, their prince to you, and your requeſting to have him, by you he ſhould thus diſhonourably be extinguiſhed. Set before you I beſeech you, the face of that miſerable people, when no ſooner ſhall the news come that you have met your nephew, but withal they ſhall hear that you have beheaded him. How many tears they ſhall ſpend, how many complaints they ſhall make, ſo many juſt execrations will light upon you. And take heed, O father, for ſince my death anſwers my fault, while I live I will call upon that dear name, leſt ſeeking too preciſe a courſe of juſtice, you be not thought moſt unjuſt in weakening your neighbours mighty eſtate, by taking away their only pillar. In me, in me this matter began, in me let it receive his ending. Aſſure your ſelf no man will doubt your ſevere obſerving the laws, when it ſhall be known *Euarchus* hath killed *Pyrocles*. But the time of my ever farewel approaches: if you do think my death ſufficient for my fault, and do not deſire to make my death more miſerable than death: let theſe dying words of him, that was once your ſon, pierce our ears. Let *Muſidorus* live, and *Pyrocles* ſhall live in him, and you ſhall not want a child. A child,

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cried out *Musidorus*, to him that kills *Pyrocles?* With that he fell again to entreat for *Pyrocles*, and *Pyrocles* as fast for *Musidorus*, each employing his wit how to shew himself most worthy to die, to such an admiration of all the beholders, that most of them examining the matter by their own passions, thought *Euarchus*, as often extraordinary excellencies, not being rightly conceived, do rather offend than please, an obstinate hearted man, and such an one, who being pitiless, his dominion must needs be insupportable. But *Euarchus* that felt his own misery more than they, and yet loved goodness more than himself, with such a sad assured behaviour as *Cato* killed himself withal; when he had heard the uttermost of that their speech tended unto, he commanded again they should be carried away, rising up from the seat, which he would much rather have wished should have been his grave, and looking who would take the charge, whereto every one was exceeding backward. But as this pitiful matter was entering into, those that were next the *Duke*'s body, might hear from under the velvet, wherewith he was covered, a great voice of groaning. Whereat every man astonished, and their spirits appalled with these former miseries, apt to take any strange conceit, when they might perfectly perceive the body stir, then some began to fear spirits, some to look for a miracle, most to imagine they knew not what. But *Philanax* and *Kalander*, whose eyes honest love, though to divers parties, held most attentive, leaped to the table, and putting off the velvet cover, might plainly discern, with as much wonder as gladness, that the duke lived. For so it was, that the drink he received was neither as *Gynecia* first imagined, a love-potion, nor, as it was after thought, a deadly poison but a drink made by notable art, and as it was thought not without natural magick, to procure for thirty hours such a deadly sleep, as should oppress all shew of life. The cause of the making of this drink had first been, that a princess of *Cyprus*, grandmother to *Gynecia*, being notably learned, and yet not able with all her learning to answer the objections of *Cupid*,

Cupid, did furiouſly love a young nobleman of her father's court: who fearing the king's rage, and not once daring either to attempt or accept ſo high a place, ſhe made that ſleeping drink, and found means by a truſty ſervant of hers, who of purpoſe invited him to his chamber, to procure him, that ſuſpected no ſuch thing, to receive it. Which done, he, no way able to reſiſt, was ſecretly carried by him into a pleaſant chamber, in the midſt of a garden ſhe had of purpoſe provided for this enterprize, where that ſpace of time, pleaſing herſelf with ſeeing and cheriſhing of him, when the time came of the drink's end of working, and he more aſtoniſhed, than if he had fallen from the clouds, ſhe bade him chuſe either then to marry her, and to promiſe to fly away with her in a bark ſhe had made ready, or elſe ſhe would preſently cry out, and ſhew in what place he was, with oath he was come thither to raviſh her. The nobleman in theſe ſtreights, her beauty prevailed, he married her, and eſcaped the realm with her. And after many ſtrange adventures, were reconciled to the king her father, after whoſe death they reigned. But ſhe gratefully remembring the ſervice that drink had done her, preſerved in a bottle, made by ſingular art long to keep it without periſhing, great quantity of it, with the foretold inſcription, which wrongly interpreted by her daughter-in-law, the queen of *Cyprus*, was given by her to *Gynecia* at the time of her marriage; and the drink finding an old body of *Baſilius*, had kept him ſome hours longer in the trance than it would have done a younger. But a while it was before the good *Baſilius* could come again to himſelf: in which time *Euarchus* more glad than of the whole world's monarchy, to be rid of his miſerable magiſtracy, which even in juſtice he was now to ſurrender to the lawful prince of that country, came from the throne unto him, and there with much ado made him underſtand how theſe intricate matters had fallen out. Many garboils paſſed through his fancy before he could be perſuaded *Zelmane* was other than a woman. At length remembring the oracle, which now indeed was

was accompliſhed, not as before he had imagined, conſidering all had fallen out by the higheſt providence, and withal weighing in all theſe matters his own fault had been the greateſt; the firſt thing he did was with all honourable pomp to ſend for *Gynecia:* who, poor lady, thought ſhe was leading forth to her lively burial: and, when ſhe came, to recount before all the people, the excellent virtue was in her, which ſhe had not only maintained all her life moſt unſpotted, but now was content ſo miſerably to die, to follow her huſband. He told them, how ſhe had warned him to take heed of that drink: and ſo with all the exaltings of her that might be, publickly deſired her pardon for thoſe errors he had committed. And ſo kiſſing her, left her to receive the moſt honourable fame of any princeſs throughout the world, all men thinking, ſaving only *Pyrocles* and *Philoclea*, who never betrayed her, that ſhe was the perfect mirror of all wifely love. Which though in that point undeſerved, ſhe did in the remnant of her life duly purchaſe, with obſerving all duty and faith to the example and glory of *Greece:* ſo uncertain are mortal judgments, the ſame perſon moſt infamous, and moſt famous, and neither juſtly. Then with princely entertainment to *Euarchus*, and many kind words to *Pyrocles*, whom ſtill he dearly loved, though in a more virtuous kind, the marriage was concluded, to the inеſtimable joy of *Euarchus*, towards whom now *Muſidorus* acknowledged his fault, betwixt the peerleſs princes and princeſſes. *Philanax* for his ſingular faith ever held dear of *Baſilius* while he lived, and no leſs of *Muſidorus*, who was to inherit that kingdom, and therein confirmed to him and his the ſecond place in that province, with great increaſe of his living to maintain it. With like proportion he uſed to *Kalodulus* in *Theſſalia:* highly honouring *Kalander* while he lived: and after his death continuing in the ſame meaſure to love and advance his ſon *Clitophon*. But as for *Sympathus*, *Pyrocles*, to whom his father in his own time gave the whole kingdom of *Thrace*, held him always about him, giving him in pure gift the great city

city of *Abdera*. But the ſolemnities of theſe marriages, with the *Arcadian* paſtorals, full of many comical adventures happening to thoſe rural lovers; the ſtrange ſtories of *Artaxia* and *Plexirtus*, *Erona* and *Plangus*, *Hellen* and *Amphialus*, with the wonderful chances that befel them: the ſhepherdiſh loves of *Menalcas* with *Kalodulus*'s daughter: the poor hopes of the poor *Philiſides* in the purſuit of his affections; the ſtrange continuance of *Claius* and *Strephon*'s deſire; laſtly, the ſon of *Pyrocles*, named *Pyrophilus*, and *Melidora*, the fair daughter of *Pamela* by *Muſidorus*, who even at their birth entered into admirable fortunes; may awake ſome other ſpirit to exerciſe his pen in that wherewith mine is already dulled.

The End of the Fifth Book.

EXPLANATION *of ſome* Characters, *&c. in the Counteſs of* Pembroke's ARCADIA.

ARteſia *executed inſtead of* Pamela.
Black Knight, *i. e.* Muſidorus.
Daiphantus, *i. e.* Pyrocles.
Dorus, *i. e.* Muſidorus, *ſometimes called* Palladius.
The Forſaken Knight——Muſidorus.
Kalodulus, *Servant to* Muſidorus.
Lanquet (*i. e.* Languet) *an intimate friend of Sir* Philip Sidney's, *and who wrote a Volume of elegant* Latin Epiſtles *to him.*
Miſo, *Wife to* Dametas.
Muſidorus, *Son to* Dorilaus.
The Naked Knight——Amphialus.
Philiſides——*Sir* Philip Sidney.
Philoclea, *Lady* Rich, } *Daughters to* Baſilius.
And Pamela, - - - - }
Pyrocles, *Son to* Euarchus.
Stella——*Lady* Rich.
Strephon *and* Claius, *Rivals in the Love of* Urania.
Zelmane, *i. e.* Pyrocles, *Daughter to* Plexirtus.

A

SIXTH BOOK

TO THE

COUNTESS of *Pembroke's* ARCADIA.

WRITTEN

By *R. B.* of *Lincoln's-Inn*, Esq;

Sat, si Bene; si Male, inimicum.

DUBLIN:
Printed in the Year MDCCXXXIX.

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TO THE

READER.

TO *ſtrive to leſſen the greatneſs of the attempt, were to take away the glory of the action. To add to Sir* Philip Sidney, *I know is raſhneſs; a fault pardonable in me, if cuſtom might as well excuſe the offence, as youth may preſcribe in offending in this kind. That he ſhould undergo that burthen, whoſe mother-tongue differs as much from this language, as* Iriſh *from* Engliſh, *augments the danger of the enterprize, and gives your expectation, perhaps, an aſſurance*

what the event muſt be. Yet, let no man judge wrongfully of my endeavours: I have added a limb to Apelles's *Picture; but my mind never entertained ſuch vain hopes, to think it of perfection ſufficient to delude the eyes of the moſt vulgar, with the likeneſs in the workmanſhip. No, no, I do not follow* Pythagoras's *opinion of Tranſmigration: I am well aſſured divine* Sidney's *ſoul is not infuſed into me, whoſe judgment was only able to finiſh, what his invention was only worthy to undertake. For this, courteous reader, let it ſuffice I place Sir* Philip Sidney's *deſert (even in mine own eſteem) as far beyond my endeavours, as the moſt fault finding Cenſor can imagine this Eſſay of mine to come ſhort of his* Arcadia. Vale.

R. B.

THE

THE COUNTESS of *Pembroke's* ARCADIA.

A SIXTH BOOK.*

WHAT changes in fortune the princes of *Macedon* and *Theſſaly* have paſt, together with what event the uncertain actions of ſo blind a goddeſs have been crowned, they may remember, whoſe ears have been fed with the eloquent ſtory, written by the never-enough renowned Sir *Philip Sidney*.

Baſilius, therefore, having beheld with the eye of ſucceſs, the accompliſhment of his miſinterpreted oracle, haſtened (together with *Euarchus*) to his court of *Man-*

* This Sixth Book was written in the Year 1633.

tinea; where the infinite assembly, and the publick sacrifices of his subjects, did well witness what joy did possess their hearts, whose eyes were restored to the sight of long eclipsed sovereignty. Fame, also, proud to be the messenger of such royal news, had soon (with speedy flight) past the limits of *Arcadia*; so as in few days the court was filled with foreign princes, whom either the tie of a long observed league of amity, or a nearness in blood to *Basilius*, at such a time, brought thither, to congratulate with him; or were such, whose honour-thirsty minds hunted after occasions to make known their acts in chivalry.

And now was the marriage-day come, when *Pamela*, attired in the stately ornament of beauteous majesty, led by the constant forwardness of a virtuous mind, waited on by the many thoughts of his fore-past crosses in her love, which now made up a perfect harmony in the pleasing discord of indeared affection, was brought to church; whom, soon after, her sister *Philoclea* (being in the same degree of happiness, clad in the bashful innocency of an unspotted soul, guided by the shamefaced desire of her *Pyrocles*'s satisfaction, attended on by many graces of a mild chearfulness) followed; both equally admired, both equally looked on.

The temple (whereto in triumph beauty and majesty were led prisoners by the famous sisters) was a fit dwelling-place for the *Arcadian* deities, fenced from the sun and winds too free access, by many ranks of even-grown, even-set trees, near which, in divided branches, ran two clear streams, whose sweet murmur (as they tumbled over their bed of pebble stones) did much adorn the religious solitariness of that place. And, that nothing should be wanting that might set forth the careful judgment of the builder, it was seated in such a near distance from the palace, as might not presently bury the gloriousness of the show, nor cloy the beholders with the tediousness of the sight. In the way, on both hands, were many altars, on which the crowned intrails of the much-promising sacrifices were laid. At the door the two sisters were received by as many virgins, attired in a white lawn livery, with garlands on

on their heads of lillies and roſes intermixed, holding in their left hands a pair of pigeons, the grateful offering to the queen of love. Soon after, the accuſtomed rites in the *Arcadian* nuptials being ended, the king and *Euarchus*, with the reſt of the princes, returned unto a ſtately palace, ſumptuouſly furniſhed, where both art and nature ſeemed to be at variance, whether ſhould beſtow moſt ornaments to enrich ſo rare a work: ſeated where the earth did riſe a little (as proud to be the ſupporter of ſo curious a building) by means whereof, the ſight had freedom to overlook a large territory; where the green level of the *Arcadian* plains, beautified by the intercourſe of many foreſts, repreſented the delightful mixture of a civil wilderneſs. The building of marble, where whether the art in carving into many forms, the in vain reſiſting hardneſs of the ſtone, the cunning in knitting theſe disjointed members, or the invention in contriving their ſeveral rooms, did excel, was hard to be judged of.

The inſide alſo might well be the inner part of ſo glorious an outſide; for, beſides the well-matched largeneſs of the rooms, and lightſome pleaſantneſs of the windows, it was all hung with the choice rareneſs of far-fetched arras, in which the ingenious workman, with the curious pencil of his little needle, had limned the dumb records of revived antiquity. Here did he preſent the memorable ſiege of *Thebes*, where the ruins of her walls ſeemed yet to hang, and make the beholders fear the downfal of the lively ſtones. There you might ſee how cunningly he had expreſſed the conſtrained flight of the *Trojan* prince, and the cruel ſacrifice of inraged *Dido*'s love. Nor was the ſtory of *Scylla* forgotten, who there ſtood before *Minos*, with the preſent of her father's fatal hair; while you might perceive, by his bent brows and diſdainful countenance, the juſt reward of her unnatural attempt. With theſe and others, wherein coſt and invention ſtrove for the maſtery, were the hangings adorned; yet theſe many ſtories did ſo ſtealingly ſucceed each other, that the moſt curious obſerver's eye (though his admiration might dwell on each piece) could find no cauſe of ſtay, until he had

overlooked them all. But neither these, nor what art or nature could have added, did set forth so much the palace, as the graceful presence of the *Arcadian* sisters; whose beauties, till now, of long time had borne a part with their troubled minds, in a sweet pilgrimage to a happy event; and therefore at this present, so far disburthened of those thoughts, as it was to be settled in the most desired enjoying of unspeakable bliss, the imagination would needs persuade, if it were possible, were bettered.

Dinner being set and ended, while the knights (who, to honour that day with tilting, and to shew what they dared and could effect in the service, as they thought, of unresistable beauties) were putting on their armour, there entered the hall a page, who, with submissive humbleness, told the king, He was sent from his master, the naked knight, who desired there to be received as a challenger, to eternize, as the justness of his cause required, the famous memory of his deceased mistress *Hellen*, the queen of *Corinth*. *Basilius*, much pitying the before-unheard of death of so excellent a queen, willed the page to relate the circumstance; which being strange in itself, and of so great a subject, wrought a passionate willingness in the hearers to be attentive.

After that fortune (said he) had bestowed, by the conquest of *Amphialus*, at *Cecropia*'s castle, the victory on his adversary the black knight, this queen (having long time, by the command of love, her inward tyrant, made all *Greece* a stage for her wandring passions) at length went thither, where the end of her search was the beginning of her sorrows. Finding the curtains of eternal night ready to close up his eyes, who (in the voyage her affection made) had alway been the port she steered to; yet hoping she knew not what, that if perhaps *Proserpine* should meet in *Elyzium* his departed soul, she would, in meer compassion of her sorrow, send it back to reinhabit her ancient seat; she carried the life little-desiring body to *Corinth*, where, at that time, lived an aged man, by name *Artelio*, one, whose fortunate experience in desperate cures had made

made famous. Him, by the powerful command of his queen, and the humble tears of a ſtill-miſtruſting lover, ſhe conjures to employ the uttermoſt of his ſkill, in preſerving him in whom ſhe lived. Some time there was, ere his vital ſpirits, almoſt now proved ſtrangers to their wonted manſion, would accept the tye of hoſpitality; but when the hand of art had taught them courteſy, and that each ſenſe, though faintly, did exerciſe his charge, *Amphialus*, returning to himſelf, from that ſweet ignorance of cares, wherein he lived, began to queſtion, In what eſtate the caſtle was againſt the beſiegers? thinking he had alway been there; when *Hellen* entred the room, with a countenance where beauty appeared through the clouds of care and fear of his danger: Her, the double and deeply wounded patient (bearing ſtill about him the inward picture of *Philoclea*, whom long I have heard, in vain, he loved) thought to be the ſame ſaint, the remembrance of whom returned, together with his wandring ſoul, from which it was inſeparable. Now, therefore, with a languiſhing look (the true herald of what he ſuffered) Lady, ſaid he, though the welcome harbinger of a near-following death hath provided this body (while it was mine, alway devoted to your ſervice) as a lodging for his maſter an ever-certain gueſt; yet when I paſs to the *Elyzian* plains (if any memory there remain of this world of comfort you now vouchſafe, heaven knows! your faithful, though unfortunate ſervant) I ſhall never ceaſe to pay the eternal tribute of thanks to well-deſerving death, who, with his preſence, brings the happineſs in life denied me.

The queen, with a penſive ſilence, ſorrowing ſhe ſtood to act the counterfeit of her rival, and ſtill deſirous to enjoy the ſweet ſpeech of her revived *Amphialus*, was like a paſſenger, whom the loud command of the rough winds had forced to wander through the unevenneſs of the deep-furrowed ſeas, now in ſight of land, equally diſtracted between the deſire to leave his unnatural habitation, where each wave ſeems to be the proud meſſenger of deſtruction, and fear to approach it, being jealous of his hard entertainment on the

the rocky shore: thus did she continue (fixed in a doubtful imagination) loth to interrupt his pleasing speech, and more than grieved he meant not her whom he spake to; until *Amphialus* (strengthening his newly recovered senses with the conceited presence of *Philoclea*) found his error, and then, with a look on his mistaken object (which he could not make disdainful, because his happy thoughts had once adored it for *Philoclea*) he suddenly fell into a deadly trance; whereat *Hellen* (feelingly suffering in his danger) ran to him, and bedewing his even then lovely face with the loving oblation of her many tears, she, together poured forth the most passionate plaints that love could invent, or grief utter; so as a while, this accident overthrowing the fabrick of her half-built comfort with the suddenness of so unlooked-for an assault, constrained her (with bemoaning his case) to forget the care of his safety; but being withdrawn by her servants, the indisposition of her body, caused her a while to entertain in bed the fever of her affectionate sorrow.

In the mean time, *Amphialus*, by the skilful care of *Artelio*, was again brought to enjoy that, whose loss he would account his chiefest happiness; and faintly withdrawing the cover that obscured his weak sight, and settling his look upon *Artelio*; Father, said he, if you felt the inward agonies of my tormented soul, as you see the desperate state of my low-brought body, I assure my self you would not be so inhumane, there to employ your endeavours, where, when they have wrought their effect, they serve only to confirm the memory of fore-passed calamity, with the growing apprehension of future misfortune: But since my destinies have so set down, that the whole course of my life should be inevitably disastrous, I must think my tragedy is not yet acted; though what worse than hath befallen me cannot be imagined, or what may be kept in store (more than I have passed) far exceeds my apprehension, tho' not my expectation.

Here he began to run over his unfortunate love to *Philoclea*, the killing of *Parthenia*, his overthrow in the encounter with the black knight; inserting many more

more diſgraces, which the moſt envious of his glory, would not have caſt as aſperſions on his well-known fame. Thus, with the thought that fate (whoſe working he could not limit) had reſerved him for more miſchief, he ſuffered his wounds to be cured; and ſoon after, walking one evening, as his manner was, in the garden, he choſe a time, as he thought, uneſpied by any, to convey himſelf thorough a back door, and there finding his horſe (which his page had brought by his appointment) he rid away, whither he knew not, and not much cared, ſo he might leave her, whoſe affection deſerved a more courteous farewel. But, alas! when ſhe heard of his going, what tongue is able to expreſs her ſorrow, in whom the equally tormenting paſſions of grief and deſpair were lifted to their uttermoſt height?

Two days, ſince the departure of *Amphialus*, poſted away, ſtriving in vain to overtake their irrecoverable fellows, and now the third was come, to be a prologue to the following tragedy: when *Hellen* (ſlacking the violent courſe of her inceſſant plaints) gave occaſion to her ſervants to be leſs miſtruſtful of her actions, thinking that time began to wear away her ſorrows. But ſhe (as by the event was gathered) uſing this as a policy to rid herſelf of the cumber of careful attendance, when (now her truce, in ſhew, with ſorrow, and the reſtraint of her plaints had wrought the effect ſhe deſired) taking her truſty ſervant *Mylama* with her, and leaving a letter with *Lada* (whom, beſides *Mylama*, ſhe only truſted with this ſecret) which, upon the firſt knowledge of her flight, ſhould be given to *Drenus* the chief of her council; wherein ſhe excuſed her ſecret ſtealing away, by a vow paſſed to *Apollo*, in ſuch manner to go a pilgrimage to *Delphos*; ſhe put herſelf on her journey, having an army of paſſions for her convoy, led by love, and waited on by deſire, in hope of what ſhe knew was hopeleſs; yet often checking her deſpairing foreſight, with ſuch unlikely poſſibilities as affection (upon theſe occaſions) is wont to ſupply.

Many

Many days ſhe had not wandered (changing places, to renew her companions in ſorrow) when coming into a pleaſant valley, where, of each ſide, many trees (in the green-leaved mantle of their ſummer-livery) did apparel two neighbour mountains, where ſome ſun-burnt ſapleſs pines, by the advantage of the ground (like little-deſerving, in themſelves, birth-only enobled men) overtopped the ſtraight upraiſed cedar, the ſtock of ſelf-begun honour. Through this flowry plain ran a many-headed cryſtal current, that did indent the earth as it ſmoothly glided by, to make the obligation of friendſhip between them more firm; and where, it fame-like, increaſed by travel, there (as it was the natural) ſo, it ſeemed to have been the politick body of the ſtate of ſprings; ſuch was the conſtant care of the fountain magiſtrates, and ſuch the well-agreeing union of the watry commons. Here ſhe ſtayed (invited by ſolitarineſs, the beſt repoſe for wearied ſorrow) yet giving no reſpite to her mind, ſhe ſpake nothing but *Amphialus*, or of *Amphialus*. O *Amphialus!* did ſhe ſay, and to this invocation the flattering nymph (that always ſeconds what is ſpoken) did join the like of her own; and *Hellen*, delighted to hear the ſound of ſo ſweet a name beaten back upon her, for a time ſealed up her lips, liſtening (with attentive ſilence) what ecco would have farther ſaid; but ſhe (who of all the powers of a reaſonable ſoul, only had a memory and a tongue only ſerviceable for that uſe) together gave over to reflect her borrowed language, expecting (with like ſtillneſs) her farther ſpeech. But *Hellen*, not able longer to reſtrain the overflow of her panting heart, began to cry out, unkind *Amphialus!* This alſo did the eccho repeat. But ſhe hearing by the rebound of the words, *Amphialus* accuſed; diſcourteous nymph, ſaid ſhe, and how is *Amphialus* unkind? Can the harmony of ſuch excellence admit ſo foul a fault to bear a part with his virtues? Yet, woe is me! he is unkind: could his hard heart elſe ſuffer this love of his (which I only name, becauſe it is the only part worth naming in me) thus long unregarded? Could not my crown (crowned in

in being a foot-ſtool to *Amphialus*) have purchaſed ſome reſpect? Alas! no: how could unhappy *Hellen* expect the fates reſerved ſo great a bleſſing in ſtore for her?

She had not long debated the reaſons of her misfortune, when *Rinatus* (the only brother to *Timotheus*, but younger by many years) chanced to paſs that way: a man on whom fame had beſtowed, and deſervingly, the name of valiant; yet of diſpoſition ſo miſchievouſly cruel, and ambitiouſly proud, that where his deeds might well have claimed ſo great an honour, there his conditions (as well weighed) brought a reproachful burthen to the ballance of his reputation. He, (his father dying young, and unwilling to diſmember his eſtate, and unable otherwiſe to ſatisfy the hopes of his ſon's ambition) hearing of the wars of *Laconia*, went thither; where ſoon he purchaſed the opinion of a man reſolute to undertake, and fortunate to execute what he had undertaken: and ſerving under *Eborbas* (chief commander for the king) becauſe of the ſympathy of humours between them (whereby nature did inſinuate for *Rinatus*, and taught him flattery without diſſimulation) he grew great in his favour. Soon after this, *Eborbas*, in a conflict between him and the *Helots*, being mortally wounded, yet in death, careful of the welfare of his country, recommended this *Rinatus* (partly for his good liking of him, but principally for his experience in wars, and well-ſeconded judgment) to the king: who, though with ſome oppoſition, (the country-men repining at his, a ſtranger's advancement) after truſty *Eborbas*'s death, preferred him to the ſame place: his diſcharge of which, outwent ſo far the envy of the jealous noblemen, that well might their king and they, in the death of the valiant *Eborbas*, deplore the loſs of a private man, but muſt confeſs, that his watchful care and undaunted well-ordered courage, did ſurvive in this their general.

In this eſteem he had ſcarce lived a year, when, hearing of his brother and nephew's death, together with his undoubted right to the large territory which his brother in his life-time had enjoyed, he, notwithſtanding, continued in the charge to which he was lately advanced:

advanced: framing in his conceit his new-acquired greatneſs but as a ſtep to climb the ſovereignty of *Laconia:* which being elective, he thought the eaſier to be compaſſed, having by his bounteous affability, gained the hearts of the ſoldiers, and being already poſſeſſed of, the chief forts (the beſt ſtrength of the country) wherein he had placed ſuch, who had their devotions linked to his will, becauſe they owed him the benefit of their creation. But finding the accompliſhment of theſe practices to depend upon the death of the king, which, his youth promiſed, was unlikely ſoon to happen, and fearful to draw on the diſcovery of his practices, by ſeeking any ſecret means to make him away, whom the watchful eye of dutiful obſervance did warrant ſecure from any traiterous plots; he ſollicits the king to diſpence with his preſence; who (ſeeing the ground of his journey to be the juſt cauſe of his long-deferred revenge for *Timotheus* his brother, and *Philoxenus* his nephew's death, now a peace was lately concluded with the *Helots*, and therefore his abſence the more excuſable) upon condition of a ſpeedy return, though unwilling, yet for his ſatisfaction, grants his requeſt: who now on his journey, and having in his way to croſs this valley, met the unfortunate queen, whom, though her habit might diſguiſe, her words (over-heard) did aſſure *Rinatus* his willingneſs to believe, that ſhe was the ſame ſhe ſo often ſpake herſelf to be, the unfortunate *Hellen*.

A while he ſtood doubtful of the perſon, a while amazed at ſo fortunate an encounter, and a long time perplexed what puniſhment his revenge would judge fit for (the conceited heinouſneſs of) his brother and nephew's death. At length the queen (now firſt withdrawing her thoughts from that object whereto affection, in ſweeteſt contemplation, had bound them, and ſuffering her mind, before retired within itſelf, now to be informed by her ſervants ſenſes) ſeeing this ſtranger near her, began, as her manner was, to find by enquiry what he knew of *Amphialus*. Wicked woman, replied *Rinatus*, the all-ſeeing juſtice hath now delivered thee to receive fit puniſhment for *Philoxenus*'s and *Timotheus*'s

thens's death: and using no more words, presently caused her to be mounted on horseback, prolonging her life to make her death more miserable. Thus far hath *Mylama* discovered, who, poor lady! was there left, most cruelly beaten, to be the reporter of *Rinatus*'s revenge, and her mistress's hard hap.

The last act of this tragedy, my master had the fortune to know, by one of trust and great esteem in the court of *Laconia*, to which *Rinatus* had conveyed *Hellen*, where, for a time, she was honourably entertained, finding no want but of command and liberty; the king, belike fearing the power of the wronged *Corinthians*, preserving her as a sure card for a dead lift. But when he understood that one *Tenarus* (a man apt to practise innovations, and at this time able, when the many headed multitude wanted the awful presence of their sovereign) took upon him the government, pretending a title to the crown, as descended from those, from whom *Hellen*'s ancestors, as he alledged, had traiterously forced it; then did the tyrant of *Laconia*, finding the way secure for his mischievous practice, vehemently importuned by *Rinatus*, and urged forward by the politick wickedness of his own desire to pleasure the new king, secretly cause *Hellen* to be poysoned: Such was the end of this great queen, justly beloved of all, who heard the fame of her virtues, and therefore justly to be deplored of all, who hear the unredeemable loss of so many perfections.

Basilius, and the rest of the princes, were much moved with so tragical a story, especially *Musidorus*, who (in search of *Pyrocles*) having the fortune to see her, could witness, that though fame had borrowed all mens mouths to proclaim her many excellencies, yet it was far from doing right to her desert. But this was no fit lodging for pity to dwell in, where joy had so great a command. The messenger therefore being permitted to part, with free leave for his master to enter the lists, judges were appointed, and the challenge proclaimed.

The

The challenger underſtanding of the king's liking of his demand, came forth of his pavilion, with armour ſo lively repreſenting nakedneſs, wounded in many places, (where the ſtaunchleſs blood, in the courſe the workman had allotted it, ſeemed to drop deſtruction) that many thought a madneſs had poſſeſſed him (ſo unarmed, ſo wounded) to preſent himſelf in ſuch a trial, where a ſurer defence, and a ſounder body were more needful. Before him went ſix, as ſavages, bearing the lances for his firſt courſes; who coming within diſtance to be heard, did ſing theſe following verſes.

Too ſoon you fled from hence to that fair place,
The happy period of a well-run race:
Too late I ſtay in grief's eternal night,
To do this penance for my over-ſight.
Once let me die, let not my dying life
Prolong my woes, and keep my thoughts at ſtrife:
Let him that did offend your heav'nly eyes,
Now pleaſe your anger with ſelf-ſacrifice.

Then one of them, reaching him a lance, he began his courſe againſt *Tyro* prince of *Andria*, famous for his conſtant love to the fair *Lydia*, now married, and queen of *Epire*, and ever fortunate in the courſe of his adventures: but here his fortune gave place to virtue, or rather joined with her, to aſſiſt the naked knight; for, at the third encounter, he was put beſide his ſaddle, much bruiſed in body, and no leſs afflicted in mind.

The next that ſupplied his place, was *Pauſanias*, a *Macedonian*, one, who in his late wars had done *Euarchus*, faithful ſervice, and now thinking to be as ſucceſsful in this enterprize, had put on armour to do honour to his miſtreſs: but his firſt courſe compelled him to acknowledge he was deceived, ſeeing himſelf fall ſo ſhort of his expectation.

To him ſucceeded *Nicanor*, a *Corinthian* knight, advanced by the new king: one extremely confident of himſelf, becauſe never tried, and now very forward, fearing to be prevented of the honour, for which already,

ready, in conceit, he had triumphed at *Corinth* with the great applauſe of the people, and the good liking of the king. But the naked knight, at ſecond courſe, cut off both his life and imagined trophy: for, couching his lance, and allotting it in his courſe a juſt deſcent, rightly levelled by his well judging experience, it met with *Nicanor*'s ſight, and paſſing thorough that weak reſiſtance, it pierced his right eye, and with it his brain; ſo as *Nicanor* fell down, forgetful both of his fore-thought fame and following reproach. With this adventure the tilting that day ended; the ſun with looſe rays, poſting to his weſtern home, and the naked knight retired himſelf to his pavillion, whence he ſent his page, who, humbly, for his maſter, intreated, That his unwillingneſs to be known, ſhould excuſe the omiſſion of his duty to the king.

Thus that night drew on, which, to them who enjoyed delight, ſeemed to have put on all her ſails to be the ſpeedier in paſſing over. But far other was the naked knight's apprehenſion: he (who made her ugly darkneſs a pattern of the ſorrow his afflicted ſoul endured) thought ſhe was becalmed in the ſea of his misfortune. At length *Phœbus*, weary of his importunity, made haſte to diſtribute his grateful light, to his care-tired ſenſes; and he as ſoon imbracing the ſmalleſt ſhew of comfort, put on his armour. About two hours after, the judges being ſet, and *Baſilius* and *Euarchus* (with the reſt of the court) preſent, *Leonatus*, the young king of *Pontus*, (who had been there to acknowledge his beholdingneſs to them, whom he was deſervingly bound to) took the field. His armour was of a dark colour, thorough which many flames ſeemed to break out, as when the clouds, great in labour with exhalations, at length gave way to their more violent power: his three firſt courſes promiſed a more happy event, than fortune meant he ſhould enjoy; for (having performed them with a well-ordered firmneſs in his ſeat, and a moving conſtancy in the carriage of his lance, to the great delight of the beholders) the fourth time he was diſmounted; whoſe diſgrace *Pyrocles* was ready to revenge, but he was, by a ſecret look from *Philoclea*, commanded

commanded the contrary. Then *Telamon*, *Phelauceas* and *Diremus* felt, with little advantage in fortune, the like ſucceſs.

Thus, moſt part of that morning, the naked knight, with little reſiſtance, had the beſt againſt all comers, which moſt of the lookers-on, with publick acclamation, did teſtify, but he having given over the uſe of himſelf to ſorrow, ſometimes by the careleſs ſhaking of his head, did let them know, they burdened his deſert with the unpleaſing weight of his praiſe; and ſtaying a while on horſeback, he expected the next adventurer, with ſuch a demeanor of himſelf, as (though it did accuſe him of much grief) could not conceal the grace of his ſtately preſence. But when he ſaw none ready to take the field, with an humble bend taking his leave of the king, he ſoftly trotted towards his tent, not ſo much to repoſe his body, as to give a quiet way to the aſſaults of his mind. At length, when all the beholders expectations were almoſt wearied, there entered the liſts a lady, attended only by one page, who having lighted, preſently went towards the place where *Baſilius* ſat; where firſt kneeling, then taking away a black ſcarf (which grief had hired to join with herſelf, in eclipſing the excellent feature of a moſt fair face) ſhe began to ſpeak: but *Baſilius* and *Gynecia* haſtily ran to embrace *Hellen* queen of *Corinth*, for this was ſhe. Great was the joy for her revived preſence, and great the deſire to know the means of her ſafety. But ſhe (accounting theſe gratulations cumberſom, and the relation of her adventures tedious) fixing her watry eyes on *Baſilius*; Great king, I am, ſaid ſhe, that unfortunate *Hellen*, ſometime queen of *Corinth*, now both deprived of crown and kingdom by *Tenarus*. Yet why ſhould I mention this, as fit to be inſerted among my greateſt misfortunes? The cauſe why now I come, is my care of *Amphialus* his ſafety, in whom I live, to whoſe diſdain I have vowed the tribute of my conſtant love: he (alas! why ſhould I live to ſpeak it?) not long ſince following the courſe of his adventures, came to *Amaſia*, where he was made priſoner, and carried to *Dunalbus* prince of that country; whoſe brother it was *Amphia-*

lus's

lus's fortune to kill in reſcue of a lady, to whom he would have offered diſhonourable violence. Theſe news came to mine ears (to add more to many miſeries) at that time when I chanced to be at *Delphos*, pouring forth my heartieſt devotions for my moſt beloved, my moſt unkind *Amphialus*: but the pitying God, either to ſtay my hands from the execution they intended (but to what end might that be? that God knows; for no time can unbend my affection) or, as heaven grant it may be, in commiſeration of my caſe, thus comforted me;

Hellen, return; a naked knight ſhall find
Reſt for thy hopes, and quiet to thy mind.

Thus far have I wandred, led by that divine promiſe, in purſuit of ſuch a one: But no where can I find a happy event to confirm that oracle; yet dare I not deſpair, having ſo high a warrant; nor hope, having ſo bad ſucceſs.

You are fortunately come, ſaid the king: This knight, whoſe ſkill in arms hath made your well-deſerving virtues famous, may be that man pointed out by the finger of heaven, to releaſe *Amphialus*, who both in name and armour repreſents a naked knight. O no, ſaid the queen, it cannot be expected that *Apollo* would leave ſo plain a way for us to track out the footſteps of his obſcure myſteries. Madam, replied *Baſilius* (having firſt placed her in a chair by him) the all-ſeeing providence, with whom the ends of all things are preſent, is ſometimes pleaſed to caſt forth the emblem of our deſtinies, ſo ſtrangely hidden in the covert of ambiguous words, that, doubtleſs, it ſerves to beget nothing but matters of diſtruſt, and labyrinths of errors, where the imagination a thouſand ways may be led aſtray; of this you have a preſent proof, confirmed by my experience: And ſometimes the ſame juſtice unfolds the ſecret of our fate, and plainly lets us know the myſtery of our fortune: yet even that plainneſs, to the curious ſearch of our ſtill-miſtruſting brain, becomes a reaſon ſufficient to enforce us to a contrary belief. This laſt,

laſt, I think, (if, in the interpretation of an oracle, my opinion may be received) is that mean, whereby *Apollo* both reveals and hides the author of *Amphialus*'s freedom. This ſaid, he ſends preſently for the naked knight, who as ſoon obeying the king's command, as he was compleatly armed, came before him; to whom *Baſilius* chearfully told (as glad to be the reporter of ſo good news to him, whoſe proweſs in arms deſervingly gained much of his good opinion) of *Hellen*'s being there, together with her deſire to employ him in an action the heavens had alſo intereſted him in. What is it, replied the naked knight, that, without ſuch a command, I would not endeavour to accompliſh for my moſt dear *Hellen*? And then, with exceſs of comfort and aſtoniſhment, his weak limbs were ready to give over the ſupport of his joy-burdened body; but, being upheld by *Muſidorus*, who ſtood next him, his overcharged ſpirits had time to recollect themſelves.

The queen gathering comfort from his promiſe, and ſeeing fair likelihood of the oracle's accompliſhment, with the oratory of love, who thinks no words but his own, able to expreſs his mind, began in this manner: Sir, ill-fortune my awful governeſs, as in the moſt of my actions ſhe is pleaſed to keep a hard hand over me, ſo in this (diſtruſtful belike of my willingneſs) ſhe forces me to repeat my wonted leſſon of receiving courteſies without power of requital; making one undeſerved favour from you, become a cauſe of farther beholdingneſs to you: But the glory that follows your good ſucceſs in this adventure (the beſt ſpur to ſet forward brave ſpirits to noble actions) hath almoſt aſſured me, that the love you profeſs, and a diſtreſſed lady's cauſe, need not joyn petitioners in a requeſt your virtue muſt be willing to grant. The reward of your victory, is the releaſing of *Amphialus*; of whom I may ſpeak, and the world with me, all-praiſe-worthy things. Madam, replied the naked knight, I thought the gods could not have favoured me more, than in giving you reſpite of life, and me power to be ſerviceable to you: but when I conſider the end I muſt employ my endeavours to, it buries my conceited happineſs in the grave of

of a certain misfortune. Shall I labour to preſerve that monſter of men, whoſe ſtory (if the world will needs read) contains nothing but a volume of diſaſters, and a vain diſcourſe of a few adventures, caſt upon him by the blindneſs of chance? Shall I hazard my life for him, againſt whom, had I lives innumerable, I would venture them all? Shall I live to make another happy in your favour, and croſs mine own deſires? No, madam, I will ſooner leave my blood here before you, as a teſtimony that fear hath no intereſt in my diſobedience to your command, then I will make my after-life truly miſerable in the burden of a hopeleſs affection. To this the queen a while in tears, as if her eyes ſtrove to ſpeak for her, made a ſilent anſwer; but when her ſighs had breathed forth the over-charge of her breaſt, firſt ſhe kneeled, then faintly ſaid; O eternal preſident of this court of cares, when will thy juſt pity commiſerate my diſtreſs! Alas, ſir, what new way have the gods found to vent their malice on me! have I made diſdain my only miſhap, and muſt now affection towards me be another undeſerved misfortune? Behold, ſir, and, if you can, with pity, a queen born to command a ſuppliant at your feet, begging what goodneſs ſollicites you to grant; releaſe *Amphialus*: and if your jealouſy thinks he hath too much intereſt in my love, reſtore him to the world that wants him, I will vow a virgin's life. Stay, virtuous queen, replied the naked knight, and lifting up his beaver, receive, ſaid he, thou beſt of women! the overjoyed *Amphialus*.

The queen, as when the ocean ſwells with the rage of a tempeſt, if on a ſudden theſe blaſts be appeaſed, yet the proud waves, mindful of their fore-paſſed injury, and indiſpoſed to ſo ſpeedy a reconcilement, ſome while retain the rough remembrance of the winds malice; ſo were her thoughts, before moved by the ſtorm of deſpair, though now ſhe had cauſe of contented quiet, on a ſudden, incapable of ſo unlooked for a happineſs: firſt doubt, then amazement, laſtly exceſs of joy, by ſucceſſion, were admitted to the helm of her diſtreſſed heart. But when joy had once got to be the ſteerſman, his want of practice (by his long abſence from that employment)

ployment) soon brought a confusion; here the warm tears of sorrow, there the cold drops of a present comfort, did strive whether should shew itself most officious in drowning her pale blushing cheeks: At length they both, no longer able to resist this powerful invasion of their minds, as by mutual consent, fell, the one intwined in the other's arms, and made the earth happy in bearing such matchless lovers: But their senses being soon restored to their wanted function, after some passionate words (to which their eyes and touch of their hands gave the life of expression) *Amphialus*, divided into many minds by the turbulent working of his thoughts, turning towards his uncle, with his eyes fixed on the ground, stood with the grace of a man condemned, who having led a loathsome life in an ugly dungeon, is now brought to a freedom of looking upon the open air, yet sees the day is but a taper to light him to his execution. Of the one side he was brought from the hell of despair, wherein he lived in the assurance of *Hellen*'s death, to the certainty of her life and presence; of the other, what was his treason to his uncle to expect, but an infamous death, and a divorce from his new-born happiness. The shame also of a crime so foul as his rebellion, was not the least torment to his mind, unwillingly beaten from a settled course of virtue by *Cecropia*'s practices. At length, when these thoughts, that almost overcame all the powers of life in him, were themselves overcome by his resolution, casting himself at *Basilius*'s feet, thus said: Great sir, if treason in a subject, and unnaturalness in a nephew, be punishable, here you have before you a fit exercise for your justice; I am that subject, whose rebellion interrupted the contented quiet of my king's solitary life, and brought him to behold the bloody tragedy of a civil dissention in his divided state: I am that nephew, whom a wilful disobedience made a traitor to the nearness of his blood. Hither did I come, *Orestes*-like, tormented by the inward fright of my guilty conscience, with my blood to wash away (if good fortune, in the defence of the cause I undertook, would draw death upon me) the

the ſtains of ſuch unpardonable faults; but now that I have found what I leaſt looked for (and then he caſt a ſide-look on *Hellen*) for her, I confeſs I ſhould deſire to live, if your juſt indignation might find mercy for ſo heinous offences; which I will not ſtrive to mitigate, however juſtly I may; for I would think ſuch faults ill excuſed, with which, to eaſe my ſelf, I muſt have burdened my neareſt friends.

Baſilius, firſt graciouſly lifting him from the ground, Nephew, replied he, did I retain the memory of your youthful overſights, this your virtuous acknowledgment were ſufficient to bear them away; but long ſince I have buried in oblivion the thought of your raſhneſs, becauſe I knew (by what after happened) that the gods had made you an inſtrument to work their ends; it were injury therefore to queſtion his actions, whoſe will was not his own, being over-ruled by their all-commanding decree. No, nephew, I do not only pardon theſe tranſgreſſions, but freely alſo do reſign all ſuch poſſeſſions as your father held in *Arcadia*, taken from you in the laſt war, and now in the hands of *Philanax*. Live happy in your choice; I ſhall be proud of our alliance with the crown of *Corinth*, and ſhall rejoyce to ſee the ſucceſſion continue in our blood. This ſaid, he led him to *Gynecia*, then to *Euarchus*; but when he came to *Muſidorus*, this, nephew, is that black knight, ſaid he, who, at your laſt meeting, gave ſuch evident proof of his unconquerable valour; this is *Muſidorus* the prince of *Theſſalia*, whom the gods have beſtowed as a bleſſing on my daughter *Pamela*. *Amphialus*, now aſſured by the king's ſpeech, unto whoſe hand the honour of his conqueſt had fallen (for doubt had long tormented him, that ſome baſer hand had reaped the glory of his victory;) Prince *Muſidorus*, ſaid he, my hard ſucceſs in our laſt encounter much perplexed me; not that my confidence of myſelf, was lifted to ſuch an arrogant preſumption, to think my ſtrength and skill in arms matchleſs; but that it grieved me, an unknown knight (one, whom the world might think had concealed his name, leſt, together with him, his bad fortune in trials of that kind, might be diſcovered)

ſhould have the better of me. But now, that I know to whoſe lot my victory hath fallen, I do not only bring an excuſe, but an honour, from the worthineſs of the conqueror.

Courteous *Amphialus*, replied the prince, whoſe ſide the advantage of fortune did then incline to, if it may be determined, with greater reaſon, and more deſert, ſhould the honour be given you, than beſtowed on me; but, however, ſuch trial I then made of your manhood, that, hereafter, I ſhall deſire to be of your part. Worthy prince, ſaid *Amphialus*, your virtue will always chooſe to be of the weaker ſide. And ſo turning to *Philoclea*, divine lady, ſaid he, in your excellent choice of the famous *Pyrocles*, you have (beſides the happineſs gained to yourſelf, for which the world may envy you) ſhewed me the way to my beſt hopes, by grafting my affection in the ſtock of my *Hellen*'s conſtancy. Dear couſin, replied *Philoclea*, I am glad it was in my power, and your good fortune, ſo much to better your choice in ſo excellent a remove: And ſo, caſting a baſhful look towards *Pyrocles*, ſir, ſaid ſhe, we may joyn in thankſgiving; this is my couſin, whoſe virtuous diſpoſition, during our impriſonment, was our ſafeſt defence againſt my aunt *Cecropia*'s cruelty. I do acknowledge it, ſaid *Pyrocles*, and beſides this favour, in which we have a common intereſt, ſir, I muſt crave pardon for a wound given you at ſuch a time, when, belike, you made patience your only defence. *Amphialus* ſtood with his eyes fixed on *Pyrocles*; for his memory ſupplied him with a confuſed remembrance of ſuch a face: *Zelmane* he could not take him to be, her ſex and this change, at their firſt birth, deſtroyed theſe apprehenſions. *Pyrocles*, his heart ſwore he was not, whoſe youth and beauty, god wot! were no fit livery for ſuch atchievments as the world famed him for. Thus a while he continued, troubled with the uncertainty of conjectures, until *Pyrocles* (happily conceiving the cauſe of his amazement) ſtopped his farther admiration, by letting him know, that the then *Zelmane* was the now *Pyrocles*. Whereat *Amphialus*, as one newly waked out of a dream, cryed out, *Anaxius*,

Anaxius,

Anaxius, ſaid he, 'twas the prince of *Macedon* (not a woman) overcame thee. Whereſoever thy ſoul be, let it keep this time feſtival as the birth-day of thy glory. And ſo, after mutual embraces, together with the reſt of the princes, they entered the palace; where, when they were ſeated, the eyes of all the company were ſet on the queen of *Corinth*, longing to know the ſtory of her ſtrange fortune; now a queen, then a priſoner; now alive, then dead; which ſhe, at *Baſilius*'s intreaty, with a majeſty which her fortune could not change, becauſe 'twas innate, thus declared.

Great ſir! that I was made priſoner by *Rinatus*, and by him carried to *Laconia*, fame, together with the news of my ſuppoſed death, belike hath brought you; the reſt, ſince you eſteem worthy your hearing, I ſhall eſteem worthy my relation. There yet governs, and then did, among the nobility of *Laconia*, one *Creton*, a man elected to the crown rather to recompence the deſert of his anceſtors, than for his own virtues, beloved and borne with for the ſame reaſon; ſuch an everlaſting monument of itſelf, can goodneſs leave to poſterity. To him when I was brought, my guilt and my guilty ſelf, with the beſt oratory *Rinatus* had, was made known; who, with vehement importunity, deſired, that my ſpeedy puniſhment, as my fault, ſhould be terrible. The king anſwered, though he found his demands reaſonable, and ſuch to which he was ſure there could be no oppoſition made, yet he thought it fit the nobility ſhould be acquainted with ſo weighty a cauſe, before he proceeded farther in it, and ſo, for this time (being committed to the charge of *Pertinax*, chamberlain to the king) I was diſmiſſed. The next day, the council being ſent for, my cauſe ran the hazard of many opinions; ſome thought it fit I ſhould die; and tho' juſtice, ſaid they, might not diſpence with ſuch ſeverity, yet it was fit to pleaſe *Rinatus*, one who had deſerved well, and had the power, if otherwiſe he were dealt with, to revenge his injury. Others, the more in number, and eſteemed the wiſer, becauſe the king held with them, oppoſed this ſentence, alledging, ſo inconſiderate an act might call the ſafety of *Laconia*

in question; for, said they, shall we think the *Corinthians* so degenerate, that, being justly incens'd against us, they will not endeavour to revenge the death of their prince, in the shade of whose reign they enjoy that peace and plenty their neighbours envy them for? and if they stir in it, what people is so barbarous, whom the justness of their cause will not procure into the society of this war? see then if a private man's satisfaction be to be compared to these ensuing dangers? no, let her live, and when the gods do otherwise dispose of her, let her death come without the ruin of *Laconia*. This determined, a new doubt arose, how I should be disposed of; they that before thought it expedient I should die, now that opinion was put by, concluded, that it was best to send me to *Corinth*, with an honourable convoy, so to tie them, by a perpetual bond of gratitude, to be their friends, whom they so much feared to be their enemies: the rest, to gratify the king, whose affection they perceived to lean that way, and dwell assured it was an advice too profitable to be rejected that gained a kingdom, though his promise after the queen's death (who, not long before, left him a widower) had been passed to *Lemnia*, a fair and virtuous lady, daughter to my keeper *Pertinax*; yet they wished, if so he pleased, my crown might win me to his bed, little doubting but I had thought it an egregious felicity to be so graced. The king, after many protractions, at length, as if he were wrought to it by a desire to satisfy the nobility rather than self-will, declares his mind to be directed by them; which, once known, behold! the flattery of the court began to fawn upon me; who more observed? who more admired? only *Rinatus*, much impatient of this my greatness, in court, uttered some words in choler, which made known, by a further inquiry, a conspiracy of his against the king, so as soon after (the rather to give me, whom they studied to please, satisfaction) he was beheaded.

But long it was not before fortune, neither constant to my happy adversity, nor adverse felicity, had brought thither (sent by the usurper *Tenarus*) a wise, but wicked instrument, whom he called his ambassador, who

who laboured, by the policy of his high-reaching brain, and the ſecret practices of his undermining gold, ſo far for his maſter's ends, that now, in an inſtant, the ſtill-changing face of court-reſpect began to frown upon me: my death was decreed, and until the time were appointed for it, my ſelf made a cloſe priſoner in my accuſtomed goal. But the king, chiefly moved with the hope of my crown, and drawn by a ſelf-conceit of liking to my ſorrow, which, perhaps, had a ſympathy with his melancholy, woulds needs continue the ſuit of his affection to me, though he durſt not interpoſe his overruled authority for my liberty. Thus, for a time, did I live, accompanied by ſome few, whom the king might truſt with his intents, he, in ſhew, courting his firſt love *Lemnia*, and making that a pretence to come private to her father's houſe near adjoining to court. But indeed, as at that time he could have no reaſon to diſſemble with me, this kindneſs came another way; which *Lemnia* ſuſpecting, and being as far gone in affection to this double-dealing king, as he was in the profeſſion of a little-regarded love to me, her watchful eye ſoon found the advantage of a happy opportunity to hear himſelf ſpeak his own deceit, with ſuch a heart-burning vehemency, that *Lemnia* (who had placed herſelf, unknown to either of us, behind the hanging) ſcarce could ſuppreſs her entry, to play a part in our comedy of affection. But to his demands truth anſwered for me plainly, that death, in whoſe expectation I lived, would be far more pleaſing than the marriage he thought ſo reaſonable; adding withal to my ſpeech much of *Lemnia*'s praiſe, which ſhe deſerved, to inſtruct his eyes that, indeed, were blind in his choice.

But when he parted, vowing to be ſevere in my puniſhment, unleſs I reſolved better at his next coming, behold *Lemnia*, with tears in her eyes, fell at my feet; and when ſhe ſaw amazement in my looks, with a kind baſhfulneſs, taking my hand, and riſing with that help; virtuous lady, ſaid ſhe, if ever you have been acquainted with the tyranny of all-commanding affection, to that judge I appeal, who (though courteſy and

good manners oppose him) will find my fault excusable. This man, who, in your presence, hath been the trumpet of his own inconstancy, first with the vehement protestation of his sincere affection, won me in gratefulness to meet him, in recompence of his unknown dissimulation, if such then it were; and now with the good liking of the state, were the solemnities appointed for our marriage, when your arrival crossed those hopes, and drew his thoughts to their natural temper of unstayedness. But since I have found, by this fortunate unmannerliness, your answers so resolutely opposed to his demands, henceforth I vow to work your freedom, or bring myself to perish with you. Her fault found an easy pardon at the tribunal she appealed to; I thanked her, as there was good cause, for her desire of my good; only I wished, if my freedom could not be procured without danger to her, she should not heap miseries upon me, by joining herself a companion in my disasters. She comforts me with the hope of a better event, and to bring her intention to a wished success, she wins my unwillingness to shew some favour to the king: which next day I did, having placed *Lemnia* where she had placed herself the day before, to be a witness to our conference; for otherwise, perhaps, her love this second time might have egged her suspicion, already prone that way, to the distrust of a practice betwixt us. And happy was this forced dissimulation; for the king, not long before his coming to me, had received advertisement, that the usurper of *Corinth* had levied an army, and set forth many ships to invade *Laconia*, making the delay of my promised execution the pretence of this war; which being also known, they (who, together with this foreign enemy, feared the rebellion of the *Helots*, who alway lay in wait for an opportunity of such advantage) now, more than ever, began to solicite the king to satisfy so potent an enemy in so just a demand. The king, well weighing the imminent dangers that were to be prevented by my death, and seeing the little comfort he did enjoy by the prolonging of my life, (likely every day to increase my obstinacy, being none of those lovers that would die for his disdaining

ing miſtreſs) was ready to deliver me over as a ſacrifice for the ſtate and country; when, behold! his ſails were filled with ſelf-opinion of my favour. Borne up, therefore, with the wings of hope, he returns to court, where love (or ſome indulgent fate) inſpired this project into his head; he calls the nobility, and after a long narration of the miſchiefs that hung over *Laconia*, he deſires their advice for prevention. They, glad that the only oppoſer, as they thought, of their deſigns, would have recourſe to their directions, in that cauſe wherein they were jealous of his partaking after a flattering inſinuation (the common *exordium* to men of his place) they concluded, that it was fit *Hellen* ſhould die. I doubt it not, ſaid he (nor was it to that end I ſought your counſel) that the neceſſity of the times, the welfare of our perſon, and the preſervation of our eſtate required her death; but it much perplexed me, that our fame ſhould bleed with her, or that the world ſhould ſay, the threats of the king of *Corinth* had inforced us to behead her whom lately we were to take to wife. 'Twas this, my lords, that cauſed my miſinterpreted reſolution hang in ſuſpence; for this I have turned my invention into all forms, and now, behold, I have found an even way to lead me between the perils of a threatned war, and the ill-bought quiet of an ignominous peace. My will is, ſhe be brought to court (for *Pertinax* his houſe I think not convenient for this project) and placed here, with ſuch about her as I know moſt truſty in ſuch a ſecret; then, that her keepers, at fartheſt, within two days, poiſon her; which done, we will give it out ſhe died of a diſeaſe; and to confirm this opinion in the vulgar, we will honour her death with ſuch funeral pomp as the ſtate of her life required. Thus ſhall our cauſe of diſſention with *Corinth* be taken away, and we freed from that imputation the world might juſtly lay upon us. The nobility, with ſilent admiration, began to applaud what he had determined, chiefly *Pertinax*, who, making the common cauſe his pretence, laboured by all means to confirm a reſolution ſo neceſſary for his daughter *Lemnia*'s happineſs.

The king having dismissed the council, acquaints me with these his proceedings, setting forth, with no mean pride, the pregnancy of his own wit, who had found a way to over-reach such grey-bearded dotards; for, said he, you shall that night when you are thought to be poisoned, be conveyed hence (by two of chiefest trust about me) unto my castle of *Nicos*; then will I cause a statue, formed to your proportion, to be coffined up, on which, forsooth, my grave council shall solemnly wait, and perform the obsequies in that ceremony requisite; mean time you shall live, and live beloved of him who hath undergone this dangerous enterprize, and will do many more to indear his affection to you. And when the limbs of this disjointed state be set again, you shall be restored to be yourself, and to enjoy this crown of *Laconia* so much envied you: 'till when, I lock these projects in the closet of your secrecy.

The good king was scarce gone from me, when I made *Lemnia* of counsel with me, who, seeing the fitness of the time, being my journey to *Nicos* was to be performed in the night, and the easy execution of so dangerless an enterprize, my guard being only two of the king's servants, she gives in charge to a sufficient number of such whom she knew faithful to her, to meet them mid way, and after they had well beaten my convoy, to discharge them of the suspicion of their consenting to the fact, to carry me to the next sea-port, where there staid a ship bound for *Delphos*; to which I needs would bend my course. This being resolved upon, the lady (equally troubled with the care of my safety, and the loss of my presence) wept many tears, which I confess, had been ingratitude in me not to second; so as a while sorrow seemed to have flown thither to bathe herself in our eyes: but love, at length, in both of one another's good, had well near claimed this passion, when the guard, appointed by the king, was come and ready to carry me to court. But why should I, great sir, any longer stay you in a story, whose tediousness I am well assured hath tired you? Know therefore, that this means of my safety was as fortunately executed, as happily contrived; the king not once daring to send

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to ſeek me, leſt he ſhould by that diſcover his own craft uſed in this dangerous deluding of the *Laconian* noblemen.

But I was ſcarce a month abſent, when he, whoſe eyes held the reins of his conſtancy, the object being removed, married (as it was before determined) the beauteous *Lemnia*; who, now in poſſeſſion of his love, ſticked not to make known to him this whole matter, which otherwiſe, in her behalf I was bound to keep ſecret. Thus, ſir, if my deſire to obey your commands hath made the ſtory of my misfortunes tedious, you may excuſe me, ſince all is done for your ſatisfaction.

Fair queen, replied *Baſilius*, the ſweetly-delivered ſtrangeneſs of the ſtory, would ſtill raviſh the hearers with a deſire of a farther cauſe of attentiveneſs, did not a greater deſire in us, who know your virtues, haſten to hear the end of your much pitied diſtreſs: and ſo, calling *Amphialus* to him, having agreed on the day of marriage between the queen and him, they all aroſe; for now their appetites (growing jealous of the ſatisfaction their minds received by the former diſcourſe) began to ſollicite them in the behalf of their ſtomachs.

After dinner, when moſt of the company began to imp the wings of time with the feathers of ſeveral recreations, *Amphialus* and *Hellen* privately went together into an arbour in the garden, where, firſt with tears, the common apology of overjoyed affection, they ſpeak their minds in ſilence, their panting hearts, as they imbraced, with mutual deſire, beating their envious garments, that gave them not leave to meet. At length *Hellen*, gracefully ſhaking her head, as if ſhe would ſhake away the drops that, like the morning-dew on full ripe cherries, hung on her roſy cheeks: O *Amphialus*! ſaid ſhe, and then kiſſed him, as loth to leave ſo perfect a ſentence without a comma; I will not ſay, you were unkind, but ——— and there with his lips (loth, loth, belike, to accuſe him) ſhe cloſed up her ſpeech. My ſole happineſs! replied *Amphialus*, ſoftly wringing her hand, though the foulneſs of my fault be

no fit ſubject for her to ſpeak of, who breathes nothing but goodneſs, yet I want not an accuſer: my ſoul ſets forth my ingratitude; nor can I yet conceive, how mercy can be ſo far removed from juſtice, as to find a pardon from my offence: but you have given it, and, if it be any requital, it ſhall be my after-life's ſtudy to love and honour your virtues, as it was hitherto to offend you. It is fit therefore, ſaid *Hellen*, with the counterfeit ſettledneſs of majeſty, we impoſe a penance upon you for your overſight, and this it ſhall be, that henceforth you neither ſpeak nor think of that you account your fault: and to help you in obeying my commands, I muſt intreat you to keep your mind and tongue, for a time, buſied in telling me what befel you in your travels ſince our being at *Corinth*; and do it not ſo niggardly, as if you meant to conceal what fame hath ſo largely blown abroad: yet, if you were expoſed at any time to much danger, dwell not there too long, leſt I forget I have you here.

Moſt dear lady, ſaid *Amphialus*, to conform my ſpeech to your laſt requeſt, would make me diſobedient to your firſt command. Shall I begin with my departure from you? alas! at what time ſhould I more employ my memory and ſpeech in diſcovery of my faulty ſelf than now? but I ſee your eyes begin to take anger into them; I will no longer inſiſt on mine own accuſation.

Know therefore, moſt conſtant lady, that, accompanied only with *Fidutio* my page, when I had paſſed the limits of your dominion, at that time of day when the high mounted ſun makes leaſt ſhadows, wearied with travel, and deſirous of ſome ſhelter from the ſun's violent rays, I laid my ſelf under the protection of an olive-tree, thinking to ſet my mutinous thoughts at peace, but it would not be: theſe outward ſigns could not appeaſe the fury of an inward enemy. Thus I lay, dearly purchaſing the little eaſe of my body with the affliction of mind, until mine ears, like faithful ſervants, deſirous to end this diſſention between their maſter and himſelf, cauſed all the powers of my mind to joyn in attentiveneſs: and mine eyes, loth to be out-

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gone in ſuch good offices, did look that way from whence the noiſe came; where I might diſcern ſix men armed, on horſe-back, carry a fair lady with them, whoſe tears and out-cries well ſhewed her indiſpoſition to that journey. This ſight moved compaſſion in me, and pity brought a deſire to help her diſtreſs: but my horſe (divining, belike, my intent, and unwilling to leave his food) could by no means be taken; ſo that, mad with anger, I began to repeat over all the misfortunes that ever had befallen me, to let this know it wanted no fellows, when there came poſting that way, one whom, by his haſte, I gueſſed to have been of the company gone before. Of him I intreated to know what fault could be ſo heinous, that might take away the name of injury from ſo unmanly a violence as they offered to ſo beauteous a lady: but he, with a ſcornful ſilence, ſmiled, and would be gone: and ſo, perhaps, he might, had not the narrowneſs of the way, and his courteous horſe, that would not tread upon me, compelled him to ſtay. Whereat his anger burſt forth into theſe threats: villain! ſaid he, thy want of armour ſhall not excuſe thee from a death wilfully drawn upon thee; and though there be no glory, there will be ſatisfaction in thy overthrow. Then, drawing his horſe a little back, he lighted, and, without farther complement, ran towards me: but his fury brought him too haſtily to his death, for thinking, belike, his threatning mouth was able to defend itſelf, he forgot to put by my ſword, that, by good fortune lay in his way, and ſo juſtly his death entered at his mouth, whoſe life I think was in his tongue. At his fall *Fidutio* came in, who helping to fit on the armour, of which we had diſfurniſhed this unſerviceable knight, I mounted on his horſe, that ſeemed to have regarded my haſte more than mine own: and riding on the ſpur, I overtook my company, for ſo they would needs make themſelves, ſaluting me by the name of my friend *Satibarſis*. But their better obſervance ſoon put them out of that opinion: ſo as gueſſing (indeed rightly) that I had killed *Satibarſis*, and by that means got his armour; without deſire to be farther than by their own conjecture ſatisfied, they joined all hands in his revenge.

venge. But the lady's cause was just, whose rescue I came to, and the all-seeing providence, that would not see justice overlaid, fought for me. And now five of them had either received their well deserved payment of death, or were kept by their wounds from farther opposition, when the sixth, who all this while had held the lady, and looked on, seeing my hand, (whose weakness had left such precedents of the effects of a good cause) now set against him alone, took his prisoner by the hair, and with his sword gave her a deep wound in the neck. That inhuman act would have given desire to the most barbarous, and power of revenge to the most cowardly: but he, as if he meant to save me a labour, making haste that their warm blood should meet, with the same sword runs himself through, dying as just a judge as he was a traiterous offender. Amazement would have fixed mine eyes upon him, but the lady's wound brought them to her succour. Experience on myself, made me skilful, and my fair patient officious: so that tying up the wound, for some time I stanched the blood; she, in the mean time, with her watry eyes bent toward heaven, heartily praying for my good fortune, and many times thanking her destiny, that, with her death, had ended the miseries of her ever-dying life. When I had done comforting her, as I thought, with my opinion of her safety, I intreated to know her name, and the cause of this injury done to her. No, no, replied she, courteous stranger, the comfort of my near-coming death (in spite of the torment the memory of my most wretched life puts me to) brings this chearfulness I now present in my looks: and though the least delay of my end is accompanied with a world of sorrows, yet I am glad, for satisfaction of your demand, my breath is a while preserved.

My name is *Leaucade*, the only daughter to count *Brunio*, a man of large possessions in this country; whom, you may well think, because in expectation of his lands, many sued for, and those not of the meanest esteem: but my carelessness of love had taught me such a carriage, that farther than of the favour of my courte-

courteſy (of which they did all indifferently partake) none could boaſt. And this, till about a year ſince, was my daily practice, diſdaining (as moſt that have not known it, do) ſo ridiculous a paſſion as I then eſteemed love. At which time this *Fluento*, whoſe happy hand hath done us both right, came to my father's court: a neighbour prince, with whom (for incroaching upon the bounds of his territory) my father hath had much diſſention. But a reconcilement being made between them, and both alike thinking the beſt means to perſevere in amity, were to have us two joined in marriage; without my knowledge (as if it were fit I ſhould be a ſtranger to their proceeding) determine of the match. But, alas! ſir, at this time I was ſo far from being at their diſpoſe, that I was not at mine own: for love (I think keeping miſchief until it were ripe for me) had preſented a gentleman to mine eyes, by birth noble; whoſe anceſtors, all to his father, being men of known virtue in the country, were admitted to the prime offices of the kingdom: but he, taking a pride to be unthrifty, and little eſteeming theſe publick imployments, laviſhed exceedingly both his fame and patrimony; yet it ſeemed he only made away his eſtate to purchaſe goodneſs for his child: ſuch a ſon he was father to, ſo rare, ſo excellent. His name was *Perſidas*; and at that word the tears guſhed forth in ſuch abundance, that it ſeemed her blood had changed his courſe and colour to run forth at the ſluices of her eyes: Alas! ſir, what ſhall I ſay of him? or who, from *Leaucade*, will believe the deſert of *Perſidas*? But, alas! if they deſerve no credit that love him, in this country you muſt hear nothing of him; the knowledge of his perſon, and the love of his virtues, being things inſeparable. In him begun this tragedy, in me it ends: for when my father and *Fluento* had drawn their agreements to a head, then, and not before, he thought it time, he ſaid, to let me know my happineſs. And thus, finding me alone, he breaks the matter to me: Dear child, I have, ever ſince the death of your virtuous mother (though much importuned by many) reſerved you to theſe years unmarried, becauſe your content

tent ſhould be of counſel with me in your choice: and happy was this delay for the honour of our houſe; for, behold! *Fluento* makes his fortunes ſerviceable to your will: Prince *Fluento*, daughter, whoſe powerful greatneſs the neighbour potentates ſtand in awe of: him I have won for you, and ſo forward we be, that this day-fortnight he is to take you to wife. Father, ſaid I, that your wiſdom hath deferred my marriage hitherto, to give me the comfort of election, my obedience, my only requital, ſhall be the ſame it ever was to you: and yet I wonder, that having attained to theſe years, when my judgment in my choice may be received, you will exclude me from the end for which I was ſo long reſerved; juſt like a phyſician that telleth his patient, he hath brought a potion to cure him, yet ſays, he muſt by no means take it. I muſt be married to prince *Fluento*, and yet your meaning is, I ſhould have liberty to chooſe; as if this enforcement deſtroyed not my freedom of election. That he is a man, beyond all reſpects, as you praiſe him, fit for your eſtate, I may well grant you; but that he is unfit for your daughter, I am privileged to ſay. At this, his ſevere look, before he ſpoke, began to lay before me my obedience: and when he had walked two or three turns in the room, Daughter, daughter, ſaid he, I never thought you were ſo wilful! Where, I pray you, is there a match fit for your birth, if not *Fluento?* Beware, beware, you do not give your poſterity juſt cauſe to curſe you, that denied them ſo great, ſo good a father. I anſwered, that I thought it were too tender a reſpect of children, whom perhaps I might not have, or ſhould not enjoy, to chooſe for them, and not a huſband for myſelf; and too ſenſeleſs a feeling of the honour of my houſe, to wrong myſelf to do my birth right. Then kneeling on my knees, ſir, ſaid I, ſollicit me no more, I have not power to grant. He haſtily, when it was ſcarce delivered, ſnatched this word: And why not power to grant? ſaid he. Becauſe *Perſidas* is the anchor-hold of my life and love. *Perſidas!* cried out my father, Now all misfortune fall thick upon me, ſhall my means help to make up a bankrupt in his eſtate? accurſed be my fate, that gave me life to

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hear it. *Perſi'as!* why, ſure it cannot be. Sir, ſaid I, if my love were not far paſſed, my deſperate preſumption would not bring a truth, much leſs an untruth, to move your anger. And if thoſe after-hopes have not clean compelled you to forget you are my father, have pity on me? If ſo, I crave the trial of the law. This laſt requeſt (after conference with *Fluento*) finding my obſtinacy, he condeſcended to. But becauſe, I perceive, ſir, you are a ſtranger here, and that the knowledge of this law doth much concern the ſtory of my preſent miſhap, I will make it known to you.

This kingdom of *Argos*, wherein you are, was governed not long ſince by *Pheniſſa*, a woman worthy to have come to that place by election, if nature had not beſtowed it upon her by deſcent from her famous anceſtors. This queen (that you may ſee we want not the precedent of greatneſs to excuſe affection) in her father's life-time, though by him ſhe was promiſed to *Deoxippus*, the tyrant of *Syracuſa*, was enamoured of one *Eumenes*, governor (for the *Lacedemonians*) of the iſland and city of *Delphos*. And when it well might be thought the king's death, and her ſucceſſion, had taken away the reſtraint of her will, yet ſhe, growing leſs willing when ſhe was moſt powerful, like a horſe that finding the reins hang looſe upon him, begins to ſtay his fury; ſo ſhe, though by this change ſhe had not received any ſlackneſs into her affection, began to tender the cauſe of her country that lay open to the invaſion of her proud enemy *Deoxippus*, if ſo ſhe would have made him. Preferring therefore now this common reſpect, before her private ſatisfaction, as ſhe had done her obedience in her father's life-time before her love, ſhe buries herſelf in the grave of *Deoxippus*'s loathſome bed.

When the unexpected news of *Pheniſſa*'s marriage came to the ears of her faithful lover *Eumenes*, his paſſion (as *Agamemnon*'s at the death of *Iphigenia*) can beſt be expreſſed in ſilence; all the wild furies that diſtracted grief could gather, being ſummoned to the ſiege of his ſoon-overthrown heart: haſtily thereupon to the temple his mad paſſion bears him; where, caſting himſelf

himself at the feet of *Apollo*, Unjust god! said he, have I for this thy ungratefulness, given up the offerings of my daily prayers? but if I wrong thy name, shew thy justice in revenging my death: whereat, transported with violence of sorrow, running his head against the altar, his bloody brains flew forth of their battered lodging. Soon after, the contagion of a most pestilent air brought such a plague among the *Argians*, that many daily felt the fury of the gods revenging indignation: amongst whom, the king and queen, (reserved, belike, the more to be punished in their subjects calamity) after the desolation of their well-peopled country, both in one day, by the same infection, ended their lives and government; wherewith this mortality ceased, as hitting now at length the mark it aimed at.

The few remnant of the nobility, sent to *Delphos*, to know, what fault of theirs had brought these miseries upon their country? where, being informed of what was passed, *Apollo* advised them to provide, that no such mischief should after happen. They, well weighing whence it arose, being fully satisfied by the oracle, enact this law: That neither private nor publick respect should detain a virgin from revealing her love; and if her friends, or parents, think another than she hath chosen more fit for her, the combat between them two shall determine the god's pleasure. How unwilling I was to hazard my *Persidas* in this trial, love, that bleeds in the thought of a danger, can best assure you: but his earnestness that it might be so, and the hard constraint that it could not be otherwise, won me to it.

The day therefore being appointed, *Fluento* (upon whom fame, the flatterer of greatness, had pinned the opinion of valour) entered the lists, mounted on a bay courser, whose armour all over represented a green plain, through which ran little rivulets of blood, that sprang from the wounds of many centaurs, dispersed over all the field. In his shield he bore the counterfeit of *Hercules* and *Dejanira*, with these words, *Indeared by Conquest*. From him my *Persidas* drew the eyes and hearts of all the company: his horse was a fiery sorrel: his armour like the azure sky, curiously spotted with many stars

ſtars (whoſe glimpſe the well ſet diamonds, by reflection of the ſun, repreſented) ſhewed as if night had flown thither to end, in that aſſembly, ſome controverſy between her and her brother. In his ſhield he cauſed *Andromeda* and *Perſeus* to be ingraven, with theſe words, *Never too dearly bought*. But I muſt haſten to the event, ſaid ſhe; for long I find you may not enjoy your hiſtorian: Know, therefore, that my *Perſidas*, contenting himſelf only with the victory, when he might have taken (woe is me that he was ſo merciful!) *Fluento*'s life, was accepted by my father for his ſon-in-law; good fortune, as I then thought, changing my huſband, and not my day of marriage. In mean time *Fluento*, repining at this diſgrace, and deſirous, even now upon the baſeſt terms to be revenged, plotted a treachery unheard-of againſt him. This morning, having before heard we were to hunt in this foreſt, *Fluento* (with that company your valour hath brought to their deſerved ends) lay in wait for us; and when myſelf and my *Perſidas* (count *Brunio* my father, and the reſt, having followed the chace) were left alone, behold theſe bloody villains, coming unawares upon him, with many wounds, ſent his ſoul to that place whither mine (hoping to find a more laſting union in that life, than our loves hath done in this) doth alſo haſten. And with this word, her dull languiſhing eyes began to roll as if they ſtrove to reſerve motion in ſpite of death: yet raiſing herſelf a little, her love found breath to ſay this, let me be buried by my *Perſidas!* and ſo graſping my hand, as it were, to put me in mind of her laſt words, alas! ſhe dies.

But many tears I could not have beſtowed as obſequies upon her, when ſome of her father's train, who by chance croſſing that way where *Perſidas* lay dead, guided by *Fidutio* (who, with their helps, had now taken my horſe) came to this place; to whom when I had related all what I learned from *Leucade* of *Perſidas*'s death, together with her laſt will, we all joined hands in carrying her to the next village: whither alſo certain of their fellows (whom they had left behind to

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that end) conveyed the body of *Perfidas*; from whence, soon after, count *Brunio* (having begged of grief a little respite of life to fulfil his daughter's testament) brought them both with all funeral pomp, to his chief city *Coniga*, where he caused a stately tomb to be built for them, on which this epitaph was engraven,

Love, beauty, valour, when their death drew nigh,
Consulted long, where they should buried lie:
At length, with one consent they hasten'd hither,
And chose this place to be intomb'd together.

Leaving the woful kingdom of *Argos*, no better accompanied than with *Fidutio*, yet better guarded by *Satibarsis*'s armour, my sorrow, I think, that bore infection with it, made all places where I came, fit stages for tragedies: for, descending into a green valley, where, of each side, the rocky mountains threatened the humble earth with the frowns of their down-cast brows, I might see a young man leaning with both hands on his sword, breathing as over-toiled with labour, and round about him four or five cast prostrate at his feet, who were dead, or thought their counterfeiting so to be, would prove their best defence against this young man's fury. But the clashing of my armour had no sooner made known my approach, than he came running towards me, uttering words whereby I might gather his quarrel to me brought the excuse of mistake with it. Not to draw on therefore his misconceived opinion, that his breathless companions did witness would be dangerous for me; sir, replied I, I am so far from maintaining their cause, whose revenge upon a lone man, being so many, mine own eyes do persuade me was injurious, that had I come at the beginning of your fight (though this event shews I should but have robbed you of part of the honour of this action) I would have joined myself to you.

Alas! sir, said he, to oppose yourself against me (though it were the more unjust) would be the more secure way; for what you see is but a fore-runner of a certain destruction

deſtruction ſoon at hand. Leave me therefore, courteous ſir, and ſeek for ſafety: death to me is ſo grateful, that I envy you ſhould be a partner in ſo great a gain. But it were a fault unpardonable, to have abandoned the moſt accompliſhed man, that ever mine eyes, before that time, beheld: my reſolution therefore, tho' hard againſt his will, muſt have prevailed with him: ſo that intreating to know the cauſe of his former fight, and farther doubt, I found his courteſy as forward in the relation of his own danger, as it was obſtinate in the care of my ſafety.

Sir, ſaid he, ſeeing my ſtory will be but a heap of misfortunes, I ſhall do well to lay the foundation myſelf, than whom the ſun looks not upon a more miſerable creature: My name is *Cariclio*, nephew, by his brother *Caſtor*, to the king of *Natolia*, brought up, in my youth, in the good opinion of my uncle, and the great expectation of many; fortune, then belike, proroguing my miſeries until a more ſerious age ſhould make me more ſenſible of them: which time had no ſooner brought on, but that my ill fate, to train me up for the burthen of the miſchief that was prepared for me, began by little and little to make me acquainted with the courſe I was to run; firſt taking away my father, whoſe virtuous age deſerved (if that may be thought a recompence for deſert) a longer time in this life: When he was dead, and that the ſlippery ſteps of my raſh youth wanted the ſtay of his fatherly advice, preſently (not knowing what one man's hands I ſhould put the reins of my then unbridled youth into, and yet well ſeeing I might not truſt myſelf with mine own government) I choſe many friends; and being by nature given to hate pride, to eſchew a vice ſo loathſome (thinking it might not be done otherwiſe) I began to affect popularity. But I had ſcarce lived thus a twelve-month, when my couſin the king's ſon, a young man, who (beſides the hope of ſucceſſion, for which the courtiers did adore him) had nothing more than ordinary in him, grew ſuſpicious of my practices, as he termed them: to which humour (beſides the miſtruſt of his own little deſert) his ſycophants, the bellows of this fire, did daily add further

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cauſes to increaſe his jealouſy. But ſeeing the diſcovery of his ſuſpicion would little pleaſe the king, who ever ſince the death of my father, had doubled his care upon me; he was compelled to diſſemble a good liking towards me. In mean time a truce, made for ſome few years with the duke of *Amaſia*, being expired, the war grew hot on both ſides; at length, after the trial of many changes in fortune, neceſſity meditating peace between them, myſelf being given as an hoſtage for performance of certain conditions of my uncle's part, a perpetual league was concluded on: 'Twas now, and not before, miſchief began to unmaſk herſelf, and take a pride to grow terrible. There was at court, during my abode there, attending upon the dutcheſs, a lady, by name *Alcida*, whoſe many excellencies won as many hearts as ſhe had beholders, nature making her beauty and ſhape but the moſt fair cabinet of a far fairer mind. To her, mine eyes at firſt ſight gave up my heart, with ſo unfortunate an encounter in affection, that this ſurrender was but a mutual exchange, ſhe having, in a merciful gratefulneſs, fixed her love on mine. But her parentage, though not baſe, was ſo mean in reſpect of my birth, that thence whole armies of afflictions did invade my mind, equally diſtracted between my deſire to enjoy this my beſt of happineſs and fear of my uncle's diſpleaſure; on whom this match (for his care and love of me) I was ſure would draw on an untimely death. But before I could determine a doubt of ſo great conſequence, the conditions of the league being faithfully performed, I was ſafely, at a day prefixed, ſent back to *Natolia*, deſirous, even in my ſoul deſirous, I am ſure, rather by their breach of covenant to have hazarded my life, than thus cruelly to be taken away from her preſence, who, far beyond my life, was moſt dear to me. Soon after my return, the king, as if the gods had ſtayed him to ſee the quiet of his ſtate, now that was brought to paſs, worn with age, and much broken with travel and care in his laſt wars, left his kingdom to his degenerate ſon and ſucceſſor, who had no ſooner ſeized upon the government, but, meaning to begin his reign with an admirable act

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of policy, now his power was unreſtrained, limits me to the abſence from my country, declaring my blood for ever incapable of ſucceſſion: and not content with this, to ſuch a height his undeſerved malice to me was raiſed, that he dealt with ſome bad miniſters of his wickedneſs, ſecretly to make me away. To prevent therefore what was plotted againſt me, diſguiſing my ſelf, I haſtily fled away, and making uſe of neceſſity, to further my affection, I put myſelf into the ſervice of a nobleman here in the court of *Amaſia*; eaſily remaining undiſcovered, among them who would ſooner fall out with their eyes, than believe that the greatneſs wherein they lately had ſeen me, could admit ſo great a change: by mean whereof, I enjoyed the preſence of my *Alcida*, whoſe conſtancy, neither time, nor abſence (the mothers of affection) nor what is more, this my change in fortune, could alter.

Thus, while I lived in this happineſs of ſervitude, *Mermidon*, (brother to the duke) having commanded, with fortunate ſucceſs, againſt the *Dacians*, returned to court, where ſeeing this lady, he became enamoured of her, to no other end than to ſatisfy his luſt: and thinking, at firſt (becauſe he was in good eſteem with himſelf) ſhe would have ſtrained her modeſty to ſue for the acceptance of a preſent ſo grateful to him, a while he was ſilent; but when he perceived the vanity of his fruitleſs expectation, and found that this delay increaſed the fury of his paſſion, diſpenſing with the majeſty he had taken on, he began to make known his love to her, (for ſuch a title did he give to ſo baſe a deſire) forgetting not withal, to tell her, that to excuſe her modeſty, he had firſt ſpoken her wiſhes. But the virtuous *Alcida*, loathing as much the thought of ſuch a ſin, as ſhe loved the memory of me, together with a reſolute denial, let him know how baſe his mind was that made ſo injurious a requeſt. Whereat *Mermidon*, becauſe this anſwer came unexpected, was ſo much the more amazed. But bringing arguments from his late practice in the war, he began to think his honour would be the greater, if, after long reſiſtance, he did ſurprize a well-defended fort: and therefore daily, both by

by rich gifts, the baſe enamel of affection, and many promiſes (which, to win the more upon her, were ſent by one of her own ſex, who, if example might move her, could tell of ſuch a precedent in herſelf) did he ſeek to undermine her reſolution. Mean time, my conſtant *Alcida*, ſeeing the intemperance of *Mermidon*'s luſt to bring threats of force with it, not daring to ſpeak with me, becauſe our conference began to be ſuſpected, ſent me a Letter to haſten her carrying away, appointing this the fatal Place of our meeting.

I much rejoiced to be ſo near my happineſs, the rather, that ſince our laſt conference, I received intelligence, that my young couſin of *Natolia* being made away by one whom he had raiſed to an undeſerved height in his favour, the country was in great diſtreſs by the factious ambition of the nobility, and that the beſt affected to the ſtate, much deſired my preſence. But theſe means, how well ſoever, as I thought, conducing to my happineſs, by the unmercifulneſs of my hard deſtiny, were prevented, as one of thoſe, whom it was my fortune to kill, at his death revealed: for *Mermidon* having intercepted the meſſenger, mad with rage to find his hopes croſſed by ſo mean a man, as he took me to be, having again ſealed up the letter, he cauſed it to be delivered, and determining to be revenged, ſent theſe men to apprehend me, himſelf intending to follow preſently, leading with him my deareſt *Alcida*, whom, in my preſence, (to add a glory to the execrableneſs of the offence) he means to raviſh. And now, ſir, you have heard, ſaid he, of my birth and fortune, till this time (when, I am well aſſured, my end is near at hand) kept ſecret.

He ſcarce had cloſed up this lamentable ſtory with a hearty ſigh, the compendious abridgment of his ſufferings, when we might diſcern *Mermidon*, with twenty more (ſo diſtruſtful is treachery, though there be no cauſe to fear) make towards us: but that ſight, together with the thought of *Alcida*'s diſtreſs, was a ſignal ſufficient for *Cariclio* to begin his unequal encounter, ſo as, like a ſhe-tyger, who, at her return to her cave, finds her little ones to be ſtolen, with a wild fury, breathing

breathing nothing but deſtruction, he runs amongſt them, making way for my willingneſs to ſecond his attempt. A while, the juſtneſs of the cauſe, and *Cariclio*'s valour (to which the glory is only due) with the death of many, did hold the victory in an equal ballance: At length, the multitude of our aſſailants made injury the ſtronger, bringing to a death much to be pitied, ſo incomparable a man at arms as was *Cariclio*; yet, not before he had, in the ſight of *Alcida*, ſent *Mermidon* to be his harbinger at *Charon*'s ferry. And when by his death the only ſtay and ſupport of the fight was removed, if ſometimes my deſire of revenge made good the ground *Cariclio* had bequeathed me; alas! how could I long reſiſt without him? Know therefore, excellent lady, that, here I was made priſoner, and, together with *Alcida*, carried back to court; though I call *Cariclio*'s ghoſt to witneſs, I ſought all means to join myſelf, even in death, a companion to his virtues. The ſolemnity intended for our execution, and the preparation of new forms of torment for us that had been parties in the murder of the duke's brother, won ſome lingring days of life to the inward torture of our expectation: In mean time the everlaſting providence, that by changing the intentions and dooms of men, will let them know there is a power beyond theirs, ſent an unexpected mean to help our diſtreſs.

Plangus, the famous prince of *Iberia*, at this time making haſte with a few, ſuch as virtue had joined partners in his cauſe, and taking into his army ſuch of *Euarchus*'s ſoldiers, as in a tempeſt at ſea were driven to *Bizantium*, to the ſuccour of *Erona* (whoſe ſtory you cannot be ignorant of) and being to paſs through *Amaſia*, ſent to the duke to demand a thorough-fare for his ſoldiers. But he, who of long time had obſerved an inviolable league with the *Armenians*, knowing the pretence of this war, and deſpiſing the weakneſs of thoſe few *Plangus* led with him, not only denied his requeſt, but, gathering a great power of ſoldiers (whom ſince his laſt wars he had kept in garriſon in his frontier towns) meant, with the overthrow of her ungrateful nephew, to gratify *Artaxia*, and her ill-choſen huſband

Plexirtus.

Plexirtus. But the excellent *Plangus* (than whom this age ſhews not, for conduct in war, a better general) with the well-ordering thoſe few reſolute troops, and ſkilful induſtry in choice of advantages, in two ſet battles put him to the worſt; after which, the duke not able to reinforce his weakened power, put himſelf, with the relicts of his late overthrow, into his chief city, wherein we were priſoners; to which *Plangus*, finding no other reſiſtance, with wonderful celerity followed him: and though the town by nature and art, for ſcite and fortification were thought impregnable, yet being defended but by ſuch, who, by their own loſs, held a too ſuperſtitious opinion of the enemies, it was ſoon forced by *Plangus* his victorious troops, who believed the ſucceſs of nothing impoſſible, to which their ever-fortunate captain would lead them. With the ſack of this city (wherein he took the duke, with his ſon, priſoners) *Plangus* having inriched his ſoldiers with the booty, and his own fame by the ſpeedineſs of the conqueſt, not able to aſſure the country to his devotion, otherwiſe than by diſmembring his army, and delaying his chief ends, moved with a neceſſary clemency, having firſt received ſix months pay for his ſoldiers, and the duke's ſon a hoſtage, to bar his deſire of revenge, (making *Alcida* and my ſelf, to ſecure our freedoms, companions in his travel) he leaves the *Amaſians* to their former government.

Many days journey we had not been in our way to *Armenia*, when the good *Alcida*, by the inward working of her thoughts, began to find the burthen of her grief too heavy for her which when the dulneſs of her ever-watry eyes, and the paleneſs of her cheeks had bewrayed to us, we carried her to a monaſtery near adjoining, dedicated to *Diana*, and much famed for the ſtrictneſs of virgins orders that be attendants on the goddeſs her ceremonies: where having recommended her to the governeſs of the houſe, alas! I left her, bound, even by the greateſt tye of gratefulneſs, to follow him whom I owe my life to.

Theſe

Theſe former accidents, moſt dear lady, together with the excellent *Plangus* his company, in whom ſorrow was drawn to the life, made me reflect upon my ungrateful ſelf, and conſider how cruel I had been to you, whoſe deſert paſſed my beſt endeavours of requital; ſo that (far ingaged to the memory of your virtues) thenceforth the thought of my moſt dear *Hellen*, won my heart to a moſt paſſionate affection. The queen at this interrupted his ſpeech, with this anſwer: My *Amphialus*, they, who follow examples in their actions, are to match rightly what they are to do, and what they ſee done. *Leaucada*, *Alcida*, and *Erona* might juſtly claim the reward of love; but *Hellen* (whoſe deſert was far ſhort) could expect but diſdain. Diſdain! ſaid *Amphialus*, you renew a puniſhment your mercy did once forgive. And here, with tears in his eyes, he would have kneeled to beg a farther pardon; but *Hellen*, kiſſing away the burthen his eyes went with, made as much haſte to prevent his ſuit with the like of her own; ſo that a friendly compoſition being made, (as it well might be where both were parties, and both judges in one cauſe) the queen got the continuance of the ſtory (which *Amphialus* would put off to another time) to boot; and then, willing to diſcharge himſelf of the debt he owed for ſo good a bargain, he thus began.

Madam, though my memory be a continued record of much ſorrow, yet, among the many ſtories grief hath ingraven in me, there is none, compared with the diſaſter of *Plangus* and *Erona*, that deſerves compaſſion: Know therefore, my only happineſs, that *Plangus* having received advertiſement how the nobleman, unto whoſe faithful cuſtody *Erona* (upon the accord between him and *Artaxia*) was delivered, being hardly beſieged by *Plexirtus*, and brought to an extremity by famine, had yielded to a compoſition, that if within five days he was not ſuccoured, he muſt deliver the caſtle, *Plangus* therefore over-running the fame of his coming with his preſence, the fifth night was near *Plexirtus*'s camp, where (by one of the enemies, whom his ſcouts had taken) he was informed, that late that

evening, the keys of the city and fort were given up to *Plexirtus*, but that he deferred his entry till morning, leaving the next gate to the camp open, that all night his officers might prepare a magnificent triumph for him; as for *Erona*, he would determine nothing of her, until he had received the honour due to his victory. At this news *Plangus*, causing the reporter to be safely kept, and giving to his wearied soldiers some time to refresh themselves after the toil endured in their last day's travel, an hour before day (rightly imagining the air was then apt to disperse a dull sleepiness among *Plexirtus*'s careless soldiers) he calls his troops together, and setting before them the easiness of the victory, the riches of the camp, and the necessity of the time, he did encourage them with the repetition of their former conquest in *Amasia*, the justness of their cause, and the fame of their enterprize; and then presently disposing of them for his most advantage, he sets upon his enemy, who dreamed of nothing but security. But what should I fright you, most dear lady, with the particulars of this fight; it will suffice you to know, that *Plangus* (doing things in his own person past the power of expression) made a bloody slaughter among them. Some few there were that escaped; among whom *Plexirtus* (fortune being alway indulgent to mischief) found, in the speed of his horse, a dishonourable safeguard for his wretched life. This tumult being soon perceived by the citizens (whom sorrow made watchful, and the well-known treacheries of *Plexirtus*, suspicious) they as soon imagined this was a practice of his, contrary to his faith given, to sack the town. This once conceived, it seemed by the hideous cries and confused lamentations, that, as sorrow had put on the vizard of night to make grief ugly, so black night had borrowed the mouth of sorrow to implore compassion. The people leaving their walls and houses, ran to their temples and altars, offering up, as they thought, their last devotions to their gods. Nor did this mistake bring forth the effect of mistrust only in the city; the camp had likewise this fear added to their present misfortune; for *Plexirtus*'s soldiers (like satyrs,

frightned

frightned with the ſound of the horn themſelves blow) thinking the vanguard of the enemy had entered the town, and cauſed this confuſion, durſt not venture to make themſelves maſters of it; but between both, unable to determine of a mean of ſafety, ſtood fixed in a ſtupid irreſolution.

Mean time *Aurora*, weary of aged *Titan*'s bed, began to warn *Phœbe* of her brother's approach, when *Erona* who had ſet down in her ſettled judgment, a death worthy the greatneſs of her birth, now firſt giving ear to the cries of the citizens, and miſdoubting the ſame falſe meaſure they expected, and not long after, hearing a man armed coming up the ſtairs to her lodging, ſhe took a poiſoned cup, long before for that end prepared, and making haſte leſt ſhe ſhould be made a preſent to the proud conqueror the wicked *Plexirtus*, ſhe drank more than half, when her eyes met with the eyes of *Plangus*, who, unfortunate gentleman! deſirous to be the meſſenger to *Erona* of *Erona*'s freedom, had made this haſte. The ſight of *Plangus* ſtayed her full draught a while; but, unable to ſatisfy herſelf how he might come thither, ſhe began to imagine, that it was the force of the poiſon which dimmed her eyes, and placed the character of *Plangus*, (ever preſent to her mind) upon each object. With this thought ſhe was ready to begin again, when *Plangus*, falling at her feet, let her know the event of ſo many dangers undergone for her: whereat *Erona* being much aſtoniſhed, lifting him up from the ground, thus ſaid; Prince *Plangus*, you come in a fit time to receive a hearty welcome, and as hearty a farewel. What I mean by this leave taking, alas! you will too ſoon know: Now ſuffer me, only at ſuch a time when the end will aſſure you I did not flatter, ſpeak a few words I would have you believe; yet I am ſorry, for your ſake, I have practiſed ſuch a mean to work a belief in you: True it is, moſt excellent *Plangus*, (nor let that truth accuſe me of inconſtancy) that ſince the death of *Antiphilus*, whoſe memory even at this time is dear to me, though at firſt the exceſs of ſorrow had cloſed up my mind from the thought of a ſecond choice; yet, inforced by

your deſert, and to reward mine own love in rewarding your deſires, I was reſolved to ſatisfy you, and make myſelf happy; but my envious fate, finding the times fit to cauſe me to deſpair, hath made yourſelf the inſtrument to bar our hopes for ever. Dear *Erona*, replied the prince, what may there now be that the moſt partial judgment can equal to the exceſs of content *Plangus* enjoys in the welfare of his free and loving *Erona?* for this I have payed the merciful heavens the tribute of my vows and tears: to this harbour, through the ſea of grief, (having imbarked my careful love in the ſhip of my deſire) I have alway bent my courſe; and ſhall I now, when my wiſhes be at anchor in ſo ſecure a haven, fear fortune? No, no, moſt dear lady, you are the life and being of what I only eſteem happy. Alas! *Plangus*, ſaid the ſweet *Eroda*, the teſtimonies of your love have been ſo many, that I fear (and only fear) they who have heard your undeſerved affection, and are not preſent at this my dying proteſtation, will for ever record, together with my want of judgment, my injury to your virtues. Your dying proteſtation! ſaid *Plangus*, affright not my ſoul with ſuch heavy news. Long may you live; the fates muſt be indulgent to your youth and beauty. And perhaps, ſaid ſhe, ſo they might, had not myſelf haſtened *Clotho* to cut in two the half-ſpun thread of my life. And then ſhe let him know how (to prevent the tortures and diſgraces *Artaxia*'s indignation had prepared for her, ſeeing the city brought to that deſperate ſtate in which he found it, and thinking himſelf to have been an officer ſent by *Plexirtus* to bring her before him) ſhe had poiſoned herſelf. *Plangus* at theſe laſt words, with a fixed look upon *Erona*, as if his eyes would for ever dwell there, indenting his hands, and ſuffering them to fall down, or rather not able to ſtay them, ſinks to the ground, and was a while happy in this exceſs of ſorrow, that made him ſenſeleſs of all ſorrow. *Erona* would have forced herſelf to help him, but this ſight (joined with the inward working of the poiſon) conſtrained her to bear him company in his happy forgetfulneſs of his misfortunes. But when, by the

the help of her women, her ſenſes were reſtored, and that my endeavours wrought the ſame effect on *Plangus*, as if this had been but grief's dumb ſhew; Alas! excellent prince, ſaid ſhe, what unexpected effects hath the ſpeech of my death brought forth; and yet though I were ſilent, I believe the deadly ſigns in mine eyes, this trembling in my full-ſwoln veins, and the often ſet and riſe of the blood in my cheeks, would expreſs it. But, my *Plangus*, ſhould you, whom the world is proud of, take it ſo to heart? *Erona* loves you; why ſo may a more deſerving lady: Yet, *Plangus*, remember me, and it will be the beſt part of my ſoul's life to live in your memory. Then, taking his hand, and placing it on her heart, that now proudly began to beat the loud alarm of death, Feel here, ſaid ſhe, the battery is begun, and this fort is abandoned of all the powers of life, only my deſire to be with you, deſperately a while keeps the breach. But, O my *Plangus!* ——and at that word death cloſed up, in eternal ſilence, her tongue, that yet ſtill moved, as loth to leave her ſpeech imperfect.

It was a deſperate grief, and wild paſſion, that ſeized upon the heart of the poor *Plangus*. Accurſed earth! did he ſay, how dareſt thou ſupport the burthen of theſe many miſchiefs, caſt by the ſpiteful heavens into this ſink of miſery? 'Twas I, *Erona*, brought an untimely ſet to thy ſun-ſhine of goodneſs; and do the heavens mean I ſhould breathe, that have ſo much wronged them? What do they do? Will they hear me ſpeak that killed *Erona?* But they would have me live, to torture me with the memory of my guilt. No, no, I will prevent their project; that were a puniſhment fit for an ill-meant offence, not an unfortunate. And with theſe words, drawing his ſword, and lifting up his baſes, he would have run himſelf through the belly; but I ſtayed his hand from ſo unmanly, as I then alledged it, a violence, forcing (with the remembrance of our friendſhip, and my much-prevailing tears) the ſword, but not his reſolution from him. Then did I begin to alledge all that I thought in reaſon might remove him from this purpoſe; for well I might ſee in the

unappalled stayedness of his countenance, the greatness of some determination. To all my objections, for a time, his eyes gave a more heedful attention, than did his ears; but when I came to call his valour in question, whose unspotted memory hitherto, I said, this last inconsiderate act would accuse of a little firm constancy, in bearing the changes of fortune; Alas! said he, and will you, my friend, be cruel to me? Is it certain, *Amphialus*, that it well-becomes that courage you would have in your friend, to bear an equal temper both in the frowns and smiles of fortune? and is it not as certain, that when the malice of heaven hath joined with fortune in producing a monstrous effect, there cannot be left in man so infinite a power of suffering which he dare oppose to such unlimited works? No, I will not, giant-like, bandy against the gods; such is their will; I must die. Then leading me softly over to *Erona*, as if he would persuade me the violence of passion had not been his guide to this resolution; see *Amphialus*, said he, this is she whom you would have me to live after; what can mine eyes, now she is gone, desire to look on! *Erona*, a woman, could die for *Plangus*, and would you have me wrong mankind with a greater fear of death, or my love with a less desire to die? This said (but with a countenance that promised no suddenness in the execution, especially to me who was master of his sword, his only offensive weapon) behold! with a down-cast look, which sorrow excused, though deceit had then, I am sure, put it on for farther mischief, and such a pace as used slowness to the same end, he approached the window, where the remain of *Erona*'s intercepted draught, appointed by the destinies to be fatal to them both, stood in a gilt cup: This he hastily takes, and as hastily drinks off. I, all confused, pale and trembling, as if the poison had wrought its effect in me, made, alas! too slow speed to him. But *Plangus* (now first presenting an unfeigned chearfulness in his looks, as if this draught had given him life) kneeling near *Erona*; divine soul, said he, if confidence in thy *Plangus*'s constancy makes thee hover near this sacred mansion of thine, to see the end of his sufferings; O

stay

ſtay a while, and bear me with thee; thy preſence, when I appear before *Radamanth*, will be a countenance to my cauſe. Then turning himſelf to me, *Amphialus*, revenge, *Amphialus*, *Erona*'s death upon the wicked *Plexirtus*; his blood will be the beſt ſacrifice to my ghoſt. Lead the army to *Bizantium*, and reſtore the *Amaſian* hoſtage. Then putting his trembling lips to the pale lips of *Erona*, he coldly kiſſed away his life.

What my ſorrow was, to be a looker on theſe tragedies, theſe tears, even at the remembrance of that time, may teſtify; yet leaving the bodies to be imbalmed with the nobleman, who, in her life-time, had been faithful to *Erona*, diſſembling the death of *Plangus*, leſt it ſhould work an innovation among the ſoldiers, with ſome choice troops of light horſemen, I followed *Plexirtus*; who, poſting to court, had received advertiſement from thence, how *Arguto* (the admirable engine by whom he wrought much miſchief) being lately fallen from the faith vowed to his practices, had revealed to *Artaxia* the purpoſe his maſter had to diſpatch her out of his way, ſince now he had a ſon by her to whom he might be guardians: eſteeming it more content to be great alone, than to ſhare the royalties of her own kingdom with *Artaxia*. Theſe news made his flight as dangerous as would be his ſtay; but when he underſtood (for the heavens had made this the rendezvous where his misfortunes ſhould meet) that the princes of *Theſſaly* and *Macedon*, of whom his treacheries were to expect their juſt reward, did live, and ſhould be happy in the addition of *Arcadia* to their greatneſs; that *Leonatus* had ſeized upon his ſeigniories in *Trebiſond* for his treaſon to *Pyrocles* and *Muſidorus*, of which not long before he had gloriouſly boaſted; that there was no new form of diſſimulation left, to which, in this extremity, he might have recourſe: O then the uglineſs of his guilty conſcience, that until this time had made peace with his wickedneſs, preſented before him the progreſs of his ill-ſpent days, drawn to life in the colours of deſpair: now his father, now his friends, *Tideus*

and *Telenor*, were ſummoned by his ſoul to make party againſt him. In this fright he continued all that day, which ſcarce was time ſufficient for him to read over his miſdeeds; and when the ſilent night, drawn in her ebon chariot, had ſpread her curtains to hide her brother's face, *Plexirtus*, glad to ſee her flatter his mind in this likeneſs of darkneſs, reſolved, by deſpair, that the gods wanted mercy for his faults, and well aſſured men had leſs, he ſecretly went into a garden, to which a back-door from his chamber led him; where, loathing as much to die, as wiſhing he were dead, he ſpent ſome time in execrations on himſelf. At length, tying a cord (newly taken out of his bed) to the ſtump of an elder tree, that ſtood with ſuch convenience as if it would invite him to that exerciſe, he ſlipped into his death, eating the earth until morning of the burthen of ſo deteſtable a wretch.

But when the day appeared, and made known his death, the magiſtrates of the town, ſtriving who could be beſt-ſighted in the diſcovery of the murther, hoping to have the reward of their diligence from the queen *Artaxia*, ſoon found out, as a man to be moſt ſuſpected, the meſſenger come from court, whom *Plexirtus* had, 'till late in the night, kept in his chamber, to know of him the particulars of *Arguto*'s revolt. This fellow, becauſe none more likely in the wild form of their popular juſtice, was to die a thouſand manner of deaths; but he making juſt proteſtations of his innocency, being queſtioned what occaſion he had ſo long to ſtay the laſt night with the king, if not for that end, he plainly let them know what *Arguto* diſcovered, which he then reported to *Plexirtus*. The many-headed multitude called not the truth much in queſtion of what they heard, but with the ſame violence as before, every one, in this alſo thinking to gratify the queen, ran to as uncertain a form of execution on the dead, as they did before to a judgment of the living; firſt they ſtripped the body naked, then dragged it through the ſtreets; now they open his belly, and ſuffer his guts to mark forth his progreſs, doing many more indignities to him who had deſerved

deſerved many more. I much rejoiced to hear *Plexirtus* had been ſo juſt to himſelf; yet I determined to join *Erona*'s revenge on *Artaxia* to *Plexirtus*'s judgment on himſelf; but her an untimely death had freed from my revenge; for taking to the heart *Plexirtus* his treacheries, and her brother *Tyridates*'s unrevenged death, ſhe calmly gave herſelf over to a life-oppreſſing grief, leaving her kingdom and young ſon to the care of *Salindor*, whom ſhe appointed protector during the minority.

Returning, therefore, ſomewhat grieved, that both *Plangus* and *Erona*'s death, without my help, had been revenged, I conveyed the bodies to *Lycia*, where the ſumptuouſneſs of their tombs ſhews their eſtates, and their everlaſting fame their ever-living virtues. From hence I would have parted private; but remembring *Plangus* his laſt will, I paſſed through *Amaſia*, reſtoring his ſon to the duke, and coming to *Bizantium*, I gave up my charge into the hands of *Liſantus* a *Macedonian*, leaving the ſoldiers full of hearty ſorrow for the death of *Plangus* their general.

Soon after, hearing of your death, and reſolved to ſacrifice my blood to your memory, to diſingage myſelf of ſome part of my faultineſs, leaving *Fidutio* in *Thrace*, leſt by him I ſhould be diſcovered, diſguiſing myſelf in an armour, fitly, as I thought, preſenting the maſſacre of my naked heart; paſſing the court of *Elis* and *Argos*, and, laſtly, coming hither, I met (what ſhould I more ſay?) with thee my *Hellen*; reſerved to be a bleſſing beyond what moſt I could deſire. And ſo, with a ſincere fervency, kiſſing her hand, they both walked towards the palace, where, having ended ſupper, where *Baſilius* and *Euarchus*, with the reſt, expected a maſk prepared for them; the queen of *Corinth* let them know what ſhe had heard of *Plangus* and *Erona*, together with *Plexirtus*'s deſerved end, and the death of *Artaxia*. The audience greatly pitied their fortunes, eſpecially *Pyrocles*, who much grieved to hear of *Plangus* his death, for the love he bore his virtues, and was no leſs troubled at *Plexirtus* his miſchance, for his dear ſervant *Zelmane*'s ſake. But the entry of the maſkers

caused him to put over those thoughts to more solitariness, his eye being fed with dainty variety of representations, and his ears with most harmonious well-agreeing musick; to which the footing kept so good time, that doubtful it was whether the musick conformed it self to the life of their motion, or the maskers their motion to the musick's livelyness. But night (masked in these sports) crept on undiscovered; and though *Pyrocles* and *Musidorus* at other times would dispence with the length of the sports, yet now, in respect of the armfuls of joy they were to expect in bed, they thought them tedious; which once perceived, their dances were sooner at an end than was intended.

Thus days and nights passed over, as if they had no other sphere than delight to move in; and the appointed time for *Amphialus* his marriage was at hand; to which *Basilius* invited the shepherds, both to change their daily pleasures, as also to shew *Euarchus*, that though a greater cause had moved him to the solitary course of life by him embraced; yet the wits of *Arcadia*, and the pleasantness of their harmless life, might have drawn him to that retiredness.

The ECLOGUES.

KAlodulus now minded to marry his daughter, and uncertain whether he should bestow her on the contended young *Arcadian Menalcas*, or the much-having, much wanting *Thessalian Corydon*, who both were then present, hearing of this summons; puts over their cause to be determined by *Basilius*; and *Strephon* and *Claius*, no less desirous to bring *Urania*'s name to court, joyned themselves to the rest. Nor was *Agelastus* wanting, who, not for a mistress, but, *Heraclitus*-like, thinking man was made to mourn, and repining at the vanity of greatness, had maintained a religious sorrow. No sooner was the company set, and that their silence began to proclaim their expectation, but *Strephon*, who, before

before his coming, had prepared an *Epithalamium*, began thus to ſing.

STREPHON.

Sweet link of hearts, joy's ſureſt anchor hold,
Love's peaceful crown, the harbour of deſires,
Hymen, approach, but think not *Pan* too bold,
If to invoke thy name our love aſpires.
Dwell here for ever, that this couple may
Renew the bleſſings of their marriage-day.

Firm be their root of love, and cauſe a bliſs,
From forth this royal happy ſtock to ſpring;
That all the world may juſtly ſay, he is
Worthy to be, and to ſucceed a king.
But ſhorten not their days; for 'tis decreed,
The beſt can be but worthy to ſucceed.

Amphialus thanked *Strephon* for his hearty wiſhes; but he had ſcarce ended, when *Claius*, looking upon him with as ſowre a countenance as their friendſhip could allow, thus ſaid;

CLAIUS.

I pray thee, *Strephon*, if theſe glorious ſhows
Of courts admired greatneſs, do not cloſe
Thy mind from former thoughts, where can thy lays
Find other ſubject than *Urania*'s praiſe?
Or, doſt thou fondly think, thou wert to blame
To breathe among theſe lords *Urania*'s name?
Or, is it certain that her flames in thee
Are quench'd, that lately doubled were in me?

STREPHON.

Nor ſo, nor thus; that verſe I laſt day made,
As with my flock I ſate in *Heſtar*'s ſhade:

I ſtudied it, yet all my ſtudy was,
I vow, to ſtrive to let *Urania* paſs.
For 'twas the only name my pen would write,
My thoughts imagine, or my lips indite.
Am I not bold when night's vaſt ſtage is ſet,
And all the ſtars and heavenly audience met,
To ſpeak my mind, while their bright twinkling flame
Seems to rejoyce to hear *Urania*'s name?
And ſhall I fear that what the heavens approv'd,
By men (though great men) ſhould be diſallow'd?
But where you think that I have check'd mine eye,
And freed your *Strephon* from their treachery:
O no, mine is the giant *Titius*'s maw,
That doth increaſe to feel a vulture's paw.

CLAIUS.

No day runs over, but my love's deep ſore
Renews his pain, and feſters more and more:
Alas! where's pity then? belike it flies
The place we come to, frighted with our cries.

STREPHON.

Pity! why friend, 'tis certain that their eyes,
Who know they can o'recome, learn to deſpiſe:
Yet, *Klaius*, why ſhould we repine? our ſaint
Is pleas'd ſometime to hear our love's complaint.
And if mine eyes, to eaſe my inward pain,
Become not flatterers, ſhe doth not diſdain.

CLAIUS.

Diſdain! that were a bliſs, ſo great a weight
Might lift our ſorrows to their utmoſt height;
And then, perhaps, our own deſpair would mend
Our lingring hopes, that muſt or break, or bend.
O no, ours is a worſe calamity,
A heedleſs care, and careleſs courteſy.

Then

Then *Claius*, pauſing a while, with croſſed arms and a down caſt look, began again theſe following verſes to *Strephon*, whom he ſpeak to as repreſenting the perſon of ſorrow.

CLAIUS.

Foul Sorrow, wilt thou alway build thy neſt
In the wild mountains of thy care-ſwoln breaſt?

STREPHON.

O yes, I find it happy for my breed,
And near your heart, whereon I uſe to feed.

CLAIUS.

But, gentle grief, if not for pity, ſpare
Me for *Urania*'s ſake: ſhe hath a ſhare
In theſe my wounds, and ſhe muſt feel the ſmart,
Whoſe image's carv'd ſo lively in my heart.

STREPHON.

O no, ſhe ſhares no pain, from whoſe fair eyes
The wound did firſt, and now the cure muſt riſe.

CLAIUS.

Why, gentle grief, thou'rt witneſs of my love;
Then always ſigh my plaints, until you move.

STREPHON.

O no, there's too much rigor in ſuch laws,
They bind a man to ſpeak againſt his cauſe.
Suppoſe I move, this is my recompence;
Joy muſt ſucceed, and I am baniſh'd hence.

CLAIUS.

CLAIUS.

Then muſt I die unpitied, no help's found,
Since you, my ſpokeſman, do conceal my wound.

STREPHON.

O no, let not that make us to deſpair:
She know's we love her, but ſhe know's ſhe's fair.

When they ended, *Muſidorus* (in whoſe memory their courteſy to him, had engraven a beholdingneſs) forgot not to approve what they had ſaid. But the audience had little time to determine whether they deſerved what the prince thought them worthy of; when *Corydon*, who longed to hear the debate between him and *Menalcas*, for *Kalodulus*'s daughter, ended, clapping him on the ſhoulder, thus ſaid;

CORYDON.

Fond beardleſs boy! now ſhall the chaſtiſement
(Fit for thy raſh youth's unweigh'd attempt)
Fall heavy on thee; but you may relent,
I'll not be cruel if you do repent.
O no, you will not, you'll be alway blind,
That graceleſs ſmile betrays thy ſcornful mind.
Sing then, and ſhew theſe goodly dotes in thee,
With which thy brainleſs youth can equal me.

MENALCAS.

Grey-bearded frenzy, what canſt thou alledge,
To ſhun my blows, but thy age's privilege?
Thy tongue may ſafely ſnarl, while his offence
Is ſtill protected by that reverence.
The dotes, old dotard, I can bring to prove
My ſelf deſerves that choice, are only love.

A priceleſs treaſure, not to be expreſs'd,
A gueſt too great for thy cough-breeding breaſt.

CORYDON.

Young man, thou ſpeak'ſt as if thy brains were wood;
Who can determine of that inward good?
I ſay, I love, and will *Menalcas* grieve
That all the world ſhould *Corydon* believe?
But, that's not it, theſe flames will ſoon decay,
If they be not maintain'd ſome other way.
A thouſand ſheep I have, whoſe ſnow-white fleece
Do add a luſtre to theſe parts of *Greece*:
On whom as many lambs do wait hard by,
That wear their dams white curled livery.
O! what a joy will't be to her I love;
Each morn, and even, to ſee her ſheep remove
From field to fold, while ſhe may freely ſay,
That lamb is fat, that lamb I'll eat to day?

MENALCAS.

Blind fortune, I'll confeſs, hath given you more:
Yet I am richer, my content's my ſtore.
A thouſand ſheep thou haſt, 'tis very like,
But thy diſeaſes want Arithmetick.
Nature between our years a marriage made,
We bloom together, and at once may fade.
But your old age is gone too far before,
Time beats you on, and you'll return no more.

CORYDON.

Haſty young man, do not deſpiſe the end
To which your ſelf, as to a centre, bend.
What, if I want your body's active toys,
My ſettled mind a greater good enjoys.

MENALCAS.

MENALCAS.

Old man, thou ſpeak'ſt, as if thy brains were wood;
Who can determine of that inward good?
Thinkſt thou, will that ſweet beauty take deiight
To hear thee cough a proverb in the night?
O no, there are ſome other joys in bed,
She muſt partake whom you deſire to wed.

Corydon, inwardly out of countenance, to hear his own words bite ſo ſore upon him, would have ſhrunk away: but hoping he had found a judge whom the cauſe concerned ſtood a while to attend what *Baſilius* would have ſaid. But the king put it over to *Muſidorus*, who (glad to find an occaſion to pleaſure *Menalcas*, his firſt maſter in the practice of a ſhepherd's life) thus ended it.

Corydon, ſaid he, could I as well lop away ſome of your over-grown years, to make your match with *Kalodulus*'s daughter equal, as I can add to *Menalcas*'s ſtate, I would, for a time, ſuſpend my judgment: for readily I know not whether of you two deſerves beſt: but in the one, my power ſeconds my will; as in the other, my will over-goes my power. *Kalodulus*'s daughter I therefore adjudge to *Menalcas*, and I will make him worthy of her, the rather, that I know his raſh youth would impatiently bear a repulſe, where your experience (when it reflects upon itſelf) with more diſcretion may conſider ſhe was but a woman. Glad was *Menalcas* to ſpeed ſo well: nor was *Corydon* diſpleaſed, becauſe the prince, as he conceived, had entertained a good opinion of his wiſdom. Thus, when they ended, *Pyrocles*, who marked *Agelaſtus*'s ſilent penſiveneſs, deſired to hear him diſburthen his mind of the thoughts that brought him to ſo deep a ſtudy: thinking that *Agelaſtus* ſtood fixed, with the eye of his mind caſt upon the beauty of ſome fair miſtreſs: but he, who thought of nothing leſs, thus anſwered his expectation.

AGE-

AGELASTUS.

Nor fate, nor fortune, whoſe inforcing power,
Man ſtill complains upon his ſtate to lowre,
Do work theſe changes: man himſelf's the cauſe;
They be but wheels that keep their mover's laws:
Yet alway, when he ſees his fault too late,
He turns it over upon chance, or fate.
Each man is born a king, his paſſions be
The practice of his ſovereignty:
Who, though they ſtill their ſovereign's good pretend,
Conſpire his ruin for their private end.
The love of ſkin-thick beauty draws his eye
To yield to love, his reaſon's majeſty.
His fear throws bugbears in his way; his ſtate
Is ſtill infeſted by revengeful hate.
His idle grief, for what he might prevent,
Or might not, doth uſurp his government.
Thus he, whom God ordain'd a king to be,
Obeys his ſubjects, and is never free.
Beſides, whoſe ſtate's ſo firm, into whoſe way
The world flings not his joys injurious ſtay?
The ſurges of the deep, whoſe joys devour
The merchant's far-fetch'd hopes, the ſkies that pour
A ſecond deluge on the plow-man's corn,
When now his fields are ready to be ſhorn:
The ſoldiers long remote, the doubtful chance
Of bloody war, the new-found ordinance;
The city-horns, the court's brave flattery,
Do force content to dwell with poverty.

Then looking round upon the princes, as if by their ſurvey he were again enabled to ſpeak, he thus ſaid:

Honour, thou ſpongy idol of man's mind,
That ſoak'ſt content away, thou haſt confin'd
Ambitious man, and not his deſtiny,
Within the bounds of form and ceremony.

Oh!

Oh! happy life of ſhepherds, whoſe content
Reſts in a ſoul that's free and innocent;
They ſtay their lodging, and remove their roof,
Not for their own, but for their flock's behoof.
While ſome (to fill the blanks of their mean ſtory)
Do travel in their cares, to gain vain-glory,
They never leave the plains, unleſs, ſome-time,
To look about them, they the mountains climb:
But dwell not there; for ev'n this change doth ſhow
What choicer ſweets they do enjoy below:
Here the rough winds do buzz about their ears,
The rocky ſteepneſs adds unto their fears:
Here they are ready to be torn aſunder,
By malice's hateful blaſts, and envy's thunder:
From hence they may deſcend; but, greatneſs, ſtay,
If you come down, it muſt be th'other way:
For 'tis a bliſs, on which your honour ſhares,
That though you would, you cannot leave your cares.

When *Agelaſtus* ended, the company might ſee a man, who ſeemed to be misfortune's herald, with a rope about his neck, make towards the queen of *Corinth*, and caſt himſelf at her feet. They, thinking it had been ſome ſhepherdiſh invention, expected a while the conceit of it: but approaching, after a time, nearer to him, they might diſcern it was *Tenarus* the uſurper of *Corinth*; who, hearing of the queen's welfare, and her happy marriage to *Amphialus*, (finding, in his own practice for the crown, the *Corinthians* aptneſs to embrace change, and conſidering the powerfulneſs of his enemies) had come thither, in the baſeſt form of humbleneſs, to ſet a belief upon his ſubmiſſion. Him the queen (becauſe he was a ſuitor on her marriage-day) pardoned, and reſtored to his poſſeſſions, forfeited by his treaſon to the crown; only ſhe cauſed his liberty to be reſtrained until her going to *Corinth*, whither, after ſhe had taken leave of *Baſilius*, and the reſt of the royal company, ſhe took her journey; making *Amphialus*, within a year after her departure, a happy father of a much-promiſing

ſing ſon, whom they named *Heleamphialus*. *Euarchus* alſo, ſoon after, with his ſon *Pyroeles*, and *Philoclea*, and his nephew *Muſidorus*, together with *Pamela* (who was deſirous both to accompany her ſiſter, and to ſee her mother of *Theſſaly*) parted from *Mantinea*; leaving *Baſilius* and *Gynecia*, when they had accompanied them to the frontiers of *Arcadia*, to the happy quiet of their after-life.

Tu longe ſequere & veſtigia ſemper adoro,
SIDNEI —— Statius.

End of the ARCADIA.

THE

THE POETICAL WORKS OF Sir *Philip Sidney*, Kt.

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THE DEFENCE OF POESY.

WHEN the right virtuous *E. W.* and I were at the emperor's court together, we gave ourſelves to learn horſemanſhip of *Gio. Pietro Pugliano*, one that, with great commendation had the place of an * Eſquire in his ſtable: and he, according to the fertileſs of the *Italian* wit, did not only afford us the demonſtration of his practice, but ſought to inrich our minds with the contemplation therein, which he thought moſt precious. But with none, I remember, mine ears were at any time more loaden, than when

* *Potiùs* Equerry.

(either

(either angred with slow payment, or moved with our learner-like admiration) he exercised his speech in the praise of his faculty. He said, Soldiers were the noblest estate of mankind, and horsemen the noblest of soldiers. He said, they were the masters of war, and ornaments of peace, speedy goers, and strong abiders, triumphers both in camps and courts: nay, to so unbelieved a point he proceeded, as that no earthly thing bred such wonder to a prince, as to be a good horseman: Skill of government was but a *Pedanteria* in comparison. Then would he add certain praises, by telling what a peerless beast the horse was, the only serviceable courtier, without flattery, the beast of most beauty, faithfulness, courage, and such more, that if I had not been a piece of a *Logician* before I came to him, I think he would have persuaded me to have wished myself a horse. But thus much, at least, with his no few words, he drove into me, That self-love is better than any gilding, to make that seem gorgeous wherein ourselves be parties. Wherein, if *Pugliano*'s strong affection, and weak arguments, will not satisfy you, I give you a nearer example of myself, who, I know not by what mischance, in these my not old years and idlest times, having slipped into the title of a poet, am provoked to say something unto you in the defence of that my unelected vocation; which if I handle with more good will, than good reasons, bear with me, since the scholar is to be pardoned that followeth the steps of his master. And yet I must say, that as I have a more just cause to make a * pitiful defence of poor poetry, which, from almost the highest estimation of learning, is fallen to be the laughing-stock of children; so have I need to bring some more available proofs, since the former is by no man barred of his deserved credit, whereas the silly latter hath had even the names of *Philosophers* using to the defacing of it, with great danger of civil war among the muses. And first, truly, to all them that, professing learning,

* Compassionate.

inveigh

inveigh againſt poetry may juſtly be objected, that they go very near to ungratefulneſs, to ſeek to deface that, which, in the nobleſt nations and languages that are known, hath been the firſt light-giver to ignorance, and firſt nurſe, whoſe milk by little and little, enabled them to feed afterwards of tougher knowledges. And will you play the hedge-hog, that being received into the den, drove out his hoſt? or rather the vipers, that with their birth kill their parents? Let learned *Greece*, in any of her manifold ſciences, be able to ſhew me one Book before *Muſæus*, *Homer*, and *Heſiod*, all three nothing elſe but poets. Nay, let any hiſtory be brought, that can ſay any writers were there before them, if they were not men of the ſame ſkill, as *Orpheus*, *Linus*, and ſome others are named, who having been the firſt of that country that made pens deliverers of their knowledge to poſterity, may juſtly challenge to be called their fathers in learning. For not only in time they had this priority (although in itſelf antiquity be venerable) but went before them, as cauſes to draw, with their charming ſweetneſs, the wild untamed wits to an admiration of knowledge. So as *Amphion* was ſaid to move ſtones with his poetry to build *Thebes*, and *Orpheus* to be liſtened to by beaſts: indeed ſtony and beaſtly people: So among the *Romans* were *Livius*, *Andronicus*, and *Ennius*: So in the *Italian* language, the firſt that made it to aſpire to be a treaſure-houſe of ſcience, were the poets *Dante*, *Boccace*, and *Petrarch*: So in our *Engliſh*, were *Gower* and *Chaucer*; after whom, encouraged and delighted with their excellent foregoing, others have followed to beautify our mother-tongue, as well in the ſame kind, as other art. This did ſo notably ſhew itſelf, that the *Philoſophers* of *Greece* durſt not a long time appear to the world, but under the maſk of poets: So *Thales*, *Empedocles*, and *Parmenides*, ſang their natural philoſophy in verſes: So did *Pythagoras* and *Phocyllides* their moral counſels: So did *Tyrtæus* in war matters, and *Solon* in matters of policy; or rather, they being poets, did exerciſe their delightful vein in thoſe points of higheſt knowledge, which before them lay hidden to the world: For that

wise *Solon* was directly a poet, it is manifest, having written, in verse, the notable fable of the *Atlantick* island, which was continued by *Plato*. And, truly, even *Plato*, whosoever well considereth, shall find, that in the body of his work, though the inside and strength were philosophy, the skin, as it were, and beauty, dependeth most of poetry. For all stands upon dialogues, wherein he feigns, many honest burgesses of *Athens* speaking of such matters, that if they had been set on the rack, they would never have confessed them: besides, his poetical describing the circumstances of their meetings, as the well ordering of a banquet, the delicacy of a walk, and interlacing mere tales, as *Gyges*'s *Ring*, and others, which, who knows not to be flowers of poetry, did never walk into *Apollo*'s garden. And even *Historiographers*, although their lips sound of things done, and verity be written in their foreheads, have been glad to borrow, both fashion, and, perchance, weight, of the poets: So *Herodotus* intituled the books of his history by the names of *The nine Muses*, and both he, and all the rest that followed him, either stole or usurped, of poetry, their passionate describing of passions, the many particularities of battles which no man could affirm, or, if that be denied me, long orations, put in the mouths of great kings and captains, which, it is certain, they never pronounced. So that, truly, neither *Philosopher*, nor *Historiographer*, could, at the first, have entered into the gates of popular judgments, if they had not taken a great disport of poetry, which in all nations, at this day, where learning flourisheth not, is plain to be seen: in all which, they have some feeling of poetry. In *Turkey*, besides their law-giving divines, they have no other writers but poets. In our neighbour-country *Ireland*, where, truly, learning goes very bare, yet are their poets held in a devout reverence. Even among the most barbarous and simple *Indians*, where no writing is, yet have they their poets, who make, and sing songs, which they call *Arentos*, both of their ancestors deeds, and praises of their gods. A sufficient probability, that if ever learning come among them, it must be by having their hard, dull wits softened

softened and sharpened with the sweet delights of poetry; for until they find a pleasure in the exercise of the mind, great promises of much knowledge, will little persuade them that know not the fruits of knowledge. In *Wales*, the true remnant of the antient *Britons*, as there are good authorities to shew the long time they had poets, which they called *Bards*, so through all the conquests of *Romans*, *Saxons*, *Danes*, and *Normans*, some of whom did seek to ruin all memory of learning from among them, yet do their poets, even to this day, last; so as it is not more notable in the soon beginning, than in long continuing. But since the authors of most of our sciences were the *Romans*, and, before them, the *Greeks*, let us, a little, stand upon their authorities, but even so far, as to see what names they have given unto this now scorned skill. Among the *Romans*, a poet was called *Vates*, which is as much as a diviner, foreseer, or prophet, as by his conjoined words *Vaticinium*, and *Vaticinari*, is manifest, so heavenly a title did that excellent people bestow upon this heart-ravishing knowledge! And so far were they carried into the admiration thereof, that they thought in the changeable hitting upon any such verses, great fore-tokens of their following fortunes were placed. Whereupon grew the word of *Sortes Virgilianæ*, when, by sudden opening *Virgil*'s book, they lighted upon some verse, as it is reported by many, whereof the histories of the *emperors* lives are full. As of *Albinus*, the governor of our island, who, in his childhood, met with this verse,

Arma amens capio nec sat rationis in armis;

And in his age performed it: Although it were a very vain and godless superstition; as also it was, to think spirits were commanded by such verses: whereupon this word *charms*, derived of *Carmina*, cometh, so yet serveth it to shew the great reverence those wits were held in, and altogether not without ground, since both the oracles of *Delphos* and the *Sybils* prophesies were wholly delivered in verses; for that same exquisite ob-

serving of number and measure in the words, and that high-flying liberty of conceit proper to the poet, did seem to have some divine force in it. And may not I presume a little farther, to shew the reasonableness of this word *Vates*, and say, that the holy *David*'s psalms are a divine *Poem?* If I do, I shall not do it without the testimony of great learned men, both antient and modern. But even the name of psalms, will speak for me, which being interpreted, is nothing but songs: then, that it is fully written in metre, as all learned *Hebricians* agree, although the rules be not yet fully found. Lastly, and principally, his handling his prophecy, which is merely poetical. For what else is the awaking his musical instruments; the often and free changing of persons; his notable *Prosopopœias*, when he maketh you, as it were, see God coming in his majesty; his telling of the beasts joyfulness, and hills leaping, but a heavenly poesy; wherein, almost, he shewed himself a passionate lover of that unspeakable and everlasting beauty, to be seen by the eyes of the mind, only cleared by faith? But, truly, now, having named him, I fear I seem to prophane that holy name, applying it to poetry, which is, among us, thrown down to so ridiculous an estimation. But they that, with quiet judgments, will look a little deeper into it, shall find the end and working of it such, as being rightly applied, deserveth not to be scourged out of the church of *God*. But now let us see how the *Greeks* have named it, and how they deemed of it. The *Greeks* named him ποιητὴν, which name hath, as the most excellent, gone through other languages; it cometh of this word ποιεῖν, which is *to make:* wherein, I know not whether by luck or wisdom, we *Englishmen* have met with the *Greeks* in calling him Maker! which name, how high and incomparable a title it is, I had rather were known by marking the scope of other sciences, than by any partial allegation. There is no art delivered unto mankind, that hath not the works of nature for his principal object, without which, they could not consist, and on which they so depend, as they become actors and players, as it were, of what nature will

will have ſet forth. So doth the *Aſtronomer* look upon the ſtars, and by that he ſeeth ſet down what order nature hath taken therein. So doth the *Geometrician* and *Arithmetician*, in their diverſe ſorts of quantities. So doth the *Muſician*, in tunes, tell you, which by nature agree, which not. The *natural Philoſopher* thereon hath his name, and the *moral Philoſopher* ſtandeth upon the natural virtues, vices, or paſſions of man: And follow nature, ſaith he, therein, and thou ſhalt not err. The *Lawyer* ſaith what men have determined. The *Hiſtorian*, what men have done. The *Grammarian*, ſpeaketh only of the rules of ſpeech, and the *Rhetorician* and *Logician*, conſidering what in nature will ſooneſt prove, and perſuade thereon, give artificial rules, which ſtill are compaſſed within the circle of a queſtion, according to the propoſed matter. The *Phyſician* weigheth the nature of man's body, and the nature of things helpful or hurtful unto it. And the *Metaphyſick*, though it be in the ſecond, and abſtract notions, and therefore be counted ſupernatural, yet doth he, indeed, build upon the depth of nature. Only the *Poet*, diſdaining to be tied to any ſuch ſubjection, lifted up with the vigour of his own invention, doth grow, in effect, into another nature; in making things either better than nature bringeth forth, or quite anew, forms ſuch as never were in nature, as the *Heroes*, *Demi-gods*, *Cyclops*, *Chymeras*, *Furies*, and ſuch like; ſo as he goeth hand in hand with nature, not incloſed within the narrow warrant of her gifts, but freely ranging within the zodiack of his own wit. Nature never ſet forth the earth in ſo rich tapeſtry as diverſe poets have done; neither with ſo pleaſant rivers, fruitful trees, ſweet-ſmelling flowers, nor whatſoever elſe may make the too much loved earth more lovely; her world is brazen, the poets only deliver a golden. But let thoſe things alone, and go to man, for whom, as the other things are, ſo it ſeemeth in him her uttermoſt cunning is employed, and know, whether ſhe have brought forth ſo true a lover as *Theagenes*, ſo conſtant a friend as *Pylades*, ſo valiant a man as *Orlando*, ſo right a prince as *Xenophon*'s *Cyrus*, and ſo excellent a man every way

as *Virgil*'s *Æneas*? Neither let this be jestingly conceived, because the works of the one be essential, the other in imitation or fiction; every understanding knoweth the skill of each artificer standeth in that *idea*, or foreconceit of the work, and not in the work itself. And that the poet hath that *idea*, is manifest, by the delivering them forth in such excellency as he had imagined them; which delivering forth, also, is not wholly imaginative, as we are wont to say by them that build castles in the air; but so far substantially it worketh, not only to make a *Cyrus*, which had been but a particular excellency, as nature might have done, but to bestow a *Cyrus* upon the world to make many *Cyrusses*, if they will learn aright, why, and how that Maker made him. Neither let it be deemed too saucy a comparison, to ballance the highest point of man's wit with the efficacy of nature; but rather give right honour to the heavenly Maker of that maker, who having made man to his own likeness, set him beyond, and over all the works of that second nature, which in nothing he shewed so much as in poetry, when, with the force of a divine breath, he bringeth things forth surpassing her doings, with no small arguments to the incredulous of that first accursed fall of *Adam*, since our erected wit maketh us know what perfection is, and yet our infected will keepeth us from reaching unto it. But these arguments will by few be understood, and by fewer granted: Thus much I hope will be given me, that the *Greeks*, with some probability of reason, gave him the name above all names of learning. Now let us go to a more ordinary opening of him, that the truth may be the more palpable: and so, I hope, though we get not so unmatched a praise, as the *etymology* of his names will grant, yet his very description, which no man will deny, shall not justly be barred from a principal commendation. *Poesy* therefore, is an art of *imitation*; for so *Aristotle* termeth it in the word μίμησις, that is to say, a representing, counterfeiting, or figuring forth, to speak metaphorically. A speaking *picture*, with this end, to teach and delight. Of this have been three general kinds; the chief,

chief, both in antiquity and excellency, were they that did imitate the unconceivable excellencies of God; ſuch were *David* in his *Pſalms*; *Solomon* in his *Song of Songs*, in his *Eccleſiaſtes* and *Proverbs*; *Moſes* and *Deborah* in their hymns; and the writer of *Job*; which, beſides others, the learned *Emanuel Tremellius*, and *Fr. Junius* do intitle, the poetical part of the ſcripture: Againſt theſe none will ſpeak that hath the Holy Ghoſt in due holy reverence. In this kind, though in a wrong divinity, were *Orpheus*, *Amphion*, *Homer* in his hymns, and many others, both *Greeks* and *Romans*. And this *Poeſy* muſt be uſed by whoſoever will follow St. *Paul*'s counſel, in ſinging pſalms when they are merry; and I know is uſed with the fruit of comfort by ſome, when, in ſorrowful pangs of their death-bringing ſins, they find the conſolation of the never-leaving goodneſs. The ſecond kind, is of them that deal with matter philoſophical; either moral, as *Tyrtæus*, *Phocylides*, *Cato*; or natural, as *Lucretius*, and *Virgil*'s *Georgicks*; or aſtronomical, as *Manilius* and *Pontanus*; or hiſtorical, as *Lucan*; which who miſlike, the fault is in their judgment, quite out of taſte, not in the ſweet food of ſweetly uttered knowledge. But becauſe this ſecond ſort is wrapped within the fold of the propoſed ſubject, and takes not the free courſe of his own invention, whether they properly be poets, or no, let *Grammarians* diſpute, and go to the third, indeed right poets, of whom chiefly this queſtion ariſeth: Betwixt whom and theſe ſecond is ſuch a kind of difference, as betwixt the meaner ſort of painters, who counterfeit only ſuch faces as are ſet before them; and the more excellent, who having no law but wit, beſtow that in colours upon you which is fitteſt for the eye to ſee, as the conſtant, though lamenting look of *Lucretia*, when ſhe puniſhed in her ſelf another's fault: Wherein he painteth not *Lucretia*, whom he never ſaw, but painteth the outward beauty of ſuch a virtue. For theſe three be they which moſt properly do imitate to teach and delight; and to imitate, borrow nothing of what is, hath been, or ſhall be, but range only, reined with learned diſcretion, into the

divine consideration of what may be, and should be. These be they, that, as the first and most noble sort, may justly be termed *Vates:* So these are waited on in the excellentest languages and best understandings, with the fore-described name of *Poets*. For these, indeed, do merely make to imitate, and imitate both to delight and teach, and delight to move men to take that goodness in hand, which, without delight, they would fly as from a stranger, and teach to make them know that goodness whereunto they are moved; which being the noblest scope to which ever any learning was directed, yet want there not idle tongues to bark at them. These be subdivided into sundry more special denominations: The most notable be the *heroick, lyrick, tragick, comick, satyrick, iambick, elegiack, pastoral,* and certain others; some of these being termed according to the matter they deal with; some by the sort of verse they liked best to write in; for indeed the greatest part of poets have apparelled their poetical inventions in that numerous kind of writing which is called *verse*. Indeed but apparelled verse, being but an ornament, and no cause to poetry, since there have been many most excellent poets that never versified, and now swarm many versifiers that need never answer to the name of poets. For *Xenophon*, who did imitate so excellently as to give us *effigiem justi imperii*, the portraiture of a just empire, under the name of *Cyrus*, as *Cicero* saith of him, made therein an absolute heroical poem. So did *Heliodorus*, in his sugared invention of that picture of love in *Theagenes* and *Chariclea*, and yet both these wrote in prose; which I speak to shew, that it is not rhyming and versing that maketh a poet (no more than a long gown maketh an advocate, who, though he pleaded in armour, should be an advocate and no soldier;) but it is that feigning notable images of virtues, vices, or what else, with that delightful teaching, which must be the right describing note to know a poet by. Although indeed the senate of poets have chosen verse as their fittest raiment; meaning, as in matter they passed all in all, so in manner to go beyond them, not speaking, table-talk fashion, or like men

men in a dream, words as they chanceably fall from the mouth, but piecing each ſyllable of each word by juſt proportion, according to the dignity of the ſubject. Now therefore it ſhall not be amiſs, firſt, To weigh this latter ſort of poetry, by his works, and then, by his parts; and if in neither of theſe anatomies he be condemnable, I hope we ſhall receive a more favourable ſentence. This purifying of wit, this inriching of memory, enabling of judgment, and enlarging of conceit, which commonly we call learning, under what name ſoever it come forth, or to what immediate end ſoever it be directed, the final end is, To lead and draw us to as high a perfection, as our degenerate ſouls, made worſe by their clay lodgings, can be capable of: This, according to the inclination of man, bred many formed impreſſions: for ſome that thought this felicity principally to be gotten by knowledge, and no knowledge to be ſo high or heavenly as to be acquainted with the ſtars, gave themſelves to *aſtronomy*; others perſuading themſelves to be *demi-gods*, if they knew the cauſes of things, became natural and ſupernatural *philoſophers*. Some an admirable delight drew to *muſick*; and ſome the certainty of demonſtration to the *mathematicks*; but all one and other having this ſcope, To know, and by knowledge to lift up the mind from the dungeon of the body, to the enjoying his own divine eſſence. But when, by the ballance of experience, it was found that the *aſtronomer*, looking to the ſtars, might fall in a ditch; that the enquiring *philoſopher* might be blind in himſelf; and the *mathematician* might draw forth a ſtrait line with a crooked heart, then, lo! did proof, the over-ruler of opinions, make manifeſt, that all theſe are but ſerving ſciences, which, as they have a private end in themſelves, ſo yet are they all directed to the higheſt end of the miſtreſs knowledge, by the *Greeks* [called] ἀρχιτεκτονικὴ, which ſtands, as I think, in the knowledge of a man's ſelf, in the ethick and politick conſideration, with the end of well-doing, and not of well-knowing only: Even as the ſadler's next end is to make a good ſaddle, but his farther end, to ſerve a nobler faculty, which is horſemanſhip; ſo the horſe-

man's to ſoldiery; and the ſoldier not only to have the ſkill, but to perform the practice of a ſoldier. So that the ending end of all earthly learning, being virtuous action, thoſe ſkills that moſt ſerve to bring forth that, have a moſt juſt title to be princes over all the reſt; wherein, if we can ſhew it rightly, the poet is worthy to have it before any other competitors: Among whom principally to challenge it, ſtep forth the moral *Philoſophers*, whom, methinks, I ſee coming towards me with a ſullen gravity, as though they could not abide vice by day light, rudely cloathed, for to witneſs outwardly their contempt of outward things, with books in their hands againſt glory, whereto they ſet their names; ſophiſtically ſpeaking againſt ſubtlety, and angry with any man in whom they ſee the foul fault of anger. Theſe men caſting largeſſes as they go, of definitions, diviſions, and diſtinctions, with a ſcornful interrogative, do ſoberly aſk, Whether it be poſſible to find any path ſo ready to lead a man to virtue, as that which teacheth what virtue is; and teacheth it not only by delivering forth his very being, his cauſes and effects, but alſo by making known his enemy vice, which muſt be deſtroyed, and his cumberſome ſervant paſſion, which muſt be maſtered, by ſhewing the generalities that contain it, and by the ſpecialities that are derived from it: laſtly, by plain ſetting down how it extends itſelf, out of the limits of a man's own little world, to the government of families, and maintaining of publick ſocieties? The *Hiſtorian* ſcarce gives leiſure to the *Moraliſt* to ſay ſo much, but that he, (loaden with old mouſe-eaten records, authoriſing himſelf, for the moſt part, upon other hiſtories, whoſe greateſt authorities are built upon the notable foundation *hearſay*, having much ado to accord differing writers, and to pick truth out of partiality; better acquainted with a thouſand years ago, than with the preſent age, and yet better knowing how this world goes, than how his own wit runs; curious for antiquities, and inquiſitive of novelties, a wonder to young folks, and a tyrant in table-talk) denieth, in a great chafe, that any man for teaching of virtue and virtuous actions, is comparable to him. I am *Teſtis temporum*,

temporum, lux veritatis, vita memoriæ, magiſtra vitæ, nuncia vetuſtatis. The *philoſopher*, ſaith he, teacheth a diſputative virtue, but I do an active; his virtue is excellent in the dangerleſs *academy* of *Plato*, but mine ſheweth forth her honourable face in the battels of *Marathon*, *Pharſalia*, *Poictiers*, and *Agincourt:* He teacheth virtue by certain abſtract conſiderations; but I only bid you follow the footing of them that have gone before you: Old-aged experience goeth beyond the fine-witted *philoſopher*; but I give the experience of many ages: Laſtly, if he make the ſong-book, I put the learner's hand to the lute; and if he be the guide, I am the light. Then would he alledge you innumerable examples, confirming ſtory by ſtories, how much the wiſeſt ſenators and princes have been directed by the credit of hiſtory, as *Brutus*, *Alphonſus* of *Arragon*, (and who not? if need be.) At length, the long line of their diſputation makes a point in this, that the one giveth the precept, and the other the example. Now whom ſhall we find, ſince the queſtion ſtandeth for the higheſt form in the ſchool of learning, to be mediator? Truly, as me ſeemeth, the poet; and if not a moderator, even the man that ought to carry the title from them both, and much more from all other ſerving ſciences. Therefore compare we the *Poet* with the *Hiſtorian*, and with the moral *Philoſopher*; and if he go beyond them both, no other human ſkill can match him: For as for the *Divine*, with all reverence, he is ever to be excepted, not only for having his ſcope as far beyond any of theſe, as eternity exceedeth a moment, but even for paſſing each of theſe in themſelves: And for the *Lawyer*, though *Jus* be the daughter of *Juſtice*, the chief of virtues, yet becauſe he ſeeks to make men good rather *formidine pœnæ*, than *virtutis amore*, or, to ſay right, doth not endeavour to make men good, but that their evil hurt not others, having no care ſo he be a good citizen, how bad a man he be: Therefore, as our wickedneſs maketh him neceſſary, and neceſſity maketh him honourable, ſo is he not in the deepeſt truth to ſtand in rank with theſe, who all endeavour to take

take naughtiness away, and plant goodness even in the secretest cabinet of our souls: and these four, are all that any way deal in the consideration of mens manners, which being the supreme knowledge, they that best breed it, deserve the best commendation. The *Philosopher* therefore, and the *Historian*, are they which would win the goal, the one by precept, the other by example; but both, not having both, do both halt. For the *Philosopher* sitting down with the thorny arguments, the bare rule is so hard of utterance, and so misty to be conceived, that one that hath no other guide but him, shall wade in him until he be old, before he shall find sufficient cause to be honest. For his knowledge standeth so upon the abstract and general, that happy is that man who may understand him, and more happy, that can apply what he doth understand. On the other side, the *Historian*, wanting the precept, is so tied, not to what should be, but to what is; to the particular truth of things, and not to the general reason of things; that his example draweth no necessary consequence, and therefore a less fruitful doctrine. Now doth the peerless poet perform both; for whatsoever the philosopher saith should be done, he gives a perfect picture of it, by some one by whom he pre-supposeth it was done, so as he coupleth the general notion with the particular example. A perfect picture (I say) for he yieldeth to the powers of the mind an image of that whereof the philosopher bestoweth but a wordish description, which doth neither strike, pierce, nor possess the sight of the soul, so much as that other doth. For as, in outward things, to a man that had never seen an *elephant*, or a *rhinoceros*, who should tell him most exquisitely, all their shape, colour, bigness, and particular marks; or of a gorgeous palace, an *architect*, who declaring the full beauties, might well make the hearer able to repeat, as it were, by rote, all he heard, yet should never satisfy his inward conceit, with being witness to itself of a true living knowledge: But the same man, as soon as he might see those beasts well painted, or that house well in model, should straitways

ſtraitways grow, without need of any deſcription, to a judicial comprehending of them: So, no doubt, the *Philoſopher*, with his learned definitions, be it of virtues or vices, matters of publick policy or private government, repleniſheth the memory with many infallible grounds of wiſdom, which, notwithſtanding, lie dark before the imaginative and judging power, if they be not illuminated or figured forth by the ſpeaking picture of *Poeſy*. *Tully* taketh much pains, and many times not without poetical helps, to make us know what force the love of our country hath in us. Let us but hear old *Anchiſes*, ſpeaking in the midſt of *Troy*'s flames, or ſee *Ulyſſes*, in the fulneſs of all *Calypſo*'s delights, bewail his abſence from barren and beggarly *Ithaca*: Anger, the *Stoicks* ſaid, was a ſhort madneſs; let but *Sophocles* bring you *Ajax* on a ſtage, killing or whipping ſheep and oxen, thinking them the army of *Greeks*, with their chieftains *Agamemnon* and *Menelaus*: and tell me, if you have not a more familiar inſight into anger, than finding in the ſchoolmen his *genus* and *difference*? See whether wiſdom and temperance in *Ulyſſes* and *Diomedes*, valour in *Achilles*, friendſhip in *Niſus* and *Euryalus*, even to an ignorant man, carry not an apparent ſhining; and, contrarily, the remorſe of conſcience in *Oedipus*; the ſoon repenting pride in *Agamemnon*; the ſelf-devouring cruelty in his father *Atreus*; the violence of ambition in the two *Theban* brothers; the ſowre ſweetneſs of revenge in *Medea*; and, to fall lower the *Terentian Gnatho*, and our *Chaucer*'s *Pander*, ſo expreſſed, that we now uſe their names, to ſignify their trades: And, finally, all virtues, vices, and paſſions, ſo in their own natural ſtates, laid to the view, that we ſeem not to hear of them, but clearly to ſee through them? But even in the moſt excellent determination of goodneſs, what *Philoſopher*'s counſel can ſo readily direct a prince, as the feigned *Cyrus* in *Xenophon*? Or a virtuous man in all fortunes, as *Æneas* in *Virgil*? Or a whole common-wealth, as the way of Sir *Thomas Moore*'s *Utopia*? I ſay, The way, becauſe where Sir *Thomas Moore* erred, it was the fault of the man, and not of the poet: for that way of patterning a common-wealth, was moſt abſolute,

abſolute, though he, perchance hath not ſo abſolutely performed it. For the queſtion is, whether the feigned image of poetry, or the regular inſtruction of philoſophy, hath the more force in teaching. Wherein, if the *Philoſophers* have more rightly ſhewed themſelves *Philoſophers*, than the *Poets* have attained to the high top of their profeſſion (as in truth,

——*Mediocribus eſſe poetis*
Non Dii, non homines, non conceſſere columnæ.) *

It is, I ſay again, not the fault of the art, but that by few men that art can be accompliſhed. Certainly, even our Saviour *Chriſt*, could as well have given the moral common places of uncharitableneſs and humbleneſs, as the divine narration of *Dives* and *Lazarus*, or of diſobedience and mercy, as the heavenly diſcourſe of the loſt child and the gracious father; but that his thorough-ſearching wiſdom knew the eſtate of *Dives* burning in hell, and of *Lazarus* in *Abraham*'s boſom, would more conſtantly, as it were, inhabit both the memory and judgment. Truly, for myſelf (me ſeems) I ſee before mine eyes, the loſt child's diſdainful prodigality turned to envy a ſwine's dinner: which, by the learned *Divines*, are thought not hiſtorical acts, but inſtructing parables.

For concluſion, I ſay, The *Philoſopher* teacheth, but he teacheth obſcurely, ſo as the learned only, can underſtand him; that is to ſay, he teacheth them that are already taught. But the poet is the food for the tender ſtomachs; the poet is, indeed, the right popular *Philoſopher*. Whereof *Æſop*'s tales give good proof, whoſe pretty allegories, ſtealing under the formal tales of beaſts, make many more beaſtly than beaſts, begin to hear the ſound of virtue from thoſe dumb ſpeakers.

But now may it be alledged, that if this managing of matters be ſo fit for the imagination, then muſt the *Hiſtorian*

* Horatius.

storian needs surpass, who brings you images of true matters, such as, indeed, were done, and not such as fantastically or falsely may be suggested to have been done. Truly, *Aristotle* himself, in his discourse of *Poesy*, plainly determineth this question, saying, That *Poetry* is φιλοσοφότερόν & σπουδαιότερον, that is to say, it is more philosophical, and more ingenious than history. His reason is, Because *Poesy* dealeth with καθόλου, that is to say, with the universal consideration, and the history with καθ' ἕκαστον, the particular. Now, saith he, the universal ways, what is fit to be said or done, either in likelihood or necessity, which the poesy considereth in his imposed names: and the particular only maketh, whether *Alcibiades* did or suffered this or that: thus far *Aristotle*. Which reason of his, as all his, is most full of reason. For, indeed, if the question were, whether it were better to have a particular act truly, or falsely set down? there is no doubt which is to be chosen, no more than whether you had rather have *Vespasian*'s picture right as he was, or, at the painter's pleasure, nothing resembling? But if the question be, for your own use and learning, whether it be better to have it set down as it should be, or as it was? then, certainly, is more doctrinable the feigned *Cyrus* in *Xenophon*, than the true *Cyrus* in *Justin*; and the feigned *Æneas* in *Virgil*, than the right *Æneas* in *Dares Phrygius*: As to a lady that desired to fashion her countenance to the best grace, a painter should more benefit her to portrait a most sweet face, writing *Canidia* upon it, than to paint *Canidia* as she was, who, *Horace* sweareth was full ill-favoured. If the *Poet* do his part aright, he will shew you in *Tantalus*, *Atreus*, and such like, nothing that is not to be shunned; in *Cyrus*, *Æneas*, *Ulysses*, each thing to be followed: where the *Historian*, bound to tell things, as things were, cannot be liberal, without he will be poetical of a perfect pattern; but, as in *Alexander*, or *Scipio* himself, shew doings, some to be liked, some to be misliked; and then how will you discern what to follow, but by your own discretion, which you had without reading *Q. Curtius?* And whereas, a man may say, though in universal consideration of doctrine, the *Poet* prevaileth

prevaileth, yet that the history, in his saying such a thing was done, doth warrant a man more in that he shall follow. The answer is manifest, that if he stand upon that *was*, as if he should argue, because it rained yesterday, therefore it should rain to day, then, indeed, hath it some advantage to a gross conceit. But if he know an example only informs a conjectured likelihood, and so go by reason, the *Poet* doth so far exceed him, as he is to frame his example to that which is most reasonable, be it in warlike, politick, or private matters, where the *Historian* in his bare, *was*, hath, many times, that which we call fortune, to over-rule the best wisdom. Many times he must tell events, whereof he can yield no cause, or if he do, it must be poetically. For, that a feigned example hath as much force to teach, as a true example, for as for to move, it is clear, since the feigned may be tuned to the highest key of passion: let us take one example wherein an *Historian* and a *Poet* did concur. *Herodotus* and *Justin*, do both testify, That *Zopyrus*, King *Darius*'s faithful servant, seeing his master long resisted by the rebellious *Babylonians*, feigned himself in extreme disgrace of his king; for verifying of which, he caused his own nose and ears to be cut off, and so flying to the *Babylonians*, was received, and, for his known valour, so far credited, that he did find means to deliver them over to *Darius*. Much-like matters doth *Livy* record of *Tarquinius* and his son. *Xenophon* excellently feigned such another stratagem, performed by *Abradatus* in *Cyrus*'s behalf. Now would I fain know, if occasion be presented unto you, to serve your prince by such an honest dissimulation, why you do not as well learn it of *Xenophon*'s fictions, as of the other's verity? and, truly, so much the better, as you shall save your nose by the bargain; for *Abradatus* did not counterfeit so far. So, then, the best of the *Historians* is subject to the *Poet*; for, whatsoever action or faction, whatsoever counsel, policy, or war-stratagem, the *Historian* is bound to recite, that may the *Poet*, if he list, with his imitation, make his own, beautifying it both for farther teaching, and more delighting, as it please him, having all, from *Dante*'s heaven to his hell, under

der the authority of his pen. Which, if I be aſked, what *Poets* have done ſo? as I might well name ſome, ſo yet, ſay I, and ſay again, I ſpeak of the art, and not of the artificer. Now, to that which commonly is attributed to the praiſe of hiſtory, in reſpect of the notable learning which is got by marking the ſucceſs, as tho' therein a man ſhould ſee virtue exalted, and vice puniſhed: truly, that commendation is peculiar to poetry, and far off from hiſtory; for, indeed, poetry ever ſets virtue ſo out in her beſt colours, making fortune her well waiting hand-maid, that one muſt needs be enamoured of her. Well may you ſee *Ulyſſes* in a ſtorm, and in other hard plights; but they are but exerciſes of patience and magnanimity, to make them ſhine the more in the near following proſperity: And, of the contrary part, if evil men come to the ſtage, they ever go out (as the tragedy-writer anſwered to one that miſliked the ſhew of ſuch perſons) ſo manacled, as they little animate folks to follow them: But the hiſtory being captivated to the truth of a fooliſh world, is many times a terror from well-doing, and an encouragement to unbridled wickedneſs. For ſee we not valiant *Miltiades* rot in his fetters? The juſt *Phocion*, and the accompliſhed *Socrates*, put to death like traitors? The cruel *Severus* live proſperouſly? The excellent *Severus* miſerably murthered? *Sylla* and *Marius* dying in their beds? *Pompey* and *Cicero* ſlain then when they would have thought exile an happineſs? See we not virtuous *Cato* driven to kill himſelf, and rebel *Cæſar* ſo advanced, that his name yet, after ſixteen hundred years, laſteth in the higheſt honour? And mark but even *Cæſar*'s own words of the fore-named *Sylla* (who, in that, only, did honeſtly to put down his diſhoneſt tyranny) *Literas neſcivit*: as if want of learning cauſed him to do well. He meant it not by poetry, which, not content with earthly plagues, deviſeth new puniſhments in hell for tyrants: nor yet by philoſophy, which teacheth *Occidentes eſſe*, but, no doubt, by ſkill in hiſtory; for that indeed, can afford you *Cypſelus*, *Periander*, *Phalaris*, *Dionyſius*, and I know not how many more of the ſame kennel,

kennel, that speed well enough in their abominable injustice of usurpation.

I conclude, therefore, that he excelleth history, not only in furnishing the mind with knowledge, but in setting it forward to that which deserves to be called and accounted good: which setting forward, and moving to well-doing, indeed, setteth the lawrel crown upon the *Poets* as victorious, not only of the *Historian*, but over the *Philosopher*, howsoever, in teaching, it may be questionable. For suppose it be granted, that which I suppose, with great reason, may be denied, that the *Philosopher*, in respect of his methodical proceeding, teach more perfectly than the *Poet*, yet do I think, that no man is so much φιλοφιλόσοφος, as to compare the *Philosopher* in moving with the *Poet*. And, that moving is of a higher degree than teaching, it may by this appear, that it is well-nigh both the cause and effect of teaching; for who will be taught, if he be not moved with desire to be taught? and what so much good doth that teaching bring forth (I speak still of moral doctrine) as that it moveth one to do that which it doth teach. For, as *Aristotle* saith, it is not γνῶσις; but πρᾶξις must be the fruit: and how πρᾶξις can be, without being moved to practise, it is no hard matter to consider. The *Philosopher* sheweth you the way, he informeth you of the particularities, as well of the tediousness of the way, and of the pleasant lodging you shall have when your journey is ended, as of the many bye-turnings that may divert you from your way; but this is to no man, but to him that will read him, and read him with attentive studious painfulness; which constant desire whosoever, hath in him, hath already past half the hardness of the way, and therefore is beholden to the *Philosopher* but for the other half. Nay, truly, learned men have learnedly thought, that where once reason hath so much over-mastered passion, as that the mind hath a free desire to do well, the inward-light each mind hath in itself, is as good as a *Philosopher*'s book, since in nature we know it is well to do well, and what is well and what is evil, although, not in the words of art which *Philosophers* bestow upon us; for out of natural

tural conceit the *Philoſophers* drew it: but to be moved to do that which we know, or to be moved with deſire to know, *hoc opus, hic labor eſt.*

Now, therein, of all ſciences, I ſpeak ſtill of human, and, according to the human conceit, is our *poet* the *monarch*. For he doth not only ſhew the way, but giveth ſo ſweet a proſpect into the way, as will intice any man to enter into it: nay, he doth, as if your journey ſhould lie through a fair vineyard, at the very firſt, give you a cluſter of grapes, that, full of that taſte, you may long to paſs farther. He beginneth not with obſcure definitions, which muſt blur the margent with interpretations, and load the memory with doubtfulneſs; but he cometh to you with words ſet in delightful proportion, either accompanied with, or prepared for the well-inchanting skill of *muſick*, and with a tale, forſooth, he cometh unto you with a tale, which holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney-corner; and, pretending no more, doth intend the winning of the mind from wickedneſs to virtue; even as the child is often brought to take moſt wholeſome things by hiding them in ſuch other as have a pleaſant taſte: which, if one ſhould begin to tell them the nature of the *Aloes* or *Rhubarbarum* they ſhould receive, would ſooner take their phyſick at their ears than at their mouth; ſo it is in men (moſt of which are childiſh in the beſt things, 'till they be cradled in their graves) glad they will be to hear the tales of *Hercules*, *Achilles*, *Cyrus*, *Æneas*, and hearing them, muſt needs hear the right deſcription of wiſdom, valour and juſtice; which, if they had been barely (that is to ſay, philoſophically) ſet out, they would ſwear they be brought to ſchool again. That imitation whereof *poetry* is, hath the moſt conveniency to nature of all other: inſomuch that, as *Ariſtotle* ſaith, thoſe things which in themſelves are horrible, as cruel battles, unnatural monſters, are made, in poetical imitation, delightful. Truly, I have known men, that even with reading *Amadis de Gaul*, which, God knoweth, wanteth much of a perfect *Poeſy*, hath found their hearts moved to the exerciſe of courteſy, liberality, and eſpecially courage. Who readeth

readeth *Æneas* carrying old *Anchises* on his back, that wisheth not, it were his fortune to perform so excellent an act? whom doth not those words of *Turnus* move (the tale of *Turnus* having planted his image in the imagination)

——— *Fugientem hæc terra videbit?*
Usque adeone mori miserum est? *

Where the *Philosophers* (as they think) scorn to delight, so much they be content little to move, saving wrangling whether *Virtues* be the chief or the only good; whether the contemplative or the active life do excel: which *Plato* and *Boetius* well knew; and therefore made mistress *Philosophy* very often borrow the masking raiment of *Poesy*. For even those hard hearted evil men, who think virtue a school-name, and know no other good but *indulgere genio*, and therefore despise the austere admonitions of the *Philosopher*, and feel not the inward reason they stand upon, yet will be content to be delighted, which is all the good-fellow *Poet* seems to promise; and so steal to see the form of goodness, which seen, they cannot but love e'er themselves be aware, as if they took a medicine of cherries.

Infinite proofs of the strange effects of this poetical invention might be alledged; only two will serve which, are so often remembred, as, I think, all men know them. The one of *Menemus Agrippa*, who, when the whole people of *Rome* had resolutely divided themselves from the *Senate*, with apparent shew of utter ruin, though he were, for that time, an excellent orator, came not among them upon trust, either of figurative speeches, or cunning insinuations, and much less with far-fetched *maxims* of *Philosophy*, which, especially if they were *Platonick*, they must have learned *Geometry* before they could have conceived: but, forsooth, he behaveth himself like a homely and familiar *Poet*. He telleth

* Virgilius.

telleth them a tale, that there was a time, when all the parts of the body made a mutinous conspiracy against the belly, which they thought devoured the fruits of each other's labour: they concluded, they would let so unprofitable a spender starve. In the end, to be short, (for the tale is notorious, and as notorious that it was a tale) with punishing the belly, they plagued themselves. This, applied by him, wrought such effect in the people, as I never read that only words brought forth; but then, so sudden, and so good an alteration, for upon reasonable conditions, a perfect reconcilement ensued. The other is of *Nathan* the prophet, who, when the holy *David* had so far forsaken God, as to confirm adultery with murder, when he was to do the tendereſt office of a friend, in laying his own shame before his eyes, being sent by God to call again so chosen a servant, how doth he it? but by telling of a man whose beloved lamb was ungratefully taken from his bosom. The application most divinely true, but the discourse itself feigned; which made *David* (I speak of the second and instrumental cause) as in a glass see his own filthiness, as that heavenly psalm of mercy well testifieth. *

By these, therefore, examples and reasons, I think it may be manifest, that the *Poet*, with that same hand of delight, doth draw the mind more effectually than any other art doth. And so a conclusion, not unfitly, ensues, that as virtue is the most excellent resting-place for all worldly learning to make his end of, so *Poetry*, being the most familiar to teach it, and most princely to move towards it, in the most excellent work, is the most excellent workman. But I am content, not only to decypher him by his works (although works in commendation and dispraise, must ever hold a high authority) but more narrowly will examine his parts; so that (as in a man) though all together may carry a presence full of majesty and beauty, perchance, in some one defectuous piece we may find blemish.

Now

* Psal. li.

Now in his parts, kinds, or ſpecies, as you liſt to term them, it is to be noted, that ſome *Poeſies* have coupled together two or three kinds, as the *Tragical* and *Comical*, whereupon is riſen, the *Tragi-Comical*; ſome, in the manner, have mingled proſe and verſe, as *Sannazara* and *Boetius*; ſome have mingled matters *heroical* and *paſtoral*, but that cometh all to one in this queſtion; for if ſevered they be good, the conjunction cannot be hurtful: therefore, perchance, forgetting ſome, and leaving ſome as needleſs to be remembred, it ſhall not be amiſs, in a word, to cite the ſpecial kinds, to ſee what faults may be found in the right uſe of them.

Is it then the *paſtoral Poem* which is miſliked? (for, perchance, where the hedge is loweſt, they will ſooneſt leap over) is the poor pipe diſdained, which ſometimes, out of *Mælibeus*'s mouth, can ſhew the miſery of people under hard lords and ravening ſoldiers? and again, by *Tyterus*, what bleſſedneſs is derived to them that lie loweſt, from the goodneſs of them that ſit higheſt? ſometimes under the pretty tales of wolves and ſheep, can include the whole conſiderations of wrong doing, and patience; ſometimes ſhew, that contentions for trifles, can get but a trifling victory; where, perchance, a man may ſee, that even *Alexander* and *Darius*, when they ſtrove who ſhould be cock of this world's dunghil, the benefit they got, was, that the after livers may ſay,

Hæc memini & victum frustra contendere Thyrſim;
Ex illo Corydon, Corydon eſt tempore nobis. *

Or is it the lamenting *Elegiack*, which in a kind heart, would move rather pity than blame, who bewaileth, with the great Philoſopher *Heraclitus*, the weakneſs of mankind, and the wretchedneſs of the world; who, ſurely, is to be praiſed, either for compaſſionately accompanying juſt cauſes of lamentations, or for rightly painting out how weak be the paſſions of wofulneſs? Is

* Virgilius.

Is it the bitter, but wholesome, *Iambick*, who rubs the galled mind, in making shame the trumpet of villainy, with bold and open crying out against naughtiness?

Or the *Satirick*, who,

Omne vafer vitium ridenti tangit Amico,

Who sportingly never leaveth, until he make a man laugh at folly, and at length, ashamed to laugh at himself; which he cannot avoid, without avoiding the folly? who, while *Circum præcordia ludit*, giveth us to feel how many head-aches a passionate life bringeth to? who, when all is done,

Est ulubris animus, si nos non deficit æquus?

No, perchance, it is the *Comick*, whom naughty play-makers and stage-keepers, have justly made odious. To the arguments of abuse, I will after answer, only thus much now is to be said, that the *Comedy* is an imitation of the common errors of our life, which he representeth in the most ridiculous and scornful sort that may be; so as it is impossible that any beholder can be content to be such a one. Now, as in *Geometry*, the oblique must be known as well as the right, and in *Arithmetick*, the odd as well as the even; so in the actions of our life, who seeth not the filthiness of evil, wanteth a great foil to perceive the beauty of virtue. This doth the *Comedy* handle so in our private and domestical matters, as, with hearing it, we get, as it were, an experience of what is to be looked for of a niggardly *Demea*, of a crafty *Davus*, of a flattering *Gnatho*, of a vain-glorious *Thraso*: and not only to know what effects are to be expected, but to know who be such, by the signifying badge given them by the *Comedian*. And little reason hath any man to say, that men learn the evil by seeing it so set out, since, as I said before, there is no man living, but by the force truth hath in nature, no sooner seeth these men play their parts, but wisheth them

them in *Pistrinum*, although, perchance, the sack of his own faults lie so behind his back, that he seeth not himself to dance the same measure: whereto, yet nothing can more open his eyes, than to see his own actions contemptibly set forth. So that the right use of *Comedy*, will, I think, by no body be blamed.

And much less of the high and excellent *Tragedy*, that opened the greatest wounds, and sheweth forth the *Ulcers* that are covered with *Tissue*; that maketh kings fear to be tyrants, and tyrants manifest their tyrannical humours; that with stirring the affections of *admiration* and *commiseration*, teacheth the uncertainty of this world, and upon how weak foundations gilded roofs are builded: that maketh us know, *Qui sceptra sævus duro imperio regit, Timet timentes, metus in authorem redit.* But how much it can move, *Plutarch* yieldeth a notable testimony of the abominable tyrant *Alexander Pheræus*, from whose eyes a *Tragedy*, well made and represented, drew abundance of tears, who, without all pity, had murdered infinite numbers, and some of his own blood; so as he that was not ashamed to make matters for *Tragedies*, yet could not resist the sweet violence of a *Tragedy*. And if it wrought no farther good in him, it was, that he, in despight of himself, withdrew himself from hearkening to that which might mollify his hardened heart. But it is not the *Tragedy* they do mislike, for it were too absurd to cast out so excellent a representation of whatsoever is most worthy to be learned.

Is it the *Lyrick* that most displeaseth, who with his tuned *Lyre*, and well accorded voice, giveth praise, the reward of virtue, to virtuous acts? who giveth moral precepts and natural problems? who sometimes raiseth up his voice to the height of the heavens, in singing the lauds of the immortal God? certainly, I must confess mine own barbarousness, I never heard the old * song of *Piercy* and *Douglas*, that I found not my heart

* The Ballad of *Chevy-chace*.

heart moved more than with a trumpet; and yet is sung but by some blind crowder, with no rougher voice, than rude stile: which being so evil apparelled in the dust and cobweb of that uncivil age, what would it work trimmed in the gorgeous eloquence of *Pindar*? in *Hungary*, I have seen it the manner of all feasts, and other such-like meetings, to have songs of their ancestors valour, which that right soldier-like nation, think one of the chiefest kindlers of brave courage. The incomparable *Lacedæmonians* did not only carry that kind of *musick* ever with them to the field, but even at home, as such songs were made, so were they all content to be singers of them: when the lusty men were to tell what they did, the old men, what they had done, and the young, what they would do. And where a man may say, that *Pindar*, many times, praiseth highly victories of small moment, rather matters of sport than virtue; as it may be answered, it was the fault of the *Poet*, and not of the *Poetry*, so, indeed, the chief fault was in the time and custom of the *Greeks*, who set those toys at so high a price, that *Philip* of *Macedon* reckoned a horse-race won at *Olympus*, among his three fearful felicities. But as the inimitable *Pindar* often did, so is that kind most capable, and most fit, to awake the thoughts from the sleep of idleness, to embrace honourable enterprizes.

There rests the *Heroical*, whose very name, I think, should daunt all back-biters. For by what conceit can a tongue be directed to speak evil of that which draweth with him no less champions than *Achilles*, *Cyrus*, *Æneas*, *Turnus*, *Tydeus*, *Rinaldo*? who doth not only teach and move a truth, but teacheth and moveth to the most high and excellent truth? who maketh magnanimity and justice shine through all misty fearfulness and foggy desires? who, if the saying of *Plato* and *Tully* be true, that who could see virtue, would be wonderfully ravished with the love of her beauty. This man setteth her out, to make her more lovely, in her holiday apparel, to the eye of any that will deign not to disdain until they understand. But if any thing be already said in the defence of sweet *Poetry*, all con-

curreth to the maintaining the *Heroical*, which is not only a kind, but the best and most accomplished kind of *Poetry*. For, as the image of each action stirreth and instructeth the mind, so the lofty image of such worthies, most inflameth the mind with desire to be worthy, and informs with counsel how to be worthy. Only let *Æneas* be worn in the tablet of your memory, how he governeth himself in the ruin of his country, in the preserving his old father, and carrying away his religious ceremonies; in obeying God's commandments, to leave *Dido*, though not only all passionate kindness, but even the human consideration of virtuous gratefulness, would have craved other of him: how in storms, how in sports, how in war, how in peace, how a fugitive, how victorious, how besieged, how besieging, how to strangers, how to allies, how to enemies, how to his own; lastly, how in his inward self, and how in his outward government; and, I think, in a mind most prejudiced with a prejudicating humour, he will be found in excellency fruitful. Yea, as *Horace* saith, *Melius, Chrysippo, & Crantore*: but, truly, I imagine it falleth out with these poet-whippers, as with some good women, who often are sick, but in faith, they cannot tell where. So the name of *Poetry* is odious to them, but neither his cause nor effects, neither the sum that contains him, nor the particularities descending from him, give any fast handle to their carping dispraise.

Since, then, *Poetry* is of all human learning the most antient, and of most fatherly antiquity, as from whence other learnings have taken their beginnings; since it is so universal, that no learned nation doth despise it, nor barbarous nation is without it: since both *Roman* and *Greek* gave such divine names unto it, the one of *prophesying*, the other of *making*, and that, indeed, that name of *making* is fit for him, considering, that where all other arts retain themselves within their subject, and receive, as it were, their being from it, the *Poet* only, only bringeth his own stuff, and doth not learn a conceit out of the matter, but maketh matter for a conceit. Since neither his description, nor end, containeth any evil, the thing described cannot be evil; since his effects be

be so good as to teach goodness, and delight the learners of it; since therein (namely in moral doctrine, the chief of all knowledges) he doth not only far pass the *Historian*, but, for instructing, is well nigh comparable to the *Philosopher*; for moving, leaveth him behind him. Since the holy scripture (wherein there is no uncleanness) hath whole parts in it poetical, and that even our Saviour Christ vouchsafed to use the flowers of it: since all his kindnesses are not only in their united forms, but in their severed dissections fully commendable, I think (and think I think rightly) the laurel crown appointed for triumphant captains doth worthily, of all other learnings, honour the *Poet*'s triumph.

But because we have ears as well as tongues, and that the lightest reasons that may be, will seem to weigh greatly, if nothing be put in the counter-ballance, let us hear, and, as well as we can, ponder what objections be made against this art, which may be worthy either of yielding or answering. First, truly, I note, not only in these μυσομούσοι poet-haters, but in all that kind of people who seek a praise by dispraising others, that they do prodigally spend a great many wandering words in quips and scoffs, carping and taunting at each thing, which, by stirring the spleen, may stay the brain from a thorough beholding the worthiness of the subject. Those kind of objections, as they are full of a very idle easiness, since there is nothing of so sacred a majesty, but that an itching tongue may rub itself upon it, so deserve they no other answer, but, instead of laughing at the jest, to laugh at the jester. We know a playing wit can praise the discretion of an ass, the comfortableness of being in debt, and the jolly commodities of being sick of the plague: so, of the contrary side, if we will turn *Ovid*'s verse,

Ut lateat virtus proximitate mali.

That good lies hid in nearness of the evil, *Agrippa* will be as merry in the shewing the vanity of science, as *Erasmus* was in the commending of folly: neither shall any man or matter escape some touch of these smiling railers. But for *Erasmus* and *Agrippa*, they had ano-

ther foundation than the superficial part would promise. Marry, these other pleasant fault-finders, who will correct the *Verb* before they understand the *Noun*, and confute others knowledge, before they confirm their own, I would have them only remember, that scoffing cometh not of wisdom; so as the best title in true *English* they get with their merriments, is to be called *good fools*; for so have our grave fore-fathers ever termed that humourous kind of jesture. But that which giveth greatest scope to their scorning humour, is rhyming and versing. It is already said (and, as I think, truly said) it is not rhyming and versing that maketh *Poesy*: one may be a *Poet* without versing, and a versifier without *Poetry*. But yet, presuppose it were inseparable, as indeed, it seemeth *Scaliger* judgeth truly, it were an inseparable commendation: For if *Oration* next to *Ratio*, speech next to reason, to be the greatest gift bestowed upon *mortality*, that cannot be praiseless, which doth most polish that blessing of speech; which considereth each word, not only, as a man may say, by his forcible quality, but by his best measured quantity; carrying even in themselves a *harmony*, without perchance, number, measure, order, proportion, be in our time grown odious. But lay aside the just praise it hath, by being the only fit speech for *musick* (*musick*, I say, the most divine striker of the senses;) thus much is undoubtedly true, that if reading be foolish without remembring, memory being the only treasure of knowledge, those words which are fittest for memory, are likewise most convenient for knowledge. Now, that verse far exceedeth prose, in the knitting up of the memory, the reason is manifest, the words (besides their delight, which hath a great affinity to memory) being so set, as one cannot be lost, but the whole work fails: which accusing itself, calleth the remembrance back to itself, and so most strongly confirmeth it. Besides, one word so, as it were, begetteth another, as be it in rhyme or measured verse, by the former a man shall have a near guess to the follower. Lastly, even they that have taught the art of memory, have shewed nothing so apt for it, as a certain room divided into many places, well

well and thoroughly known: Now that hath the verſe in effect perfectly, every word having his natural ſeat, which ſeat muſt needs make the word remembred. But what needs more in a thing ſo known to all men? who is it, that ever was a ſcholar, that doth not carry away ſome verſes of *Virgil*, *Horace*, or *Cato*, which in his youth he learned, and even to his old age ſerve him for hourly leſſons? as,

Percontatorem fugito nam garrulus idem eſt;
Dum tibi quiſque placet credula turba ſumas.

But the fitneſs it hath for memory, is notably proved by all delivery of arts, wherein, for the moſt part, from *Grammar* to *Logick*, *Mathematicks*, *Phyſick*, and the reſt, the rules chiefly neceſſary to be borne away, are compiled in verſes. So that verſe being in itſelf ſweet and orderly, and being beſt for memory, the only handle of knowledge, it muſt be in jeſt that any man can ſpeak againſt it.

Now, then, go we to the moſt important imputations laid to the poor *Poets*; for aught I can yet learn, they are theſe.

Firſt, That there being many other more fruitful knowledges, a man might better ſpend his time in them, than in this.

Secondly, That it is the mother of lyes.

Thirdly, That it is the nurſe of abuſe, infecting us with many peſtilent deſires, with a *Syren* ſweetneſs, drawing the mind to the ſerpent's tale of ſinful fancies; and herein, eſpecially, *Comedies* give the largeſt field to ear, as *Chaucer* ſaith, how both in other nations, and ours, before *Poets* did ſoften us, we were full of courage, given to martial exerciſes, the pillars of manlike liberty, and not lulled aſleep in ſhady idleneſs with *Poets* paſtimes.

And, *Lastly*, and chiefly, they cry out, with open mouth, as if they had over-shot *Robin Hood*, that *Plato* banished them out of his common-wealth. Truly, this is much, if there be much truth in it.

First, To the first, that a man might better spend his time, is a reason indeed: but it doth, as they say, but *petere principium*. For if it be, as I affirm, that no learning is so good, as that which teacheth and moveth to virtue, and that none can both teach and move thereto so much as *Poesy*, then is the conclusion manifest, that ink and paper cannot be to a more profitable purpose employed. And certainly, though a man should grant their first assumption, it should follow (methinks) very unwillingly, that good is not good, because better is better. But I still and utterly deny, that there is sprung out of earth a more fruitful knowledge.

To the *Second*, therefore that they should be the principal lyars, I answer *Paradoxically*, but truly, I think truly, that of all writers under the sun, the *Poet* is the least lyar, and though he would, as a *Poet*, can scarcely be a lyar. The *Astronomer*, with his cousin the *Geometrician*, can hardly escape when they take upon them to measure the height of the stars. How often, think you, do the *Physicians* lye, when they aver things good for sicknesses, which afterwards send *Charon* a great number of souls drowned in a potion before they come to his ferry? and no less of the rest which take upon them to affirm: now for the *Poet*, he nothing affirmeth, and therefore never lyeth; for, as I take it, to lye, is to affirm that to be true which is false: so as the other *Artists*, and especially the *Historian*, affirming many things, can, in the cloudy knowledge of mankind, hardly escape from many lyes: but the *Poet*, as I said before, never affirmeth, the *Poet* never maketh any circles about our imagination, to conjure you to believe for true what he writeth: he citeth not authorities of other histories, but even for his entry, calleth the sweet *Muses* to inspire into him a good invention: In troth, not labouring to tell you what is, or is not, but what should, or should not be. And therefore though he recount things not true, yet because he telleth them not

not for true, he lyeth not, unleſs we will ſay, that *Nathan* lyed in his ſpeech, before alledged, to *David*; which, as a wicked man durſt ſcarce ſay, ſo think I, none ſo ſimple would ſay, that *Æſop* lyeth in the tales of his beaſts; for who thinketh that *Æſop* wrote it for actually true, were well worthy to have his name chronicled among the beaſts he writeth of. What child is there, that coming to a play, and ſeeing *THEBES* written in great letters upon an old door, doth believe that it is *Thebes*? if then a man can arrive to the child's age, to know that the *Poets* perſons and doings, are but pictures what ſhould be, and not ſtories what have been, they will never give the lye to things not affirmatively, but allegorically and figuratively, written; and therefore, as in hiſtory, looking for truth, they may go away full fraught with falſhood, ſo in *Poeſy*, looking but for fiction, they ſhall uſe the narration but as an imaginative ground-plot of a profitable invention. But hereto is replied, That the *Poets* give names to men they write of, which argueth a conceit of an actual truth, and ſo not being true, proveth falſhood. And doth the *Lawyer* lye then, when, under the names of *John* of the *Stile*, and *John* of the *Nokes*, he putteth his caſe? But that is eaſily anſwered, their naming of men, is but to make their picture the more lively, and not to build any hiſtory. Painting men, they cannot leave men nameleſs: We ſee we cannot play at cheſs, but that we muſt give names to our cheſs-men; and yet, methinks, he were a very partial champion of truth, that would ſay we lyed, for giving a piece of wood the reverend title of a biſhop. The *Poet* nameth *Cyrus* and *Æneas* no other way, than to ſhew what men of their fames, fortunes, and eſtates, ſhould do.

Their *third* is, How much it abuſeth mens wits, training it to wanton ſinfulneſs, and luſtful love. For, indeed, that is the principal, if not the only, abuſe, I can hear alledged. They ſay, the *Comedies* rather teach than reprehend amorous conceits. They ſay the *Lyrick* is larded with paſſionate *ſonnets*, the *Elegiack* weeps the want of his miſtreſs, and that even to the *Heroical*, *Cupid* hath ambitiouſly climbed. Alas! Love, I would

thou couldst as well defend thyself, as thou canst offend others! I would those on whom thou dost attend, could either put thee away, or yield good reason why they keep thee! But grant love of beauty to be a beastly fault, although it be very hard, since only man, and no beast, hath that gift to discern beauty; grant that lovely name of love to deserve all hateful reproaches, although even some of my masters the *Philosophers* spent a good deal of their lamp-oil in setting forth the excellency of it; Grant, I say, what they will have granted, that not only love, but lust, but vanity, but, if they list, scurrility, possess many leaves of the *Poet*'s books, yet, think I, when this is granted, they will find their sentence may, with good manners, put the last words foremost; and not say, that *Poetry* abuseth man's wit, but that man's wit abuseth *Poetry*. For I will not deny, but that man's wit may make *Poesy*, which should be γνωστικὴ: which some learned have defined figuring forth good things, to be φανταστικὴ, which doth contrariwise infect the fancy with unworthy objects, as the painter, should give to the eye either some excellent perspective, or some fine picture fit for building or fortification, or containing in it some notable example, as *Abraham* sacrificing his son *Isaac*, *Judith* killing *Holofernes*, *David* fighting with *Goliah*, may leave those and please an ill-pleased eye with wanton shews of better hidden matters. But what! shall the abuse of a thing make the right use odious? Nay, truly, though I yield that *Poesy* may not only be abused, but that being abused, by the reason of his sweet charming force, it can do more hurt than any other army of words, yet shall it be so far from concluding, that the abuse should give reproach to the absurd, that, contrariwise, it is a good reason, that whatsoever being abused, doth much harm, being rightly used (and upon the right use, each thing receives his title) doth most good. Do we not see skill of physick, the best rampire to our often assaulted bodies, being abused, teach poison, the most violent destroyer? Doth not knowledge of law, whose end is, to even and right all things, being abused, grow the crooked fosterer of horrible injuries? Doth not (to go

go in the higheſt) god's word abuſed, breed hereſy, and his name abuſed, become blaſphemy? Truly, a needle cannot do much hurt, and as truly (with leave of ladies be it ſpoken) it cannot do much good. With a ſword thou mayſt kill thy father, and with a ſword thou mayſt defend thy prince and country: ſo that, as in their calling *Poets*, fathers of lyes, they ſaid nothing, ſo in this their argument of abuſe, they prove the commendation.

They alledge herewith, that before *Poets* began to be in price, our nation had ſet their heart's delight upon action, and not imagination, rather doing things worthy to be written, than writing things fit to be done. What that before time was, I think ſcarcely *Sphynx* can tell: ſince no memory is ſo ancient, that gives not the precedence to *Poetry*. And certain it is, that in our plaineſt homelineſs, yet never was the *Albion* nation without *Poetry*. Marry, this argument, though it be levelled againſt *Poetry*, yet is it indeed a chain-ſhot againſt all learning or bookiſhneſs, as they commonly term it. Of ſuch mind were certain *Goths*, of whom it is written, That having in the ſpoil of a famous city, taken a fair library, one hangman belike fit to execute the fruits of their wits, who had murthered a great number of bodies, would have ſet fire in it. *No*, ſaid another very gravely, *take heed what you do, for while they are buſy about thoſe toys, we ſhall, with more leiſure, conquer their countries.* This, indeed, is the ordinary doctrine of ignorance, and many words ſometimes I have heard ſpent in it: but becauſe this reaſon is generally againſt all learning, as well as *Poetry*, or rather all learning but *Poetry*; becauſe it were too large a digreſſion to handle it, or at leaſt too ſuperfluous, ſince it is manifeſt that all government of action is to be gotten by knowledge, and knowledge beſt, by gathering many knowledges, which is reading; I only ſay with *Horace*, to him that is of that opinion,

Jubeo ſtultum eſſe libenter———

For as for *Poetry* itself, it is the freest from this objection, for *Poetry* is the companion of camps. I dare undertake, *Orlando Furioso*, or honest king *Arthur*, will never displease a soldier: but the quiddity of *Ens* and *Prima materia*, will hardly agree with a corselet. And therefore, as I said in the beginning, even *Turks* and *Tartars* are delighted with *Poets*. *Homer* a *Greek*, flourished before *Greece* flourished: and if a slight conjecture, a conjecture may be opposed, truly it may seem, that as by him their learned men took almost their first light of knowledge, so their active men received their first motions of courage. Only *Alexander*'s example may serve, who by *Plutarch* is accounted of such virtue, that fortune was not his guide, but his foot-stool, whose acts speak for him, though *Plutarch* did not, to be indeed the *Phœnix* of warlike princes. This *Alexander*, left his schoolmaster, living *Aristotle*, behind him, but took dead *Homer* with him. He put the philosopher *Callisthenes* to death, for his seeming philosophical, indeed mutinous stubbornness; but the chief thing he was ever heard to wish for, was, that *Homer* had been alive. He well found he received more bravery of mind by the pattern of *Achilles*, than by hearing the definition of fortitude. And therefore, if *Cato* misliked *Fulvius* for carrying *Ennius* with him to the field, it may be answered, That if *Cato* misliked it, the noble *Fulvius* liked it, or else he had not done it, for it was not the excellent *Cato Uticensis*, whose authority I would much more have reverenced: but it was the former, in truth a bitter punisher of faults, but else a man that had never sacrificed to the *Graces*. He misliked and cried out against all *Greek* learning, and yet, being fourscore years old, began to learn it, belike fearing that *Pluto* understood not *Latin*. Indeed the *Roman* laws allowed no person to be carried to the wars, but he that was in the soldiers roll. And therefore though *Cato* misliked his unmustered person, he misliked not his work. And if he had, *Scipio Nysica* (judged by common consent the best *Roman*) loved him; both the other *Scipio* brothers, who had by their virtues

virtues no less firnames than of *Asia* and *Africk*, so loved him, that they caused his body to be buried in their sepulture. So as *Cato*'s authority being but against his person, and that answered with so far greater than himself, is herein of no validity.

But now indeed my burthen is great, that *Plato*'s name is laid upon me, whom I must confess of all *Philosophers*, I have ever esteemed most worthy of reverence; and with good reason, since of all *Philosophers*, he is the most *Poetical:* yet if he will defile the fountain out of which his flowing streams have proceeded, let us boldly examine with what reason he did it.

First, truly, a man might maliciously object, That *Plato*, being a *Philosopher*, was a natural enemy of *Poets*. For, indeed, after the *Philosophers* had picked out of the sweet mysteries of *Poetry*, the right discerning true points of knowledge, they forthwith putting it in method, and making a school art of that which the *Poets* did only teach by a divine delightfulness, beginning to spurn at their guides, like ungrateful apprentices, were not content to set up shop for themselves, but sought by all means to discredit their masters, which by the force of delight being barred them, the less they could overthrow them, the more they hated them. For indeed they found that *Homer*'s seven cities strove who should have him for their citizen, where many cities banished *Philosophers*, as not fit members to live among them. For only repeating certain of *Euripides*'s verses, many *Athenians* had their lives saved of the *Syracusians*, where the *Athenians* themselves thought many *Philosophers* unworthy to live. Certain *Poets*, as *Simonides*, and *Pindar*, had so prevailed with *Hiero* the first, that of a tyrant they made him a just king: where *Plato* could do so little with *Dionysius*, that he himself, of a *Philosopher*, was made a slave. But who should do thus, I confess, should requite the objections made against *Poets*, with like cavilations against *Philosophers:* as likewise one should do, that should bid one read *Phædrus* or *Symposium* in *Plato*, or the discourse of love in *Plutarch*, and see whether any *Poet* do authorize abominable filthiness as they do.

Again,

Again, a man might ask, out of what commonwealth *Plato* doth banish them? In sooth, thence where he himself alloweth community of women. So as belike, this banishment grew not for effeminate wantonness, since little should poetical *sonnets* be hurtful, when a man might have what woman he listed. But I honour philosophical instructions, and bless the wits which bred them, so as they be not absurd, which is likewise stretched to *Poetry*. Saint *Paul* himself sets a watchword upon *Philosophy*, indeed upon the abuse. So doth *Plato* upon the abuse, not upon *Poetry*. *Plato* found fault that the *Poets* of his time, filled the world with wrong opinions of the Gods, making light tales of that unspotted essence; and therefore would not have the youth depraved with such opinions. Herein may much be said: Let this suffice; the *Poets* did not induce such opinions, but did imitate those opinions already induced. For all the *Greek* stories can well testify, that the very religion of that time, stood upon many, and many fashioned Gods: not taught so by *Poets*, but followed according to their nature of imitation. Who list may read in *Plutarch*, the discourses of *Isis*, and *Osiris*, of the cause why oracles ceased, of the divine providence, and see whether the *Theology* of that nation, stood not upon such dreams, which the *Poets* indeed superstitiously observed. And truly since they had not the light of Christ, did much better in it than the *Philosophers*, who shaking off superstition, brought in *Atheism*.

Plato, therefore, whose authority I had much rather justly construe, than unjustly refist, meant not in general of *Poets*, in those words of which *Julius Scaliger* saith; *Qua authoritate barbari quidam atque insipidi abuti velint ad Poetas Republica exigendos*. But only meant to drive out those wrong opinions of the deity: whereof now, without farther law, *Christianity* hath taken away all the hurtful belief, perchance as he thought, nourished by then esteemed *Poets*. And a man need go no farther than to *Plato* himself, to know his meaning: who in his dialogue called *Ion*, giveth high, and rightly, divine commendations unto *Poetry*. So as

Plato

Plato banishing the abuse, not the thing, not banishing it, but giving due honour to it, shall be our patron, and not our adversary. For, indeed, I had rather, since truly I may do it, shew their mistaking of *Plato*, under whose lyon's skin they would make an ass-like braying against *Poesy*, than go about to overthrow his authority; whom, the wiser a man is, the more just cause he shall find to have in admiration: especially since he attributeth unto *Poesy* more than myself do; namely, to be a very inspiring of a divine force, far above man's wit, as in the forenamed dialogue is apparent.

Of the other side, who would shew the honours have been by the best sort of judgments granted them, a whole sea of examples would present themselves; *Alexanders*, *Cæsars*, *Scipios*, all favourers of *Poets*: *Lælius*, called the *Roman Socrates*, himself a *Poet*; so as part of *Heautontimerumenon* in *Terence*, was supposed to be made by him. And even the *Greek Socrates*, whom *Apollo* confirmed to be the only wise man, is said to have spent part of his old time in putting *Æsop*'s fables into verse. And therefore, full evil should it become his scholar *Plato*, to put such words in his master's mouth against *Poets*. But what needs more? *Aristotle* writes the art of *Poesy*; and why, if it should not be written? *Plutarch* teacheth the use to be gathered of them, and how, if they should not be read? And who reads *Plutarch*'s either history or *Philosophy*, shall find he trimmeth both their garments with gards of *Poesy*.

But I list not to defend *Poesy* with the help of his underling *Historiographer*. Let it suffice to have shewed, it is a fit soil for praise to dwell upon, and what dispraise may set upon it, is either easily overcome, or transformed into just commendation. So that since the excellencies of it may be so easily and so justly confirmed, and the low creeping objections so soon trodden down; it not being an art of lies, but of true doctrine; not of effeminateness, but of notable stirring of courage; not of abusing man's wit, but of strengthening man's wit; not banished, but honoured by

by *Plato*; let us rather plant more laurels for to ingarland the *Poets* heads (which honour of being laureat, as besides them only triumphant captains were, is a sufficient authority to shew the price they ought to be held in) than suffer the ill-favoured breath of such wrong speakers once to blow upon the clear springs of *Poesy*.

But since I have run so long a carreer in this matter, methinks, before I give my pen a full stop, it shall be but a little more lost time to inquire, why *England*, the mother of excellent minds, should be grown so hard a step mother to *Poets*, who, certainly, in wit, ought to pass all others, since all only proceeds from their wit, being, indeed, makers of themselves, not takers of others. How can I but exclaim,

Musa mihi causas memora quo numine læso.

Sweet *Poesy*, that hath anciently had kings, emperors, senators, great captains, such as, besides a thousand others, *David*. *Adrian*, *Sophocles*, *Germanicus*, not only to favour *Poets*, but to be *Poets*: and of our nearer times, can present for her patrons, a *Robert* king of *Sicily*, the great king *Francis* of *France*, king *James* of *Scotland*; such cardinals as *Bembus* and *Bibiena*; such famous preachers and teachers as *Beza* and *Melancthon*; so learned *philosophers* as *Fracastorius* and *Scaliger*; so great orators as *Pontanus* and *Muretus*; so piercing wits as *George Buchanan*; so grave counsellors, as besides many, but before all, that *Hospital* of *France*; than whom, I think, that realm never brought forth a more accomplished judgment, more firmly builded upon virtue; I say, these, with numbers of others, not only to read others *Poesies*, but to *poetise* for others reading: that *Poesy*, thus embraced, in all other places, should only find, in our time, a hard welcome in *England*. I think the very earth laments it, and therefore decks our soil with fewer laurels than it was accustomed; for heretofore *Poets* have in *England* also flourished, and which is to be noted, even in those times when the trumpet of *Mars* did sound loudest. And now, that an over-

over-faint quietneſs ſhould ſeem to ſtrew the houſe for *Poets*, they are, almoſt, in as good reputation, as the *Mountebanks* at *Venice*. Truly, even that, as of the one ſide it giveth great praiſe to *Poeſy*, which, like *Venus* (but to better purpoſe) had rather be troubled in the net with *Mars*, than enjoy the homely quiet *Vulcan*; ſo ſerveth it for a peice of a reaſon, why they are leſs grateful to idle *England*, which now can ſcarce endure the pain of a pen. Upon this, neceſſarily followeth, that baſe men, with ſervile wits, undertake it, who think it enough if they can be rewarded of the printer: and ſo as *Epaminondas* is ſaid, with the honour of his virtue, to have made an office, by his exerciſing it, which before was contemptible, to become highly reſpected; ſo theſe men, no more but ſetting their names to it, by their own diſgracefulneſs, diſgrace the moſt graceful *Poeſy*. For now, as if all the *muſes* were got with child, to bring forth baſtard Poets, without any commiſſion, they do poſt over the banks of *Helicon*, until they make the readers more weary than poſt-horſes; while, in the mean time, they

Quels meliore luto finxit præcordia Titan,

Are better content to ſuppreſs the out-flowings of their wit, than by publiſhing them to be accounted knights of the ſame order. But I that, before ever I durſt aſpire unto the dignity, am admitted into the company of the *Paper-blurrers*, do find the very true cauſe of our wanting eſtimation, is want of deſert, taking upon us to be *Poets* in deſpite of *Pallas*. Now wherein we want deſert, were a thank-worthy labour to expreſs. But if I knew, I ſhould have mended myſelf; but as I never deſired the title, ſo have I neglected the means to come by it, only, over-maſtered by ſome thoughts, I yielded an inky tribute unto them. Marry, they that delight in *Poeſy* itſelf, ſhould ſeek to know what they do: and how they do, eſpecially, look themſelves in an unflattering glaſs of reaſon, if they be inclineable unto it. For *Poeſy* muſt not be drawn by the ears, it muſt be gently

ly

ly led, or rather it must lead, which was partly the cause that made the ancient learned affirm, it was a divine, and no human skill, since all other knowledges lie ready for any that have strength of wit: A *Poet* no industry can make, if his own *genius* be not carried into it. And therefore is an old proverb, *Orator fit, Poeta nascitur*. Yet confess I always, that as the fertilest ground must be manured, so must the highest flying wit have a *Dædalus* to guide him. That *Dædalus*, they say, both in this, and in other, hath three wings to bear itself up into the air of due commendation: that is, *Art*, *Imitation*, and *Exercise*. But these, neither artificial rules, nor imitative patterns, we must cumber ourselves withal. Exercise, indeed, we do, but that, very fore-backwardly; for where we should exercise to know, we exercise as having known; and so is our brain delivered of much matter, which never was begotten by knowledge. For there being two principal parts, matter to be expressed by words, and words to express the matter, in neither, we use art or imitation rightly. Our matter is *Quodlibet*, indeed, though wrongly performing *Ovid*'s verse:

Quicquid conabor dicere, versus erit.

Never marshalling it into any assured rank, that almost, the readers cannot tell where to find themselves.

Chaucer, undoubtedly, did excellently in his *Troilus* and *Cressida*, of whom, truly, I know not whether to marvel more, either that he, in that misty time, could see so clearly, or that we, in this clear age, go so stumblingly after him. Yet had he great wants, fit to be forgiven in so great an antiquity. I account *The Mirror of Magistrates*, meetly furnished of beautiful parts. And in the Earl of *Surrey*'s *Lyricks*, many things tasting of a noble birth, and worthy of a noble mind. The *Shepherd*'s *Kalander* * hath much *Poetry* in his Eclogues, indeed, worthy the reading, if I be not deceived.

* By Spencer.

ceived. That ſame framing of his ſtile to an old ruſtick language, I dare not allow: ſince neither *Theocritus* in *Greek*, *Virgil* in *Latin*, nor *Sannazara* in *Italian*, did affect it. Beſides theſe, I do not remember to have ſeen but few (to ſpeak boldly) printed that have poetical ſinews in them. For proof whereof, let but moſt of the verſes be put in proſe, and then ask the meaning, and it will be found, that one verſe did but beget another, without ordering, at the firſt, what ſhould be at the laſt, which becomes a confuſed maſs of words, with a tinkling ſound of rhyme, barely accompanied with reaſon. Our tragedies and comedies, not without cauſe, cried out againſt, obſerving rules neither of honeſt civility, nor skilful *poetry*. Excepting *Gorboduc* * (again I ſay of thoſe that I have ſeen) which notwithſtanding, as it is full of ſtately ſpeeches, and well ſounding phraſes, climbing to the height of *Seneca* his ſtile, and as full of notable morality, which it doth moſt delightfully teach, and ſo obtain the very end of *Poeſy*, yet in truth, it is very defectuous in the circumſtances, which grieves me, becauſe it might not remain as an exact model of all tragedies. For it is faulty both in place and time, the two neceſſary companions of all corporal actions. For where the ſtage ſhould always repreſent but one place; and the uttermoſt time preſuppoſed in it, ſhould be, both by *Ariſtotle*'s precept, and common reaſon, but one day; there are both many days and many places, inartificially imagined.

But

* This play was written by THOMAS SACKVILE, Eſq; (afterwards Lord BUCKHURST, and Earl of DORSET) and Mr. THOMAS NORTON. It was firſt printed in the year 1565. under the title of FERREX and PORREX; but in 1590, it was changed to that of *The Tragedy of* GORBODUC. It was preſented by the Gentlemen of the *Inner-temple*, before Queen ELIZABETH, and accounted an excellent piece. See *the poetical Regiſter*, p. 193.

But if it be so in *Gorboduc*, how much more in all the rest? where you shall have *Asia* of the one side, and *Africk* of the other, and so many other under-kingdoms, that the player, when he comes in, must ever begin with telling where he is, or else the tale will not be conceived. Now, you shall have three ladies walk to gather flowers, and then we must believe the stage to be a garden. By-and-by, we hear news of a shipwreck in the same place, then we are to blame if we accept it not for a rock. Upon the back of that, comes out a hideous monster with fire and smoke, and then the miserable beholders are bound to take it for a cave; while, in the mean time, two armies fly in, represented with four swords and bucklers, and then, what hard heart will not receive it for a pitched field?

Now of time, they are much more liberal: For ordinary it is, that two young princes fall in love; after many traverses, she is got with child, delivered of a fair boy, he is lost, groweth a man, falleth in love, and is ready to get another child; and all this in two hours space: which, how absurd it is in sense, even sense may imagine: and art hath taught, and all ancient examples justified, and at this day, the ordinary players in *Italy* will not err in. Yet will some bring in an example of *Eunuch* in *Terence*, that containeth matter of two days, yet far short of twenty years. True it is; and so was it to be played in two days, and so fitted to the time it set forth. And though *Plautus* have in one place done amiss, let us hit it with him, and not miss with him.

But they will say, How then shall we set forth a story which contains both many places and many times? And do they not know, that a tragedy is tied to the laws of poesy, and not of history, not bound to follow the story, but having liberty either to feign a quite new matter, or to frame the history to the most tragical convenience? Again, many things may be told, which cannot be shewed: if they know the difference betwixt reporting and representing. As for example, I may speak, though I am here, of *Peru*, and in speech digress from that, to the description of *Calecut*: but in action,

action, I cannot repreſent it, without *Pacolet*'s horſe. And ſo was the manner the ancients took by ſome *Nuntius*, to recount things done in former time, or other place.

Laſtly, if they will repreſent an hiſtory, they muſt not (as *Horace* ſaith) begin *above*, but they muſt come to the principal point of that one action which they will repreſent. By example this will be beſt expreſſed. I have a ſtory of young *Polydorus*, delivered, for ſafety's ſake, with great riches by his father *Priamus*, to *Polymneſtor* king of *Thrace*, in the *Trojan* war time. He, after ſome years, hearing of the overthrow of *Priamus*, for to make the treaſure his own, murdereth the child; the body of the child is taken up, *Hecuba*, ſhe, the ſame day, findeth a ſleight to be revenged moſt cruelly of the tyrant. Where, now, would one of our tragedy-writers begin, but with the delivery of the child? Then ſhould he ſail over into *Thrace*, and ſo ſpend I know not how many years, and travel numbers of places. But where doth *Euripides?* Even with the finding of the body, leaving the reſt to be told by the ſpirit of *Polydorus*. This needs no farther to be enlarged; the dulleſt wit may conceive it.

But beſides theſe groſs abſurdities, how all their plays be neither right tragedies, nor right comedies, mingling kings and clowns, not becauſe the matter ſo carrieth, but thruſt in the clown by head and ſhoulders, to play a part in majeſtical matters, with neither decency nor diſcretion: ſo as neither the admiration and commiſeration, nor the right ſportfulneſs, is by their mongrel tragi comedy obtained. I know *Apuleius* did ſomewhat ſo, but that is a thing recounted with ſpace of time, not repreſented in one moment: and I know the ancients have one or two examples of tragi-comedies, as *Plautus* hath *Amphytrio*. But if we mark them well, we ſhall find, that they never, or very daintily, match horn-pipes and funerals. So falleth it out, that having, indeed, no right comedy in that comical part of our tragedy, we have nothing but ſcurrility, unworthy of any chaſte ears, or ſome extream ſhew of doltiſhneſs, indeed, fit to lift up a loud laughter, and nothing elſe: where the

the whole tract of a comedy should be full of delight, as the tragedy should be still maintained in a well raised admiration.

But our comedians think there is no delight without laughter, which is very wrong; for though laughter may come with delight, yet cometh it not of delight, as though delight should be the cause of laughter; but well may one thing breed both together. Nay, in themselves, they have, as it were, a kind of contrariety. For delight we scarcely do, but in things that have a conveniency to ourselves, or to the general nature. Laughter almost ever cometh of things most disproportioned to ourselves and nature: Delight hath a joy in it either permanent or present: Laughter hath only a scornful tickling. For example, we are ravished with delight to see a fair woman, and yet are far from being moved to laughter: We laugh at deformed creatures, wherein, certainly, we cannot delight; We delight in good chances: We laugh at mischances: We delight to hear the happiness of our friends and country, at which he were worthy to be laughed at, that would laugh: We shall, contrarily, sometimes laugh to find a matter quite mistaken, and go down the hill against the byas; in the mouth of some such men, as for the respect of them, one shall be heartily sorry, he cannot chuse but laugh, and so is rather pained than delighted with laughter. Yet deny I not, but that they may go well together; for, as in *Alexander*'s picture well set out, we delight without laughter, and in twenty mad anticks we laugh without delight: so in *Hercules*, painted with his great beard and furious countenance, in woman's attire, spinning at *Omphale*'s commandment, it breeds both delight and laughter; for the representing of so strange a power in love, procures delight, and the scornfulness of the action stirreth laughter.

But I speak to this purpose, that all the end of the comical part be not upon such scornful matters as stir laughter only, but mix with it that delightful teaching, which is the end of *Poesy*. And the great fault, even in that point of laughter, and forbidden plainly by *Aristotle*, is, that they stir laughter in sinful things, which are

are rather execrable than ridiculous, or in miserable, which are rather to be pitied than scorned. For what is it to make folks gape at a wretched beggar, and a beggarly clown: or, against the law of hospitality, to jest at strangers, because they speak not *English* so well as we do? What do we learn, since it is certain,

Nil habet infœlix paupertas durius in se,
Quam quod ridiculos homines facit?

But rather a busy loving courtier, and a heartless threatning *Thraso*; a self-wise seeming schoolmaster; a wry-transformed traveller: these, if we saw walk in stage names, which we play naturally, therein were delightful laughter, and teaching delightfulness; as in the other, the tragedies of *Buchanan* do justly bring forth a divine admiration.

But I have lavished out too many words of this play-matter; I do it, because, as they are excellent parts of *Poesy*, so is there none so much used in *England*, and none can be more pitifully abused; which, like an unmannerly daughter, shewing a bad education, causeth her mother *Poesy*'s honesty to be called in question.

Other sorts of *Poetry*, almost, have we none, but that *Lyrical* kind of songs and sonnets, * which, if the Lord gave us so good minds, how well it might be employed, and with how heavenly fruits, both private and publick, in singing the praises of the immortal beauty, the immortal goodness of that God, who giveth us hands to write, and wits to conceive; of which we might well want words, but never matter; of which we could turn our eyes to nothing, but we should ever have new budding occasions.

But, truly, many of such writings as come under the banner of unresistable love, if I were a mistress, would never persuade me they were in love; so coldly they apply fiery speeches, as men that had often read lovers writings, and so caught up certain swelling phrases,

* The PSALMS of DAVID.

which

which hang together like a man that once told me, *The wind was at North-weſt and by South*, becauſe he would be ſure to name winds enough, than that, in truth, they feel thoſe paſſions, which eaſily, as I think, may be bewrayed by that ſame forcibleneſs, or *Energia* (as the *Greeks* call it) of the writer. But let this be a ſufficient, though ſhort note, that we miſs the right uſe of the material point of *Poeſy*.

Now for the outſide of it, which is words, or (as I may term it) *Diction*, it is even well worſe: ſo is it the honey-flowing matron *Eloquence*, apparelled, or rather diſguiſed in a courtezan-like painted affectation. One time with ſo far-fetcht words that many ſeem monſters, but moſt ſeem ſtrangers to any poor *Engliſhman*: Another time with courſing of a letter, as if they were bound to follow the method of a dictionary: Another time with figures and flowers, extreamly winter-ſtarved.

But I would this fault were only peculiar to verſifiers, and had not as large poſſeſſion among proſe-printers: and, which is to be marvelled, among many ſcholars, and, which is to be pitied, among ſome preachers. Truly, I could wiſh, if at leaſt I might be ſo bold to wiſh, in a thing beyond the reach of my capacity, the diligent imitators of *Tully* and *Demoſthenes*, moſt worthy to be imitated, did not ſo much keep *Nizolian* paper-books of their figures and phraſes, as by attentive tranſlation, as it were, devour them whole, and make them wholly theirs. For now they caſt ſugar and ſpice upon every diſh that is ſerved at the table: like thoſe *Indians*, not content to wear ear-rings, at the fit and natural place of the ears, but they thruſt jewels through their noſe and lips, becauſe they will be ſure to be fine. *Tully*, when he was to drive out *Catiline*, as it were with a thunderbolt of eloquence, often uſeth the figure of repetition, as *Vivit & vincit, imo in ſenatum venit, imo in ſenatum venit, &c.* Indeed inflamed with a well-grounded rage, he would have his words (as it were) double out of his mouth, and ſo do that artificially, which we ſee men in choler do naturally. And we having noted the grace of thoſe words hale them

them in ſometimes to a familiar epiſtle, when it were too much choler to be cholerick.

How well ſtore of *Similiter Cadences* doth ſound with the gravity of the pulpit, I would not invoke *Demoſthenes*'s ſoul to tell, who with a rare daintineſs uſeth them. Truly, they have made me think of the *ſophiſter*, that with too much ſubtlety would prove two eggs three, and though he might be counted a *ſophiſter*, had none for his labour. So theſe men bringing in ſuch a kind of eloquence, well may they obtain an opinion of a ſeeming fineneſs, but perſuade few, which ſhould be the end of their fineneſs.

Now for ſimilitude in certain printed diſcourſes, I think all herbaliſts, all ſtories of beaſts, fowls and fiſhes are rifled up, that they may come in multitudes to wait upon any of our conceits, which certainly is as abſurd a ſurfeit to the ears as is poſſible. For the force of a ſimilitude not being to prove any thing to a contrary diſputer, but only to explain to a willing hearer, when that is done, the reſt is a moſt tedious pratling, rather overſwaying the memory from the purpoſe whereto they were applied, than any whit informing the judgment, already either ſatisfied, or by ſimilitudes not to be ſatisfied.

For my part, I do not doubt, when *Antonius* and *Craſſus*, the great forefathers of *Cicero* in eloquence, the one (as *Cicero* teſtifieth of them) pretended not to know art, the other not to ſet by it, becauſe with a plain ſenſibleneſs they might win credit of popular ears, which credit is the neareſt ſtep to perſuaſion (which perſuaſion is the chief mark of oratory) I do not doubt, I ſay, but that they uſed theſe knacks very ſparingly; which who doth generally uſe, any man may ſee, doth dance to his own muſick, and ſo to be noted by the audience, more careful to ſpeak curiouſly than truly. Undoubtedly (at leaſt to my opinion undoubtedly) I have found in diverſe ſmall-learned courtiers a more ſound ſtile, than in ſome profeſſors of learning; of which I can gueſs no other cauſe, but that the courtier following that which by practice he findeth fitteſt to nature, therein (though he know it not) doth according to art, though not

not by art: where the other, using art to shew art, and not hide art (as in these cases he should do) flieth from nature, and indeed abuseth art.

But what? methinks I deserve to be pounded for straying from *Poetry* to *Oratory:* but both have such an affinity in the wordish considerations, that I think this digression will make my meaning receive the fuller understanding: which is not to take upon me to teach *Poets* how they should do, but only finding myself sick among the rest, to shew some one or two spots of the common infection grown among the most part of writers; that, acknowledging ourselves somewhat awry, we may bend to the right use both of matter and manner: Whereto our language giveth us great occasion, being, indeed, capable of any excellent exercising of it. I know some will say, it is a mingled language: And why not so much the better, taking the best of both the other? Another will say, it wanteth grammar. Nay, truly, it hath that praise that it wants not grammar; for grammar it might have, but needs it not, being so easy in itself, and so void of those cumbersome differences of *Cases*, *Genders*, *Moods*, and *Tenses*, which, I think, was a piece of the tower of *Babylon*'s curse, that a man should be put to school to learn his mother tongue. But for the uttering sweetly and properly the conceit of the mind, which is the end of speech, that hath it equally with any other tongue in the world, and is particularly happy in compositions of two or three words together, near the *Greek*, far beyond the *Latin*, which is one of the greatest beauties can be in a language.

Now of versifying, there are two sorts, the one *antient*, the other *modern*; the *antient* marked the quantity of each syllable, and according to that framed his verse; the *modern*, observing only number, with some regard of the accent, the chief life of it standeth in that like sounding of the words, which we call rhime. Whether of these be the more excellent, would bear many speeches, the antient, no doubt, more fit for musick, both words and time observing quantity, and more fit lively to express diverse passions by the low or lofty sound of the well-weighed syllable. The latter likewise,

wiſe, with his rhime ſtriketh a certain muſick to the ear; and, in fine, ſince it doth delight, though by another way, it obtaineth the ſame purpoſe, there being in either ſweetneſs, and wanting in neither majeſty. Truly, the *Engliſh*, before any vulgar language, I know, is fit for both ſorts; for, for the antient, the *Italian* is ſo full of vowels, that it muſt ever be cumbred with *Eliſions*. The *Dutch* ſo, of the other ſide, with conſonants, that they cannot yield the ſweet *ſliding* fit for a verſe. The *French*, in his whole language, hath not one word that hath his accent in the laſt ſyllable, ſaving two, called *Antepenultima*; and little more hath the *Spaniſh*, and therefore very graceleſly may they uſe *Dactiles*. The *Engliſh* is ſubject to none of theſe defects. Now for rhime, though we do not obſerve quantity, yet we obſerve the accent very preciſely, which other languages either cannot do, or will not do ſo abſolutely. That *cæſura*, or breathing-place, in the midſt of the verſe, neither *Italian* nor *Spaniſh* have, the *French*, and we never almoſt fail of. Laſtly, even the very rhime itſelf the *Italian* cannot put in the laſt ſyllable, by the *French* named the *Maſculine* rhime, but ſtill in the next to the laſt, which the *French* call the *Female*; or the next before that, which the *Italian* call * *Sdrucciola*: the example of the former, is *Buono*, *Suono*; of the *Sdrucciola*, is *Femina*, *Semina*. The *French*, on the other ſide, hath both the *Male*, as *Bon*, *Son*, and the *Female*, as *Plaiſe*, *Taiſe*; but the *Sdrucciola* he hath not: where the *Engliſh* hath all three, as *Due*, *True*, *Father*, *Rather*, *Motion*, *Potion*, with much more which might be ſaid, but that already I find the triflings of this diſcourſe is much too much inlarged.

So that ſince the ever praiſe-worthy *Poeſy* is full of virtue, breeding delightfulneſs, and void of no gift that ought to be in the noble name of learning; ſince the blames laid againſt it are either falſe or feeble; ſince the

* *i. e.* The eaſy *ſliding* of words of three, or more, ſyllables.

cauſe why it is not eſteemed in *England*, is the fault of poet-apes, not poets: Since, laſtly, our tongue is moſt fit to honour *Poeſy*, and to be honoured by *Poeſy*; I conjure you all that have had the evil luck to read this ink-waſting toy of mine, even in the name of the nine *Muſes*, no more to ſcorn the ſacred myſteries of *Poeſy*: no more to laugh at the name of *Poets*, as though they were next inheritors to fools; no more to jeſt at the reverend title of a rhimer, but to believe, with *Ariſtotle*, That they were the ancient treaſures of the *Grecians* divinity; To believe, with *Bembus*, That they were firſt bringers in of all civility; To believe, with *Scaliger*, That no *Philoſopher*'s precepts can ſooner make you an honeſt man, than the reading of *Virgil*; To believe, with *Clauſerus*, the tranſlator of *Cornutus*, That it pleaſed the heavenly deity by *Heſiod* and *Homer*, under the veil of fables, to give us all knowledge, *Logick*, *Rhetorick*, *Philoſophy* Natural and Moral, and *Quid non?* To believe, with me, That there are many myſteries contained in *Poetry*, which of purpoſe were written darkly, leſt by prophane wits it ſhould be abuſed: To believe, with *Landin*, That they are ſo beloved of the gods, that whatſoever they write, proceeds of a divine fury. Laſtly, To believe themſelves, when they tell you, They will make you immortal by their verſes.

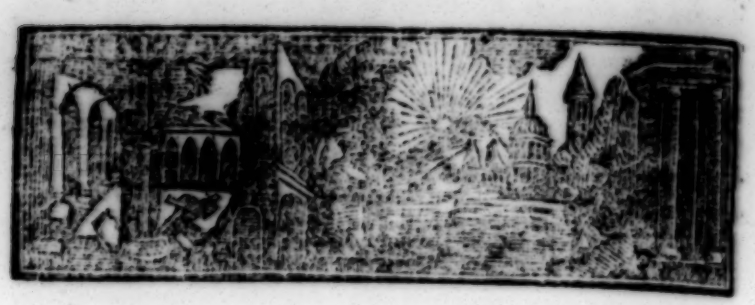
Thus doing, your names ſhall flouriſh in the printers ſhops: Thus doing, you ſhall be of kin to many a poetical preface: Thus doing, you ſhall be moſt fair, moſt rich, moſt wiſe, moſt all; You ſhall dwell upon ſuperlatives: Thus doing, though you be *Libertino patre natus*, you ſhall ſuddenly grow *Herculea proles*.

Si quid mea Carmina poſſunt.

Thus doing, your ſoul ſhall be placed with *Dante*'s *Beatrix*, or *Virgil*'s *Anchiſes*.

But if (fie of ſuch a *But!*) you be born ſo near the dull-making *Cataract* of *Nilus*, that you cannot hear the planet-like muſick of *Poetry*; if you have ſo earth-creeping a mind, that it cannot lift itſelf up to look to the

the sky of *Poetry*, or rather, by a certain rustical disdain, will become such a mome, as to be a *Momus* of *Poetry*: Then, though I will not wish unto you the ass's ears of *Midas*, nor to be driven by a *Poet*'s verses, as *Bubonax* was, to hang himself, nor to be rhimed to death, as is said to be done in *Ireland*; yet thus much curse I must lend you, in the behalf of all *Poets*, That while you live, you live in love, and never get favour, for lacking skill of a sonnet; and when you die, your memory die from the earth for want of an epitaph.



ASTROPHEL

AND

STELLA. *

LOVING in truth, and fain in verſe my love to ſhow,
That ſhe, dear ſhe! might take ſome pleaſure of my pain:
Pleaſure might cauſe her read, reading might make her know,
Knowledge might pity win, and pity grace obtain:
I fought fit words to paint the blackeſt face of woe,
Studying inventions fine, her wits to entertain:
Oft turning others leaves, to ſee if thence would flow
Some freſh and fruitful ſhowers upon my ſun-burn'd brain.

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* This piece is reputed to have been written in compliment to the lady RICH, who is ſhadowed under the name of PHILOCLEA in the ARCADIA. It was firſt printed in *Quarto*, 1591. *In it the Excellency of ſweet Poeſy is concluded.* See WOOD's *Athen. Oxon.* p. 228.

But

But words came halting forth, wanting invention's ſtay.
Invention, nature's child, fled ſtep-dame ſtudy's blows,
And others feet ſtill ſeem'd but ſtrangers in my way.
Thus, great with child to ſpeak, and helpleſs in my throws,
Biting my truant pen, beating myſelf for ſpite,
Fool! ſaid my muſe to me, look in thy heart, and write.

II.

Not at firſt ſight, nor with a dribbed ſhot,
Love gave the wound, which, while I breathe, will bleed;
But known worth did in mine of time proceed,
'Till, by degrees, it had full conqueſt got.
I ſaw, and lik'd; I lik'd, but loved not;
I lov'd, but ſtraight did not what *love* decreed:
At length, to *love*'s decrees, I, forc'd, agreed,
Yet, with repining at ſo partial lot.

Now, ev'n, that foot-ſtep of loſt liberty
Is gone, and now, like ſlave-born *Muſcovit'*,
I call it praiſe to ſuffer tyranny;
And now employ the remnant of my wit,
To make myſelf believe, that all is well,
While, with a feeling ſkill, I paint my hell.

III.

Let dainty wits cry on the ſiſters nine,
That, bravely maſk'd, their fancies may be told:
Or, *Pindar*'s apes, flaunt they in phraſes fine,
Enam'ling with py'd flowers, their thoughts of gold.
Or elſe, let them in ſtatelier glory ſhine,
Ennobling new found troops, with problems old:
Or, with ſtrange ſimiles, inrich each line,
Of herbs, or beaſts, which *Ind'* or *Africk* hold.

For me, in ſooth, no muſe but one I know,
Phraſes and problems from my reach do grow,
And ſtrange things coſt too dear for my poor ſp'rits.
How then? even thus, in *Stella*'s face I read,
What love and beauty be, then all my deed
But copying is, what in her nature writes.

IV.

Virtue, alas! now let me take ſome reſt,
Thou ſett'ſt a bait betwixt my will and wit,
If vain love have my ſimple ſoul oppreſs'd,
Leave what thou likeſt not, deal not thou with it.
Thy ſcepter uſe in ſome old *Cato*'s breaſt;
Churches, or ſchools, are for thy ſeat more fit:
I do confeſs, pardon a fault confeſs'd,
My mouth too tender is for thy hard bit.

But, if that needs thou wilt uſurping be,
The little reaſon that is left in me,
And ſtill th' effect of thy perſuaſions prove,
I ſwear, my heart ſuch one ſhall ſhew to thee,
That ſhrines in fleſh ſo true a deity,
That *Virtue*, thou thyſelf ſhalt be in love.

V.

It is moſt true, that eyes are form'd to ſerve
The inward light; and, that the heav'nly part
Ought to be king, from whoſe rules who do ſwerve,
Rebels to Nature, ſtrive for their own ſmart.
It is moſt true, what we call *Cupid*'s dart,
An image is, which for ourſelves we carve;
And, fools, adore in temple of our heart,
'Till that good god, make church, and church-men, ſtarve.

True

True, that true beauty virtue is, indeed,
Whereof this beauty can be but a ſhade,
Which, elements, with mortal mixture breed:
True, that, on earth, we are but pilgrims made,
And ſhould, in ſoul, up to our country move;
True! and yet true, that I muſt *Stella* love.

VI.

Some lovers ſpeak, when they their muſes entertain,
Of hopes begot by fear, of wot not what deſires,
Of force of heav'nly beams infuſing helliſh pain,
Of living deaths, dear wounds, fair ſtorms, and freezing fires:
Some one his ſong in *Jove*, and *Jove*'s ſtrange tales attires,
Border'd with bulls and ſwans, powder'd with golden rain:
Another, humbler wit, to ſhepherd's pipe retires,
Yet, hiding royal blood, full oft, in rural vein.

To ſome, a ſweeteſt plaint, a ſweeteſt ſtile affords,
While tears pour out his ink, and ſighs breath out his words;
His paper pale deſpair, and pain his pen doth move:
I can ſpeak what I feel, and feel as much as they,
But think, that all the map of my ſtate I diſplay,
When trembling voice brings forth, that I do *Stella* love.

VII.

When nature made her chief work, *Stella*'s eyes,
In colour black, why wrap'd ſhe beams ſo bright?
Would ſhe, in beamy black, like painter wiſe,
Frame daintieſt luſtre, mix'd of ſhades and light?
Or, did ſhe, elſe, that ſober hue deviſe,
In object beſt, to knit and ſtrength our ſight,
Leſt, if no veil theſe brave gleams did diſguiſe,
They, ſun-like, ſhould more dazle than delight?

Or, would ſhe her mirac'lous power ſhow,
That, whereas black ſeems beauty's contrary,
She! even in black, doth make all beauty flow?
Both ſo, and thus, ſhe, minding *love*, ſhould be
Plac'd ever there, gave him his mourning weed,
To honour all their deaths, who for her bleed.

VIII.

Love, born in *Greece*, of late fled from his native place,
Forc'd, by tedious proof, that *Turkiſh* harden'd heart
Is no fit mark to pierce with his fine pointed dart,
And, pleas'd with our ſoft peace, ſtaid here his flying race,
But, finding theſe north climes do coldly him embrace,
Not us'd to frozen clips, he ſtrave to find ſome part,
Where, with moſt eaſe and warmth, he might employ his dart;
At length, he pearch'd himſelf in *Stella*'s joyful face;
Whoſe fair ſkin, beamy eyes, like morning ſun on ſnow,
Deceiv'd the quaking boy, who thought, from ſo pure light,
Effects of lively heat, muſt needs in nature grow;
But ſhe! moſt fair, moſt cold, made him thence take his flight
To my cloſe heart, where, while ſome firebrands he did lay,
Burnt, un'wares, his wings, and cannot fly away.

IX.

Queen *Virtue's* court, which ſome call *Stella*'s face,
Prepar'd by nature's choiceſt furniture,
Hath his front built of alabaſter pure;
Gold is the covering of that ſtately place.
The door, by which, ſometimes, comes forth her grace,
Red porphyr is, which lock of pearl makes ſure;
Whoſe porches rich (which name of cheeks endure)
Marble, mix'd red, and white, do interlace.

The

The windows now, thro' which this heav'nly gueſt
Looks o'er the world, and can find nothing ſuch,
Which dare claim from thoſe lights the name of beſt,
Of touch they are, that, without touch, doth touch,
Which *Cupid*'s ſelf, from beauty's mind did draw:
Of touch they are, and, poor I! am their ſtraw.

X.

Reaſon! in faith, thou art well ſerv'd, that ſtill
Would'ſt brabling be with ſenſe and love in me;
I rather wiſh'd thee climb the muſes hill;
Or reach the fruit of nature's choiceſt tree;
Or ſeek heav'ns courſe, or heav'ns inſide to ſee:
Why ſhouldſt thou toil our thorny ſoil to till?
Leave ſenſe, and thoſe which ſenſes objects be,
Deal thou with powers of thoughts, leave love to will.

But thou wouldſt needs fight, both with love and ſenſe,
With ſword of wit, giving wounds of diſpraiſe,
'Till down-right blows did foil thy cunning fence;
For ſoon as they ſtruck thee with *Stella*'s rays,
Reaſon, thou kneeld'ſt, and offered'ſt ſtraight to prove,
By reaſon good, good reaſon her to love.

XI.

In truth, O love, with what a boyiſh kind
Thou doſt proceed, in thy moſt ſerious ways,
That when the heav'n to thee his beſt diſplays,
Yet of that beſt, thou leav'ſt the beſt behind:
For, like a child, that ſome fair book doth find,
With gilded leaves, or colour'd velum plays,
Or, at the moſt, on ſome fine picture ſtays,
But never heeds the fruit of writer's mind:

So when thou ſaw'ſt, in nature's cabinet,
Stella, thou ſtraight look'ſt babies in her eyes,
In her cheeks pit, thou did'ſt thy pitfold ſet,
And in her breaſt, bo-peep, or couching, lies,
Playing, and ſhining in each outward part;
But, fool! ſeek'ſt not to get into her heart.

XII.

Cupid, becauſe thou ſhin'ſt in *Stella*'s eyes,
That from her looks, thy dances none 'ſcapes free,
That thoſe lips ſwell'd, ſo full of thee they be,
That her ſweet breath, makes oft thy flames to riſe,
That in her breaſt thy pap well ſugar'd lies,
That her grace, gracious makes thy wrongs, that ſhe,
What words ſoe'er ſhe ſpeak, perſuades for thee,
That her clear voice lifts thy fame to the skies.

Thou counteſt *Stella* thine, like thoſe whoſe powers
Having got up a breach by fighting well,
Cry, Victory! this fair day all is ours!
O no, her heart is ſuch a citadel,
So fortified with wit, ſtor'd with diſdain,
That to win it, is all the ſkill and pain.

XIII.

Phœbus was judge between *Jove*, *Mars*, and *Love*,
Of thoſe three gods, whoſe arms the faireſt were:
Jove's golden ſhield did eagles fables bear,
Whoſe talons held young *Ganymede* above:
But in *vert* field *Mars* bore a golden ſpear,
Which through a bleeding heart his point did ſhove?
Each had his *creſt*, *Mars* carry'd *Venus' glove*,
Jove, on his *helm*, the thunder-bolt did rear.

Cupid

Cupid then ſmiles, for on his *creſt* there lies
Stella's fair hair, her face he makes his *ſhield*,
Where roſes *gules* are borne in *ſilver field*.
Phœbus drew wide the curtains of the skies,
To *blaze* theſe laſt, and ſware devoutly then,
The firſt, thus match'd, were ſcantly gentlemen.

XIV.

Alas! have I not pain enough, my friend,
Upon whoſe breaſt a fiercer gripe doth tire,
Than did on him who firſt ſtole down the fire,
While *Love* on me doth all his quiver ſpend;
But with your rhubarb words ye muſt contend,
To grieve me worſe, in ſaying, that deſire
Doth plunge my well form'd ſoul even in the mire
Of ſinful thoughts, which do in ruin end?

If that be ſin which doth the manners frame,
Well ſtaid with truth in word, and faith, of deed,
Ready of wit, and fearing nought but ſhame;
If that be ſin, which in fix'd hearts doth breed
A loathing of all looſe unchaſtity,
Then love is ſin, and let me ſinful be.

XV.

You that do ſearch for every purling ſpring,
Which from the ribs of old *Parnaſſus* flows,
And ev'ry flower, not ſweet, perhaps, which grows
Near there-abouts, into our Poeſy-ring.
You that do *Dictionary*'s method bring
Into your rhymes, running in ratling rows;
You that poor *Petrarch*'s long deceaſed woes,
With new-born ſighs, and denizen'd wit to ſing:

You take wrong ways, thoſe far fetch'd helps be ſuch,
As do bewray a want of inward touch,
And ſure, at length, ſtoll'n goods will come to light;
But if (both for your love and ſkill) your name
You ſeek to nurſe at fulleſt breaſts of fame,
Stella behold, and then begin t' indite.

XVI.

In nature, apt to like, when I did ſee,
Beauties, which were of many carets fine,
My boiling ſp'rits, did thither ſoon incline;
And, Love! I thought that I was full of thee;
But, finding not thoſe reſtleſs flames in me,
Which others ſaid, did make their ſouls to pine,
I thought thoſe babes of ſome pin's hurt did whine,
By my ſoul judging what love's pain might be:

But while I, fool! thus with this lion play'd,
Mine eyes (ſhall I ſay curſt, or bleſt?) beheld
Stella; now ſhe is nam'd, need more be ſaid?
In her ſight, I a leſſon new have ſpell'd;
I now have learn'd Love right, and learn'd ev'n ſo,
As who, by being poiſon'd, doth poiſon know.

XVII.

His mother dear, *Cupid* offended late,
Becauſe that *Mars*, grown ſlacker in her love,
With pricking ſhot, he did not throughly move,
To keep the pace of their firſt loving ſtate,
The boy refus'd for fear of *Mars*'s hate,
Who threatned ſtripes, if he his wrath did prove;
But ſhe, in chafe, him from her lap did ſhove,
Brake bow, brake ſhafts, while *Cupid* weeping ſat;

'Till that his grandame *Nature*, pitying it,
Of *Stella*'s brows made him two better bows,
And in her eyes, of arrows infinite:
O how for joy he leaps! O how he crows!

And

And ſtraight therewith, like wags new got to play,
Falls to ſhrewd turns, and I was in his way.

XVIII.

With what ſharp checks I in myſelf am ſhent,
When into reaſon's audit I do go:
And by juſt 'compts myſelf a bankrupt know
Of all thoſe goods, which heav'n to me hath lent:
Unable quite to pay even nature's rent,
Which unto it by birthright I do owe:
And, which is worſe, no good excuſe can ſhow,
But that my wealth I have moſt idly ſpent?

My youth doth waſte, my knowledge brings forth toys,
My wit doth ſtrive thoſe paſſions to defend,
Which, for reward, ſpoil it with vain annoys.
I ſee, my courſe to loſe myſelf doth bend:
I ſee and yet no greater ſorrow take,
Than that I loſe no more for *Stella*'s ſake.

XIX.

On *Cupid*'s bow how are my heart-ſtrings bent,
That ſee my wreck, and yet embrace the ſame?
When moſt I glory, then I feel moſt ſhame:
I willing run, yet while I run, repent;
My beſt wits ſtill their own diſgrace invent:
My very ink turns ſtraight to *Stella*'s name;
And yet my words, as them my pen doth frame,
Adviſe themſelves that they are vainly ſpent.

For though ſhe paſs all things, yet what is all
That unto me, who fare like him that both
Looks to the ſkies, and in a ditch doth fall?
O let me prop my mind yet in his growth,
And not in nature, for beſt fruits unfit:
Scholar, ſaith *Love*, bend hitherward your wit.

Fly,

XX.

Fly, fly, my friends, I have my death's wound! fly,
See there that boy, that murdering boy, I ſay,
Who, like a thief, hid in dark buſh, doth lie,
Till bloody bullet get him wrongful prey.
So, tyrant he, no fitter place could ſpy,
Nor ſo fair level in ſo ſecret ſtay,
As that ſweet black which veils the heavenly eye:
There himſelf with his ſhot he cloſe doth lay.

Poor paſſenger! paſs now thereby I did;
And ſtaid, pleas'd with the proſpect of the place;
While that black hue from me the bad gueſt hid:
But ſtraight I ſaw motions of lightning grace;
And then deſcry'd the gliſtering of his dart:
But ere I could fly thence, it pierc'd my heart.

XXI.

Your words, my friend (right healthful cauſticks) blame
My young mind marr'd, whom *Love* doth wind, as ſo
That mine own writings, like bad ſervants, ſhow
My wits quick in vain thoughts, in virtue lame:
That *Plato* I read for nought; but if he tame
Such coltiſh years, that to my birth I owe
Nobler deſires, leſt elſe that friendly foe,
Great expectation, were a train of ſhame.

For ſince mad *March* great promiſe made of me,
If now the *May* of my years much decline,
What can be hop'd my harveſt-time will be?
Sure, you ſay well, your wiſdom's golden mine,
Dig deep with learning's ſpade, now tell me this,
Hath this world aught ſo fair as *Stella* is?

XXII.

In higheſt way of heav'n the ſun did ride,
Progreſſing then from fair twins golden place:
Having no ſcarf of clouds before his face,
But ſhining forth of heat in his chief pride;
When ſome fair ladies, by hard promiſe ty'd,
On horſeback met him in his furious race,
Yet each prepar'd with fans well-ſhading grace,
From that foe's wounds their tender ſkins to hide:

Stella, alone, with face unarm'd, march'd
Either to do like him with open ſhone:
Or, careleſs of the wealth, becauſe her own:
Yet were the hid and meaner beauties parch'd,
Her daintieſt bare went free; the cauſe was this,
The ſun, which others burn'd, did her but kiſs.

XXIII.

The curious wits, ſeeing dull penſiveneſs
Bewray itſelf in my long ſettled eyes,
Whence thoſe ſame fumes of melancholy riſe,
With idle pains, and miſſing aim, do gueſs.
Some that know how my ſpring I did addreſs,
Deem that my muſe ſome fruit of knowledge plies;
Others, becauſe the prince my ſervice tries,
Think that I think ſtate-errors to redreſs.

But harder judges judge ambition's rage,
Scourge of itſelf, ſtill climbing ſlipp'ry place,
Holds my young brain captiv'd in golden cage.
O fools, or over-wiſe, alas! the race
Of all my thoughts hath neither ſtop nor ſtart,
But only *Stella*'s eyes, and *Stella*'s heart.

Rich

XXIV.

Rich fools there be, whoſe baſe and filthy heart,
Lies hatching ſtill the goods wherein they flow:
And damning their own ſelves to *Tantal*'s ſmart,
Wealth breeding want, more bleſt, more wretched grow;
Yet to thoſe fools heav'n doth ſuch wit impart,
As what their hands do hold, their heads do know,
And knowing *love*, and loving lay apart,
As ſacred things, far from all dangers ſhow.

But that rich fool, who by blind fortune's lot,
The richeſt gem of love and life enjoys,
And can with foul abuſe ſuch beauties blot;
Let him, depriv'd of ſweet, but unfelt joys,
(Exil'd for aye from thoſe high treaſures, which
He knows not) grow in only folly rich.

XXV.

The wiſeſt ſcholar of the wight moſt wiſe,
By *Phœbus*' doom, with ſugar'd ſentence ſays,
That virtue, if it once met with our eyes
Strange flames of *Love* it in our ſouls would raiſe.
But for that man with pain this truth deſcries,
Whilſt he each thing in ſenſe's ballance weighs,
And ſo, nor will, nor can, behold thoſe ſkies,
Which inward ſun t' *heroick* mind diſplays.

Virtue of late, with virtuous care to ſtir
Love of herſelf, took *Stella*'s ſhape, that ſhe
To mortal eyes might ſweetly ſhine in her,
It is moſt true, for ſince I her did ſee,
Virtue's great beauty in that face I prove,
And find th' effect, for I do burn in love.

Though

XXVI.

Though duſty wits dare ſcorn aſtrology,
And fools can think thoſe lamps of pureſt light,
Whoſe numbers weigh greatneſs, eternity,
Promiſing wonders, wonder do invite:
To have, for no cauſe, birthright in the ſky,
But for to ſpangle the black weeds of night:
Or for ſome brawl, which in that chamber high,
They ſhould ſtill dance, to pleaſe a gazer's ſight.

For me, I do nature un-idle know,
And know, great cauſes great effects procure:
And know, thoſe bodies high reign on the low.
And if theſe rules did fail, proof makes me ſure,
Who oft fore-judge my after-following race,
By only thoſe two ſtars in *Stella*'s face.

XXVII.

Becauſe I oft in dark abſtracted guiſe,
Seem moſt alone in greateſt company:
With dearth of words, or anſwers quite awry,
To them that would make ſpeech of ſpeech ariſe.
They deem, and of their doom the rumour flies,
That poiſon foul of bubling pride doth lie:
So in my ſwelling breaſt, that only I
Fawn on myſelf, and others do deſpiſe:

Yet pride, I think, doth not my ſoul poſſeſs,
Which looks too oft in his unflatt'ring glaſs:
But one worſe fault, *Ambition*, I confeſs,
That makes me oft my beſt friends overpaſs,
Unſeen, unheard, while thought to higheſt place
Bends all his power, even unto *Stella*'s grace.

XXVIII.

You that with allegory's curious frame,
Of others children changlings uſe to make,
With me thoſe pains, for God's ſake, do not take;
I liſt not dig ſo deep for brazen fame.
When I ſay, *Stella*, I do mean the ſame
Princeſs of beauty, for whoſe only ſake,
The reins of *Love* I love, though never ſlack,
And joy therein, though nations count it ſhame.

I beg no ſubject to uſe eloquence,
Nor in hid ways do guide philoſophy:
Look at my hands for no ſuch quinteſſence;
But know, that I, in pure ſimplicity,
Breathe out the flames which burn within my heart,
Love only reading unto me this art.

XXIX.

Like ſome weak lords, neighbour'd by mighty kings,
To keep themſelves, and their chief cities free,
Do eas'ly yield, that all their coaſts may be
Ready to ſtore their camps of needful things:
So *Stella*'s heart, finding what power *Love* brings,
To keep itſelf in life and liberty,
Doth willing grant, that in the frontiers he
Uſe all to help his other conquerings:

And thus her heart eſcapes, but thus her eyes,
Serve him with ſhot, her lips his heralds are:
Her breaſts his tents, legs his triumphal car.
Her fleſh his food, her ſkin his armour brave,
And I, but for becauſe my proſpect lies
Upon that coaſt, am giv'n up for a ſlave.

Whether

XXX.

Whether the *Turkiſh* new-moon minded be
To fill his horns this year on Chriſtian coaſt?
How *Poles* right king means, without leave of hoſt,
To warm, with ill-made fire, cold *Muſcovy?*
If *French* can yet three parts in one agree?
What now the *Dutch* in their full diets boaſt?
How *Holland* hearts, now ſo good towns be loſt,
Truſt in the ſhade of pleaſant *Orange*-tree?

How *Ulſter* likes of that ſame golden bit,
Wherewith my father once made it half tame?
If in the *Scotch* court be no weltring yet?
Theſe queſtions buſy wits to me do frame;
I, cumbred with good manners, anſwer do,
But know not how, for ſtill I think of You.

XXXI.

With how ſad ſteps, O moon, thou climb'ſt the ſkies!
How ſilently, and with how wan a face!
What may it be, that, ev'n in heav'nly place
That buſy archer his ſharp arrows tries?
Sure, if that long, with *Love*-acquainted eyes,
Can judge of *Love*, thou feel'ſt a lover's caſe;
I read it in thy looks, thy languiſh'd grace
To me, that feel the like, thy ſtate deſcries.

Then ev'n of fellowſhip, O moon, tell me,
Is conſtant *Love* deem'd there but want of wit?
Are beauties there as proud as here they be?
Do they above love to be lov'd, and yet
Thoſe lovers ſcorn, whom that *Love* doth poſſeſs?
Do they call *Virtue* there ungratefulneſs?

XXXII.

Morpheus, the lively ſon of deadly ſleep,
Witneſs of life to them that living die:
A prophet oft, and oft an hiſtory,
A Poet eke, as humours fly or creep,
Since thou in me ſo ſure a power doſt keep,
That never I with cloſe up ſenſe do lie,
But by thy work (my *Stella*) I deſcry,
Teaching blind eyes both how to ſmile and weep:

Vouchſafe, of all acquaintance, this to tell,
Whence haſt thou ivory, rubies, pearl and gold,
To ſhew her ſkin, lips, teeth, and head ſo well?
Fool! anſwers he, no *Ind's* ſuch treaſures hold,
But from thy heart, while my fire charmeth thee,
Sweet *Stella*'s image I do ſteal to me.

XXXIII.

I might, unhappy word! O me! I might,
And then would not, or could not, ſee my bliſs;
Till now, wrapt in a moſt infernal night,
I find, how heav'nly day, wretch! I did miſs.
Heart! rent thyſelf, thou doſt thyſelf but right,
No lovely *Paris* made thy *Hellen* his:
No force, no fraud, robb'd thee of thy delight,
Nor fortune of thy fortune author is:

But to myſelf, myſelf did give the blow,
While too much wit (forſooth) ſo troubled me,
That I reſpects for both our ſakes muſt ſhow:
And yet could not, by riſing morn, foreſee
How fair a day was near. O puniſh'd eyes!
That I had been more fooliſh, or more wiſe!

XXXIV.

Come, let me write, and to what end? to eaſe
A burthen'd heart; how can words eaſe, which are
The glaſſes of thy daily vexing care?
Oft cruel fights, well pictur'd forth, do pleaſe;
Art not aſham'd to publiſh thy diſeaſe?
Nay, that may breed my fame, it is ſo rare:
But will not wiſe men think thy words fond ware?
Then be they cloſe, and ſo none ſhall diſpleaſe.

What idler thing, than ſpeak, and not be heard?
What harder thing, than ſmart, and not to ſpeak?
Peace, fooliſh wit, with wit my wit is mart'd.
Thus write I, while I doubt to write, and wreak
My harms on ink's poor loſs, perhaps ſome find
Stella's great power, that ſo confuſe my mind.

XXXV.

What may words ſay? or what may words not ſay,
Where truth itſelf muſt ſpeak like flattery?
Within what bounds can one his liking ſtay,
Where nature doth with infinite agree?
What *Neſtor*'s counſel can my flames allay,
Since reaſon ſelf doth blow the coal in me?
And, ah! what hope, that hope ſhould once ſee day,
Where *Cupid* is ſworn page to chaſtity?

Honour is honour'd, that thou doſt poſſeſs
Him as thy ſlave, and now long needy fame
Doth even grow rich, naming my *Stella*'s name.
Wit learns in thee perfection to expreſs,
Not thou by praiſe, but praiſe in thee is rais'd:
It is a praiſe to praiſe, when thou art prais'd.

XXXVI.

Stella, whence doth this new aſſault ariſe,
A conquer'd golden ranſack'd heart to win?
Whereto long ſince, through my long batter'd eyes,
Whole armies of thy beauties enter'd in.
And there, long ſince, *Love*, thy lieutenant, lies,
My forces rais'd, thy banners rais'd within:
Of conqueſt, do not theſe effects ſuffice,
But wilt now war upon thine own begin?

With ſo ſweet voice, and by ſweet nature, ſo
In ſweeteſt ſtrength, ſo ſweetly ſkill'd withal,
In all ſweet ſtratagems, ſweet art can ſhow,
That not my ſoul, which at thy foot did fall,
Long ſince, forc'd by thy beams, but ſtone nor tree,
By ſenſe's privilege, can 'ſcape from thee.

XXXVII.

My mouth doth water, and my breaſt doth ſwell,
My tongue doth itch, my thoughts in labour be;
Liſten then, *lordings*, with good ear to me,
For of my life, I muſt a riddle tell.
Toward *Aurora*'s court a nymph doth dwell,
Rich in all beauties which man's eye can ſee;
Beauties ſo far from reach of words, that we,
Abaſe her praiſe, ſaying, She doth excel:

Rich in the treaſure of deſerv'd renown;
Rich in the riches of a royal heart;
Rich in thoſe gifts which give th' eternal crown;
Who, tho' moſt rich in theſe and ev'ry part
Which make the patents of true worldly bliſs,
Hath no misfortune, but, that *Rich* * ſhe is.

This

* *i. e.* The Lady *Rich* above-mentioned.

XXXVIII.

This night, while ſleep begins, with heavy wings,
To hatch mine eyes, and that unbitted thought
Doth fall to ſtray, and my chief powers are brought
To leave the ſcepter of all ſubject things;
The firſt that ſtraight my fancy's error brings
Unto my mind, is *Stella*'s image, wrought
By *Love*'s own ſelf, but, with ſo curious draught,
That ſhe, methinks, not only ſhines, but ſings:

I ſtart, look, hark! but what in clos'd-up ſenſe
Was held, in open'd ſenſe it flies away,
Leaving me nought but wailing eloquence:
I, ſeeing better ſights, in ſights decay,
Call'd it anew, and wooed ſleep again;
But him, her hoſt, that unkind gueſt had ſlain.

XXXIX.

Come, ſleep: O ſleep! the certain knot of peace,
The baiting place of wit, the balm of woe,
The poor man's wealth, the priſoner's releaſe,
Th' indifferent judge between the high and low;
With ſhield of proof, ſhield me from out the preſs
Of thoſe fierce darts, deſpair at me doth throw:
O make in me thoſe civil wars to ceaſe;
I will good tribute pay, if thou do ſo.

Take thou of me, ſmooth pillows, ſweeteſt bed;
A chamber deaf to noiſe, and blind to light;
A roſy garland, and a weary head:
And if theſe things, as being thine by right,
Move not thy heavy grace, thou ſhalt, in me,
Livelier than elſewhere, *Stella*'s image ſee.

XL.

As good to write, as for to lie and groan,
O *Stella* dear! how much thy power hath wrought,
That haſt my mind, none of the baſeſt, brought
My ſtill kept courſe, while others ſleep, to moan,
Alas! if from the height of virtue's throne,
Thou canſt vouchſafe the influence of a thought
Upon a wretch that long thy grace hath ſought;
Weigh then, how I by thee am overthrown:

And then, think thus, Altho' thy beauty be
Made manifeſt by ſuch a victory,
Yet nobleſt conquerors do wrecks avoid:
Since then thou haſt ſo far ſubdued me,
That, in my heart, I offer ſtill to thee,
O do not let thy temple be deſtroy'd.

XLI.

Having this day my horſe, my hand, my lance,
Guided ſo well, that I obtain'd the prize,
Both by the judgment of the *Engliſh* eyes,
And of ſome ſent from that ſweet en'my *France*;
Horſemen, my ſkill in horſemanſhip advance;
Town-folks, my ſtrength; a daintier judge applies
His praiſe to ſleight, which from good uſe doth riſe:
Some lucky wits impute it but to chance:

Others, becauſe of both ſides I do take
My blood from them who did excel in this,
Think nature me a man of arms did make:
How far they ſhot awry! The true cauſe is,
Stella look'd on, and from her heav'nly face,
Sent forth the beams which made ſo fair my race.

O eyes!

XLII.

O eyes! which do the ſpheres of beauty move,
Whoſe beams be joys, whoſe joys all virtues be,
Who, while they make *Love* conquer, conquer *Love*,
The ſchools where *Venus* hath learn'd chaſtity.
O eyes! where humble looks moſt glorious prove,
Only lov'd tyrants, juſt in cruelty,
Do not, O do not, from poor me remove,
Keep ſtill my *Zenith*, ever ſhine on me:

For though I never ſee them, but ſtraightways
My life forgets to nouriſh languiſh'd ſp'rites,
Yet ſtill on me, O eyes; dart down your rays;
And if, from majeſty of ſacred lights
Oppreſſing mortal ſenſe, my death proceed,
Wrecks triumphs be, which *Love* (high ſet) doth breed.

XLIII.

Fair eyes, ſweet lips, dear heart, that fooliſh I,
Could hope, by *Cupid*'s help, on you to prey,
Since to himſelf, he doth your gifts apply,
As his main force, choice ſport, and eaſeful ſtay:
For when he will ſee who dare him gainſay,
Then with thoſe eyes he looks; lo! by-and-by,
Each ſoul doth at *Love*'s feet his weapons lay,
Glad, if, for her, he give them leave to die.

When he will play, then in her lips he is,
Where bluſhing red, that *Love*'s ſelf them doth love,
With either lip he doth the other kiſs;
But when he will, for quiet-ſake, remove
From all the world, her heart is then his rome,
Where, well he knows, no man can to him come.

XLIV.

My words, I know, do well ſet forth my mind,
My mind bemoans his ſenſe of inward ſmart,
Such ſmart may pity claim of any heart,
Her heart, ſweet heart, is of no tyger's kind:
And yet ſhe hears, and yet no pity I find;
But more I cry, leſs grace ſhe doth impart,
Alas! what cauſe is there ſo overthwart,
That nobleneſs itſelf makes thus unkind?

I much do gueſs, yet find no truth, ſave this,
That when the breath of my complaints doth touch
Thoſe dainty doors unto the court of bliſs,
The heav'nly nature of that place is ſuch,
That, once come there, the ſobs of mine annoys
Are metamorphos'd ſtraight to tunes of joys.

XLV.

Stella oft ſees the very face of woe
Painted in my beclouded ſtormy face;
But cannot ſkill to pity my diſgrace,
Not though thereof the cauſe herſelf ſhe know.
Yet hearing late a fable, which did ſhow,
Of lovers, never known, a grievous caſe,
Pity thereof, 'gat in her breaſt ſuch place,
That, from that ſea deriv'd, tears ſpring did flow.

Alas! if fancy, drawn by imag'd things,
Tho' falſe, yet, if free ſcope, more grace doth breed
Than ſervants wreck, where new doubts honour brings;
Then think, my dear, that you in me do read,
Of lover's ruin, ſome ſad tragedy:
I am not I; pity the tale of me.

XLVI.

I curſt thee oft; I pity now thy caſe,
Blind-hitting boy, ſince ſhe, that thee and me
Rules with a beck, ſo tyrannizeth thee,
That thou muſt want or food or dwelling-place;
For ſhe proteſts to baniſh thee her face;
Her face? O *Love!* a rogue thou then ſhouldſt be!
If *Love* learn not alone to love and ſee,
Without deſire to feed of farther grace.

Alas! poor wag, that now a ſcholar art,
To ſuch a ſchool-miſtreſs, whoſe leſſons new
Thou needs muſt miſs, and ſo thou needs muſt ſmart.
Yet, dear, let me his pardon get of you,
So long (tho' he from book * myche to deſire)
Till without fewel you can make hot fire.

XLVII.

What! have I thus betray'd my liberty?
Can thoſe black beams ſuch burning marks engrave
In thy free ſide? or am I born a ſlave,
Whoſe neck becomes ſuch yoke of tyranny?
Or want I ſenſe to feel my miſery?
Or ſp'rite diſdain of ſuch diſdain to have?
Who for long faith, tho' daily help I crave,
May get no alms, but ſcorn of beggary.

Virtue, awake; Beauty, but beauty is,
I may, I muſt, I can, I will, I do
Leave following that, which it is gain to miſs.
Let her do——Soft! but here ſhe comes! Go to;
Unkind! I love you not:——O me! that eye
Doth make my heart give to my tongue the lye.

* *i. e.* To play truant.

XLVIII.

Soul's joy, bend not thoſe morning ſtars from me,
Where virtue is made ſtrong by beauty's might;
Where *Love* is chaſteneſs, pain doth learn delight,
And humbleneſs grows one with majeſty:
Whatever may enſue, O let me be
Copartner of the riches of that ſight:
Let not mine eyes be hell-driv'n from that light:
O look! O ſhine! O let me die, and ſee!

For though I oft myſelf of them bemoan,
That through my heart their beamy darts be gone:
Whoſe cureleſs wounds, e'en now, moſt freſhly bleed:
Yet, ſince my death-wound is already got,
Dear killer, ſpare not thy ſweet cruel ſhot:
A kind of grace it is to ſlay with ſpeed.

XLIX.

I on my horſe, and *Love* on me doth try
Our horſemanſhips, while, by ſtrange work, I prove
A horſeman to my horſe, a horſe to *Love*;
And now man's wrongs in me, poor beaſt, deſcry.
The reins wherewith my rider doth me tie,
Are humbled thoughts, which bit of rev'rence move,
Curb'd in with fear, but with gilt boſs above,
Of hope, which makes it ſeem fair to the eye.

The wand is will; thou, fancy, ſaddle art,
Girt faſt by memory, and while I ſpur
My horſe, he ſpurs, with ſharp deſire, my heart:
He ſits me faſt, however I do ſtir,
And now hath made me to his hand ſo right,
That in the manage myſelf takes delight.

L.

Stella! the fulneſs of my thoughts of thee
Cannot be ſtaid within my panting breaſt;
But they do ſwell and ſtruggle forth of me,
'Till that in words thy figure be expreſt:
And yet, as ſoon as they ſo formed be,
According to my lord *Love*'s own beheſt,
With ſad eyes I their weak proportion ſee,
To portrait that which in this world is beſt;

So that I cannot chuſe but write my mind,
And cannot chuſe but put out what I write,
While theſe poor babes their death in birth do find:
And now my pen theſe lines had daſhed quite;
But that they ſtopp'd his fury from the fame,
Becauſe their fore front bear ſweet *Stella*'s name.

LI.

Pardon mine ears, both I and they do pray,
So may your tongue ſtill fluently proceed,
To them that do ſuch entertainment need;
So may you ſtill have ſomewhat new to ſay.
On filly me do not the burthen lay
Of all the grave conceits your brain doth breed:
But find ſome *Hercules* to bear, inſtead
Of *Atlas* tir'd, your wiſdom's heav'nly ſway.

For me, while you diſcourſe of courtly tides,
Of cunning fithers in moſt troubled ſtreams,
Of ſtraying ways, when valiant error guides;
Mean while my heart confers with *Stella*'s beams,
And is e'en irkt that ſo ſweet comedy,
By ſuch unſuited ſpeech ſhould hindred be.

LII.

A ſtrife is grown between *Virtue* and *Love*,
While each pretends that *Stella* muſt be his:
Her eyes, her lips, her all, ſaith *Love*, do this
(Since they do wear his badge) moſt firmly prove;
But *Virtue* thus that title doth diſprove,
That *Stella*, O dear name! that *Stella* is
That virtuous ſoul, ſure heir of heav'nly bliſs:
Not this fair outſide, which your hearts doth move;

And, therefore, though her beauty and her grace
Be *Love*'s, indeed, in *Stella*'s ſelf he may,
By no pretence, claim any manner place.
Well, *Love*, ſince this demur our ſuit doth ſtay,
Let *Virtue* have that *Stella*'s ſelf; yet thus,
That *Virtue* but that body grant to us.

LIII.

In martial ſports I had by cunning try'd,
And yet, to break more ſtaves, did me addreſs,
While, with the people's ſhouts, I muſt confeſs,
Youth, luck and praiſe, e'en fill'd my veins with pride;
When *Cupid*, having me, his ſlave, deſcry'd
In *Mars*'s livery, prancing in the preſs:
What now, ſir fool? ſaid he, I would no leſs:
Look here, I ſay;——I look'd, and *Stella* ſpy'd;

Who, hard by, made a window ſend forth light:
My heart then quak'd, then dazled were mine eyes,
One hand forgot to rule, th' other to fight.
Nor trumpet's ſound I heard, nor friendly cries;
My foe came on, and beat the air for me,
'Till that her bluſh taught me my ſhame to ſee.

Becauſe

LIV.

Becauſe I breathe not love to ev'ry one,
Nor do not uſe ſet colours for to wear;
Nor nouriſh ſpecial locks of vowed hair;
Nor give each ſpeech a full point of a groan;
The courtly nymphs, acquainted with the moan
Of them, who, in their lips, *Love*'s ſtandard bear;
What he? ſay they of me, now dare I ſwear,
He cannot love: no, no; let him alone.

And think ſo ſtill, ſo *Stella* know my mind,
Profeſs, indeed, I do not *Cupid*'s art;
But you, fair maids, at length this true ſhall find,
That his right badge is but worn in the heart:
Dumb ſwans, not chatt'ring pies, do lovers prove.
They love, indeed, who quake to ſay they love.

LV.

Muſes! I oft invok'd your holy aid,
With choiceſt flowers, my ſpeech t' engarland ſo,
That it deſpis'd in true, but naked ſhew,
Might win ſome grace in your ſweet grace array'd;
And oft whole troops of ſaddeſt words I ſtaid,
Striving abroad a foraging to go,
Until, by your inſpiring, I might know,
How their black banner might be beſt diſplay'd;

But now I mean no more your help to try,
Nor other ſug'ring of my ſpeech to prove,
But on her name inceſſantly to cry;
For let me but name her whom I do love,
So ſweet ſounds ſtraight mine ears and heart do hit,
That I well find no eloquence like it.

LVI.

Fie, ſchool of patience, fie, your leſſon is
Far, far too long to learn it without book:
What! a whole week without one piece of look,
And think I ſhould not your large precepts miſs?
When I might read thoſe letters fair of bliſs,
Which in her face teach virtue, I could brook
Somewhat thy leaden counſels, which I took,
As of a friend, that meant not much amiſs;

But now, that I, alas! do want her ſight,
What, doſt thou think, that I can ever take
In thy cold ſtuff a flegmatick delight?
No, patience, if thou wilt my good, then make
Her come, and hear, with patience, my deſire,
And then, with patience, bid me bear my fire.

LVII.

Who having made, with many fights, his own,
Each ſenſe of mine, each gift, each power of mind,
Grown now his ſlaves, he forc'd them out to find
The thoroweſt words, fit for woe's ſelf to groan,
Hoping, that when they might find *Stella* alone,
Before ſhe could prepare to be unkind,
Her ſoul, arm'd but with ſuch a dainty rind,
Should ſoon be pierc'd with ſharpneſs of the moan:

She heard my plaints, and did not only hear,
But them (ſo ſweet is ſhe) moſt ſweetly ſing,
With that fair breaſt, making woe's darkneſs clear:
A pretty caſe; I hoped her to bring
To feel my griefs, and ſhe, with face and voice,
So ſweets my pains, that my pains me rejoice.

LVIII.

Doubt there hath been, when, with his golden chain,
The orator ſo far mens hearts doth bind,
That no pace elſe, their guided ſteps can find,
But as he them more ſhort or ſlack doth rein;
Whether with words this ſovereignty he gain,
Cloath'd with fine tropes, with ſtrongeſt reaſon lin'd?
Or elſe, pronouncing grace, wherewith his mind
Prints his own lively form in rudeſt brain?

Now judge by this, in piercing phraſes late,
Th' anatomy of all my woes I wrate:
Stella's ſweet breath, the ſame to me did read:
O voice! O face! maugre my ſpeech's might,
Which wooed woe, moſt raviſhing delight;
Ev'n thoſe ſad words, ev'n in ſad me did breed.

LIX.

Dear! Why make you more of a dog than me?
If he do love, I burn, I burn in love;
If he wait well, I never thence would move:
If he be fair, yet but a dog can be:
Little he is, ſo little worth is he;
He barks, my ſongs thine own voice oft doth prove:
Bidden, perhaps, he fetcheth thee a glove,
But I, unbid, fetch ev'n my ſoul to thee.

Yet, while I languiſh, him that boſom clips,
That lap doth lap; nay, lets, in ſpite of ſpite,
This ſowre-breath'd mate, taſte of thoſe ſugar'd lips:
Alas! if you grant only ſuch delight
To witleſs things, then *Love*, I hope (ſince wit
Becomes a clog) will ſoon eaſe me of it.

LX.

When my good angel guides me to the place
Where all my good I do in *Stella* ſee,
That heav'n of joys, throws only down on me,
I hund'ring diſdains, and lightnings of diſgrace;
But when the rugged'ſt ſtep of fortune's race
Makes me fall from her ſight, then, ſweetly, ſhe
With words, wherein the muſes treaſures be,
Shews love and pity to my abſent caſe.

Now I, wit-beaten long by hardeſt fate,
So dull am, that I cannot look into
The ground of this fierce *love*, and lovely *hate*;
Then, ſome good body, tell me, how I do,
Whoſe preſence abſence, abſence preſence is;
Bliſt in my curſe, and curſed in my bliſs?

LXI.

Oft with true ſighs, oft with uncalled tears,
Now with ſlow words, now with dumb eloquence,
I *Stella*'s eyes aſſay'd, invade her ears;
But this, at laſt, is her ſweet-breath'd defence:
That who, indeed, in felt affection bears,
So captives to his ſaint both ſoul and ſenſe;
That, wholly hers, all ſelfneſs he forbears,
Then his deſires he learns his life's courſe thence.

Now, ſince her chaſte mind hates this love in me,
With chaſten'd mind, I ſtraight muſt ſhew, That ſhe
Shall quickly me, from what ſhe hates, remove.
O doctor *Cupid!* thou for me reply,
Driv'n, elſe, to grant, by angels ſophiſtry,
That I love not, without I leave to love.

LXII.

Late tir'd with woe, and ready for to pine
With rage of *Love*, I call'd my love unkind;
She, in whoſe eyes *Love*, tho' unfelt, doth ſhine,
Sweet ſaid, that I true love in her ſhould find:
I joy'd, but ſtraight thus water'd was my wine,
That love ſhe did, but lov'd a love not blind,
Which would not let me, whom ſhe lov'd, decline
From nobler courſe, fit for my birth and mind:

And therefore, by her love's authority,
Will'd me theſe tempeſts of vain love to fly,
And anchor faſt myſelf on *Virtue*'s ſhore.
Alas! if this the only metal be
Of *Love*, new-coin'd to help my beggary,
Dear! love me not, that you may love me more.

LXIII.

O grammar rules! O now your virtues ſhow!
So children ſtill read you with awful eyes,
As my young dove, may, in your precepts wiſe,
Her grant to me, by her own virtue know;
For, late, with heart moſt high, with eyes moſt low,
I crav'd the thing which ever ſhe denies:
She, lightning *Love*, diſplaying *Venus*' ſkies,
Leſt once ſhould not be heard, twice ſaid, No, no.

Sing then, my muſe, now *Io Pean* ſing;
Heav'ns, envy not at my high triumphing;
But grammar's force, with ſweet ſucceſs confirm;
For grammar ſays (O this, dear *Stella!* ſay)
For grammar ſays (to grammar who ſays nay?)
That in one ſpeech two negatives affirm.

SONG.

DOUBT you to whom my muſe theſe notes intend-
eth,
Which now my breaſt, o'ercharg'd, to muſick lendeth?
To you, to you, all ſong of praiſe is due,
Only in you my ſong begins and endeth.

Who hath the eyes which marry ſtate with pleaſure?
Who keeps the key of nature's chiefeſt treaſure?
To you, to you, all ſong of praiſe is due,
Only for you the heav'n forgat all meaſure.

Who hath the lips, where wit in fairneſs reigneth?
Who womankind, at once, both decks and ſtaineth?
To you, to you, all ſong of praiſe is due,
Only by you *Cupid* his crown maintaineth.

Who hath the feet, whoſe ſtep of ſweetneſs planteth?
Who elſe for whom *Fame-worthy* trumpets wanteth?
To you, to you, all ſong of praiſe is due,
Only to you her ſcepter *Venus* granteth.

Who hath the breaſt, whoſe milk doth paſſions nouriſh?
Whoſe grace is ſuch, that when it chides doth cheriſh?
To you, to you, all ſong of praiſe is due,
Only thro' you the tree of life doth flouriſh.

Who hath the hand, which, without ſtroke ſubdueth?
Who long-dead beauty with increaſe reneweth?
To you, to you, all ſong of praiſe is due,
Only at you all envy hopeleſs rueth.

Who hath the hair, which looſeſt, faſteſt tieth?
Who makes a man live then, glad when he dieth?
To you, to you, all ſong of praiſe is due,
Only of you the flatterer never lieth.

Who

Who hath the voice, which ſoul from ſenſes ſunders?
Whoſe force, but yours, the bolts of beauty thunders?
To you, to you, all ſong of praiſe is due,
Only with you, not miracles are wonders.

Doubt you, to whom my muſe theſe notes intendeth,
Which now my breaſt, o'ercharg'd, to muſick lendeth?
To you, to you, all ſong of praiſe is due,
Only in you my ſong begins and endeth.

LXIV.

No more, my dear, no more theſe counſels try,
O give my paſſions leave to run their race:
Let fortune lay on me her worſt diſgrace:
Let folk o'ercharg'd with brain, againſt me cry,
Let clouds be dim, my face break in mine eye;
Let me no ſteps but of loſt labour trace:
Let all the earth with ſcorn recount my caſe,
But do not will me from my *love* to fly.

I do not envy *Ariſtotle*'s wit,
Nor do aſpire to *Cæſar*'s bleeding fame;
Nor aught do care, tho' ſome above me ſit:
Nor hope, nor with another courſe to frame,
But that which once may win thy cruel heart;
Thou art my Wit, and thou my Virtue art.

LXV.

Love, by ſure proof, I may call thee unkind,
That giv'ſt no better ear to my juſt cries:
Thou whom to me ſuch my good turns ſhou'd bind,
As I may well recount, but none can prize:
For when, nak'd boy, thou could'ſt no harbour find
In this old world, grown now ſo too, too wiſe:
I lodg'd thee in my heart, and being blind
By nature born, I gave to thee my eyes.

Mine

Mine eyes, my light, my heart, my life, alas!
If ſo great ſervices may ſcorned be:
Yet let this thought thy tygriſh courage paſs:
That I perhaps am ſomewhat kin to thee;
Since in thine arms, if learn'd fame truth hath ſpread,
Thou bear'ſt the arrow, I the arrow-head.

LXVI.

And do I ſee ſome cauſe a hope to feed,
Or doth the tedious burden of long woe
In weaken'd minds, quick apprehending breed
Of ev'ry image which may comfort ſhow?
I cannot brag of word, much leſs of deed,
Fortune's wheels ſtill with me in one ſort flow;
My wealth no more, and no whit leſs my need,
Deſire ſtill on the ſtilts of fear doth go.

And yet amid all fears, as hope there is,
Stol'n to my heart ſince laſt fair night, nay, day;
Stella's eyes ſent to me the beams of bliſs,
Looking on me, while I look'd other way:
But when my eyes back to their heav'n did move,
They fled with bluſh, which guilty ſeem'd of love.

LXVII.

Hope! art thou true? or doſt thou flatter me?
Doth *Stella* now begin with piteous eye,
The ruins of her conqueſt to eſpy?
Will ſhe take him, before all wreck'd he be?
Her eyes-ſpeech is tranſlated thus by thee:
But fail'it thou not in phraſe ſo heav'nly high?
Look on again, the fair text better try:
What bluſhing notes doſt thou in margin ſee?

What ſighs ſtol'n out, or kill'd before full born?
Haſt thou found ſuch and ſuch like arguments?
Or art thou elſe to comfort me forſworn?
Well, how ſo thou interpret the contents,

I am

I am reſolv'd thy error to maintain,
Rather than by more truth to get more pain.

LXVIII.

Stella, the only planet of my light;
Light of my life, and life of my deſire,
Chief good, whereto my hope doth only aſpire;
World of my wealth, and heav'n of my delight;
Why doſt thou ſpend the treaſures of thy ſp'rite,
With voice more fit to wed *Amphion*'s lyre,
Seeking to quench in me the noble fire,
Fed by thy worth, and blinded by thy ſight?

And all in vain, for while thy breath moſt ſweet,
With choiceſt words, thy words with reaſons rare,
Thy reaſons firmly ſet on *Virtue*'s *feet*,
Labour to kill in me this killing care:
O, think I then, what paradiſe of joy
It is, ſo fair a virtue to enjoy?

LXIX.

O joy! too high for my low ſtile to ſhow:
O bliſs! fit for a nobler ſtate than me:
Envy, put out thine eyes, leſt thou do ſee
What oceans of delight in me do flow.
My friend, that oft ſaw, through all maſks, my woe,
Come, come, and let me pour myſelf on thee;
Gone is the winter of my miſery:
My ſpring appears, O ſee what here doth grow.

For *Stella* hath his words, where faith doth ſhine,
Of her high heart giv'n me the monarchy;
I, I, O I may ſay, that ſhe is mine:
And though ſhe give but this, conditionally,
This realm of bliſs, while virtuous courſe I take,
No kings be crown'd, but they ſome cov'nants make.

My

LXX.

My muſe may well grudge at my heav'nly joy,
If ſtill I force her in ſad rhimes to creep:
She oft hath drunk my tears, now hopes t' enjoy
Nectar of mirth, ſince I *Jove*'s cup do keep.
Sonnets, be not bound 'prentice to annoy:
Treble ſting high, as well as baſes deep:
Grief, but *love*'s winter-livery is, the boy
Hath cheeks to ſmile, as well as eyes to weep.

Come then, my muſe, ſhew thou height of delight;
In well-rais'd notes, my pen, the beſt it may,
Shall paint out joy, though but in black and white.
Ceaſe, eager muſe; peace, pen, for my ſake ſtay,
I give you here my hand for truth of this,
Wiſe ſilence is beſt muſick unto bliſs.

LXXI.

Who will in faireſt book of nature know,
How virtue may beſt lodg'd in beauty be,
Let him but learn of *love* to read in thee,
Stella, thoſe fair lines, which true goodneſs ſhow;
There ſhall he find all vices overthrow,
Not by rude force, but ſweeteſt ſovereignty
Of reaſon, from whoſe light thoſe night-birds fly,
That inward ſun in thine eyes ſhineth ſo.

And not content to be perfection's heir
Thyſelf, doſt ſtrive all minds that way to move:
Who mark in thee what is in thee moſt fair:
So while thy beauty draws the heart to love,
As faſt thy virtue bends that love to good:
But, ah! deſire ſtill cries, Give me ſome food.

LXXII.

Deſire, tho' thou my old companion art,
And oft ſo clings to my pure love, that I
One from the other ſcarcely can deſcry,
While each doth blow the fire of my heart;
Now from thy fellowſhip I needs muſt part;
Venus is taught with *Dian*'s wings to fly:
I muſt no more in thy ſweet paſſions lie;
Virtue's gold now muſt head my *Cupid*'s dart.

Service and honour, wonder with delight,
Fear to offend, well worthy to appear;
Care ſhining in mine eyes, faith in my ſp'rite:
Theſe things are left me by my only dear;
But thou, deſire, becauſe thou would'ſt have all,
Now baniſh'd art; but yet, alas! how ſhall?

SONG.

HAVE I caught my heav'nly jewel,
Teaching ſleep moſt fair to be?
Now will I teach her that ſhe,
When ſhe waketh, is too too cruel.

Since ſweet ſleep her eyes hath charm'd,
The two only darts of *Love*:
Now will I, with that boy, prove
Some play, while he is diſarm'd.

Her tongue, waking, ſtill refuſeth,
Giving frankly niggard No:
Now will I attempt to know,
What No her tongue, ſleeping, uſeth.

See the hand which waking guardeth;
Sleeping grants a free reſort:
Now will I invade the fort;
Cowards *Love* with loſs rewardeth.

But

But, O fool! think of the danger
Of her juſt and high diſdain:
Now will I, alas! refrain;
Love fears nothing elſe but anger.

Yet thoſe lips, ſo ſweetly ſmelling,
Do invite a ſtealing kiſs:
Now will I but venture this;
Who will read, muſt firſt learn ſpelling.

Oh! ſweet kiſs! but ah! ſhe's waking;
Low'ring beauty chaſtens me:
Now will I away hence flee:
Fool! more fool! for no more taking.

LXXIII.

Love, ſtill a boy, and oft a wanton, is
School'd only by his mother's tender eye:
What wonder then, if he his leſſon miſs,
When for ſo oft a rod, dear play he try?
And yet my ſtar, becauſe a ſugar'd kiſs
In ſport I ſuck'd, while ſhe aſleep did lie,
Doth low'r, nay, chide, nay, threat for only this:
Sweet, it was ſaucy *Love*, not humble I.

But no fauſe ſerves, ſhe makes her wrath appear
In beauty's throne; ſee now, who dares come near
Thoſe ſcarlet judges, threat'ning bloody pain?
O heav'nly fool! thy moſt kiſs-worthy face,
Anger inveſts with ſuch a lovely grace,
That anger ſelf I needs muſt kiſs again.

LXXIV.

I never drank of *Aganippe*'s well,
Nor ever did in ſhade of *Tempe* ſit:
And muſes ſcorn with vulgar brains to dwell:
Poor layman I, for ſacred rites unfit.

Some

Some do I hear of poets fury tell,
But (God wot) wot not what they mean by it:
And this I ſwear, by blackeſt brook of hell,
I am no pick-purſe of another's wit.

How falls it then, that with ſo ſmooth an eaſe
My thoughts I ſpeak, and what I ſpeak doth flow
In verſe, and that my verſe beſt wits doth pleaſe?
Gueſs we the cauſe? what, is it thus? fie, no:
Or ſo? much leſs: how then? ſure thus it is,
My lips are ſweet, inſpir'd with *Stella*'s kiſs.

LXXV.

Of all the kings, that ever here did reign,
Edward, nam'd fourth, as firſt in praiſe, I name,
Not for his fair outſide, nor well-lin'd brain;
Although leſs gifts imp feathers oft on fame:
Nor that he could, young wiſe, wiſe-valiant, frame
His fire's revenge, join'd with a kingdom's gain:
And gain'd by *Mars*, could yet mad *Mars* ſo tame,
That ballance weigh'd what ſword did late obtain.

Nor that he made the *flower-de-luce* ſo 'fraid,
Though ſtrongly hedg'd, of bloody lyon's paws,
That witty *Lewis* to him a tribute paid:
Nor this, nor that, nor any ſuch ſmall cauſe,
But only, for this worthy knight durſt prove
To loſe is crown, rather than fail his love.

LXXVI.

She comes, and ſtraight therewith her ſhining twins do move
Their rays to me, who in her tedious abſence lay
Benighted in cold woe; but now appears my day,
The only light of joy, the only warmth of *love*.

She comes with light and warmth, which, like *Aurora*, prove
Of gentle force, ſo that mine eyes dare gladly play
With ſuch a roſy morn, whoſe beams, moſt freſhly gay,
Scorch not, but only do dark chilling ſp'rits remove.

But, lo! while I do ſpeak, it groweth noon with me;
Her flamy gliſt'ring lights increaſe with time and place;
My heart cries ah! it burns, mine eyes now dazled be:
No wind, no ſhade can cool; what help then in my caſe?
But with ſhort breath, long looks, ſtaid feet, and walking head,
Pray that my ſun go down, with meeker beams, to bed.

LXXVII.

Thoſe looks, whoſe beams be joy, whoſe motion is delight;
That face, whoſe lecture ſhews what perfect beauty is:
That preſence, which doth give dark hearts a living light:
That grace, which *Venus* weeps that ſhe her ſelf doth miſs:
That hand, which without touch holds more than *Atlas* might;
Thoſe lips, which make death's pay a mean price for a kiſs:
That ſkin, whoſe paſs-praiſe hue ſcorns this poor term of white:
Thoſe words, which do ſublime the quinteſſence of bliſs:

That voice, which makes the ſoul plant itſelf in the ears:
That converſation ſweet, where ſuch high comforts be,
As conſtru'd, in true ſpeech, the name of heav'n it bears;

Makes

Makes me in my beſt thoughts, and quiet'ſt judgment, ſee
That in no more but theſe I might be fully bleſt:
Yet, ah! my maiden muſe doth bluſh to tell the beſt.

LXXVIII.

O how the pleaſant airs of true love be
Infected by thoſe vapours, which ariſe
From out that noiſom gulf, which gaping lies
Between the jaws of helliſh jealouſy!
A monſter, others harm, ſelf-miſery,
Beauty's plague, virtue's ſcourge, ſuccour of lyes:
Who his own joy to his own hurt applies,
And only cheriſh doth with injury.

Who, ſince he hath, by nature's ſpecial grace,
So piercing paws, as ſpoil when they embrace;
So nimble feet as ſtir ſtill, though on thorns:
So many eyes, aye ſeeking their own woe;
So ample ears, as never good news know:
Is it not evil, that ſuch a devil wants horns?

LXXIX.

Sweet kiſs, thy ſweets I fain would ſweetly indite,
Which ev'n of ſweetneſs, ſweeteſt ſweetner art:
Pleaſing'ſt comfort, where each ſenſe holds a part;
Which coupling doves guides *Venus*' chariot right:
Beſt charge, and brav'ſt retreat in *Cupid*'s fight;
A double key, which opens to the heart,
Moſt rich, when moſt his riches it impart:
Neſt of young joys, ſchoolmaſter of delight;

Teaching the mean at once, to take and give;
The friendly fray, where blows both wound and heal:
The pretty death, while each in other live:
Poor hope's firſt wealth, hoſtage of promis'd weal,

Breakfaſt of *love*:——but, lo! lo! where ſhe is,
Ceaſe we to praiſe, now pray we for a kiſs.

LXXX.

Sweet ſwelling lip, well may'ſt thou ſwell in pride,
Since beſt wits think it wit thee to admire:
Nature's praiſe, virtue's ſtall, *Cupid*'s cold fire;
Whence words, not words, but heav'nly graces ſlide.
The new *Parnaſſus*, where the muſes bide;
Sweetner of muſick, wiſdom's beautifier:
Breather of life, and faſtner of deſire,
Where beauty's bluſh in honour's grain is dy'd.

Thus much my heart compell'd my mouth to ſay,
But now, ſpite of my heart, my mouth will ſtay,
Loathing all lyes, doubting this flatt'ry is:
And no ſpur can his reſty race renew,
Without, how far this praiſe is ſhort of you;
Sweet lip, you teach my mouth with one ſweet kiſs.

LXXXI.

O kiſs! which doſt thoſe ruddy gems impart,
Or gems, or fruits, of new-found *Paradiſe*:
Breathing all bliſs and ſweet'ning to the heart;
Teaching dumb lips a nobler exerciſe.
O kiſs! which ſouls, ev'n ſouls, together ties
By links of *Love*, and only nature's art:
How fain would I paint thee to all men's eyes,
Or of thy gifts, at leaſt, ſhade out ſome part?

But ſhe forbids, with bluſhing words, ſhe ſays,
She builds her fame on higher-ſeated praiſe:
But my heart burns, I cannot ſilent be.
Then ſince (dear life) you fain would have me peace,
And I, mad with delight, want wit to ceaſe,
Stop you my mouth, with ſtill, ſtill kiſſing me.

Nymph

LXXXII.

Nymph of the garden, where all beauties be,
Beauties, which do in excellency paſs
His, who, till death, look'd in a watry glaſs;
Or hers, whom nak'd the *Trojan* boy did ſee:
Sweet garden nymph, which keeps the cherry-tree,
Whoſe fruit doth far th' *Heſperian* taſte ſurpaſs;
Moſt ſweet fair, moſt fair ſweet, do not, alas!
From coming near thoſe cherries baniſh me:

For tho', full of deſire, empty of wit,
Admitted late by your beſt-graced grace,
I caught, at one of them, a hungry bit,
Pardon that fault, once more, grant me the place;
And I do ſwear, ev'n by the ſame delight,
I will but kiſs, I never more will bite.

LXXXII.

Good brother *Philip*, I have borne you long,
I was content you ſhould in favour creep,
While craftily you ſeem'd your cut to keep,
As tho' that fair ſoft hand did you great wrong:
I bare (with envy) yet, I bare your ſong,
When in her neck, you did *Love* ditties peep;
Nay, more, fool I, oft ſuffer'd you to ſleep,
In lilly's neſt, where *Love*'s ſelf lies along.

What, doth high place ambitious thoughts augment?
Is ſawcineſs reward of courteſy?
Cannot ſuch grace your ſilly ſelf content,
But you muſt needs with thoſe lips billing be?
And thro' thoſe lips drink nectar from that tongue,
Leave that, Sir *Phip*, leſt off your neck be wrung.

SONG.

SONG.

IF *Orpheus'* voice had force to breathe ſuch muſick's love,
Thro' pores of ſenſeleſs trees, as it could make them move:
If ſtones good meaſure danc'd, the *Theban* walls to build,
To cadence of the tunes, which *Amphion*'s lyre did yield;
More cauſe, a like effect, at leaſt-wiſe bringeth:
O ſtones! O trees! learn hearing, *Stella* ſingeth.

If love might ſweeten ſo a boy of ſhepherd brood,
To make a lizard dull, to taſte love's dainty food:
If eagle fierce could ſo in *Grecian* maid delight,
As his light was her eyes, her death his endleſs night:
Earth, give that love; heaven, I trow, love refineth:
O beaſts! O birds! look, love! lo! *Stella* ſhineth.

The birds, beaſts, ſtones, and trees feel this, and feeling *love:*
And if the trees, nor ſtones, ſtir not the ſame to prove;
Nor beaſts, nor birds do come unto this bleſſed gaze,
Know, that ſmall love is quick, and great love doth amaze:
They are amaz'd, but you with reaſon arm'd,
O eyes! O ears of men! how are you charm'd?

LXXXIV.

High-way, ſince you my chief *Parnaſſus* be;
And that my muſe, to ſome ears not unſweet,
Tempers her words to trampling horſes feet,
More oft than to a chamber melody.
Now bleſſed you, bear onward bleſſed me,
To her, where I my heart ſafe left ſhall meet;
My muſe and I muſt you of duty greet,
With thanks and wiſhes, wiſhing thankfully.

Be you ſtill fair, honour'd by publick heed;
By no encroachment wrong'd, nor time forgot:
Nor blam'd for blood, nor ſham'd for ſinful deed;
And that you know, I envy you no lot,
Of higheſt wiſh, I wiſh you ſo much bliſs,
Hundreds of years you *Stella*'s feet may kiſs.

LXXXV.

I ſee the houſe, my heart, thyſelf contain;
Beware full ſails, drown not thy tottering barge:
Leſt joy by nature apt ſpirits to enlarge,
Thee to thy wreck, beyond thy limits ſtrain.
Nor do like lords, whoſe weak confuſed brain;
Not pointing to fit folks each under-charge,
While ev'ry office themſelves will diſcharge;
With doing all, leave nothing done but pain.

But give apt ſervants their due place, let eyes
See beauties total ſum, ſumm'd in her face:
Let ears hear ſpeech, which wit to wonder ties;
Let breath ſuck up thoſe ſweets, let arms embrace
The globe of weal, lips *love*'s indentures make:
Thou, but of all the kingly tribute take.

SONG.

ONLY joy, now here you are,
Fit to hear and eaſe my care:
Let my whiſp'ring voice obtain,
Sweet reward for ſharpeſt pain:
Take me to thee, and thee to me.
No, no, no, no, my dear, let be.

Night hath clos'd all in her cloke,
Twinkling ſtars love-thoughts provoke:
Danger hence good care doth keep,
Jealouſy it ſelf doth ſleep:
Take me to thee, and thee to me.
No, no, no, no, my dear, let be.

Better place no wit can find,
Cupid's yoke, to looſe or bind:
These ſweet flowers on fine bed too,
Us in their beſt language woo:
Take me to thee, and thee to me.
No, no, no, no, my dear, let be.

This ſmall light the moon beſtows,
Serves thy beams but to diſcloſe;
So to raiſe my hap more high;
Fear not elſe, none can us ſpy:
Take me to thee, and thee to me.
No, no, no, no, my dear, let be.

That you heard was but a mouſe,
Dumb ſleep holdeth all the houſe:
Yet aſleep, methinks they ſay,
Young folks, take time, while you may:
Take me to thee, and thee to me.
No, no, no, no, my dear, let be.

Niggard time treats, if we miſs,
This large offer of our bliſs:
Long ſtay, e'er he grant the ſame.
Sweet, then, while each thing doth frame:
Take me to thee, and thee to me.
No, no, no, no, my dear, let be.

Your fair mother is a-bed,
Candles out, and courtains ſpread:
She thinks you do letters write:
Write, but let me firſt endite:
Take me to thee, and thee to me.
No, no, no, no, my dear, let be.

Sweet, alas! why ſtrive you thus?
Concord better fitteth us:
Leave to *Mars* the force of hands,
Your power in your beauty ſtands:
Take thee to me, and me to thee.
No, no, no, no, my dear, let be.

Woe to me, and do you ſwear
Me to hate? but I forbear;
Curſed be my deſtin's all,
That brought me ſo high to fall:
Soon with my death I will pleaſe thee,
No, no, no, no, my dear, let be.

LXXXVI.

Alas! whence came this change of looks? if I
Have chang'd, let mine own conſcience be
A ſtill-felt plague, to ſelf-condemning me:
Let woe gripe on my heart, ſhame load mine eye.
But if all faith, like ſpotleſs ermine lie
Safe in my ſoul, which only doth to thee,
(As his ſole object of felicity)
With wings of *love* in air of wonder fly.

O eaſe your hand, treat not ſo hard your ſlave:
In juſtice, pains come not till faults do call;
Or, if I needs (ſweet judge) muſt torments have,
Uſe ſomething elſe to chaſten me withal,
Than thoſe bleſt eyes, where all my hopes do dwell,
No doom ſhould make once heav'n become his hell.

SONG.

WHILE favour fed my hope, delight with hope was brought;
Thought waited on delight, and ſpeech did follow thought;
Then grew my tongue and pen records unto thy glory:
I thought all words were loſt, that were not ſpent of thee;
I thought each place was dark, but where thy lights would be,
And all ears worſe than deaf, that heard not out thy ſtory.

Woe

I ſaid, thou wert moſt fair, and ſo, indeed, thou art;
I ſaid, thou art moſt ſweet, ſweet poiſon to my heart;
I ſaid, my ſoul was thine, O that I then had lyed!
I ſaid, thine eyes were ſtars, thy breaſts the milken way,
Thy fingers *Cupid*'s ſhafts, thy voice the angels lay:
And all I ſaid ſo well, as no man it denied.

But now, that hope is loſt, unkindneſs kills delight,
Yet thought and ſpeech do live, tho' metamorphos'd quite;
For rage now rules the reins, which guided were by pleaſure;
I think now of thy faults, who late thought of thy praiſe;
That ſpeech falls now to blame, which did thy honour raiſe;
The ſame key open can, which can lock up a treaſure.

Thou, then, whom partial heav'ns conſpir'd in one to frame;
The proof of beauty's worth, th' inheretrix of fame;
The manſion ſeat of bliſs, and juſt excuſe of lovers;
See now thoſe feathers pluck'd, wherewith thou flew moſt high;
See what clouds of reproach ſhall dark thy honour's sky;
Whoſe own fault caſts him down, hardly high ſeat recovers.

And, O my muſe! though oft you lull'd her in your lap,
And then, a heav'nly child, gave her Ambroſian pap:
And to that brain of hers your kindeſt gifts infuſed,
Since ſhe diſdaining me, doth you, in me, diſdain,
Suffer not her to laugh, while both we ſuffer pain:
Princes in ſubjects wrong'd muſt deem themſelves abuſed.

Your client, poor myſelf, ſhall *Stella* handle ſo?
Revenge, revenge, my muſe! defiance trumpet blow,
Threaten what may be done, yet do more than you threaten:
Ah, my ſuit granted is, I feel my breaſt doth ſwell;
Now, child, a leſſon new you ſhall begin to ſpell:
Sweet babes muſt babies have, but ſhrewd girls muſt be beaten.

Think

Think now no more to here of warm fine odour'd ſnow,
Nor bluſhing lillies, nor pearls ruby-hidden row,
Nor of that golden ſea, whoſe waves in curls are broken;
But of thy ſoul, ſo fraught with ſuch ungratefulneſs,
As where thou ſoon might'ſt help, moſt faith doſt moſt oppreſs:
Ungrateful who is call'd, the worſt of evils is ſpoken.

Yet worſe than worſt, I ſay, thou art a thief.---A thief!
Now god forbid: a thief, and of worſt thieves, the chief!
Thieves ſteal for need, and ſteal but goods which pain recover;
But thou, rich in all joys, doſt rob my joys from me,
Which cannot be reſtor'd by time nor induſtry:
Of foes the ſpoil is evil, far worſe of conſtant lovers.

Yet, gentle *Engliſh* thieves do rob, but will not ſlay;
Thou *Engliſh* murdering thief, wilt have hearts for thy prey?
The name of murd'rer now on thy fair forehead fitteth:
And ev'n while I do ſpeak, my death wounds bleeding be:
Which, I proteſt, proceed from only cruel thee,
Who may, and will not ſave, murder, in truth, committeth.

But, murder, private fault! ſeems but a toy to thee,
I lay then to thy charge unjuſteſt tyranny,
If rule, by force, without all claim, a tyrant ſheweth;
For thou doſt lord my heart, who am not born thy ſlave,
And, which is worſe, makes me moſt guiltleſs torments have,
A rightful prince, by unright deeds, a tyrant groweth.

Lo! you grow proud with this, for tyrants make folk bow:
Of foul rebellion then I do appeach thee now;
Rebel by nature's law, rebel by law of reaſon,
Thou, ſweeteſt ſubject, wert born in the realm of love,
And yet, againſt thy prince thy force doſt daily prove:
No virtue merits praiſe, once touch'd with blot of treaſon.

But valiant rebels oft, in fools mouths, purchaſe fame:
I now then ſtain thy white with vagabonding ſhame,
Both rebel to the ſon, and vagrant from the mother;
For wearing *Venus*'s badge in every part of thee,
Unto *Diana*'s train thou, run-away, didſt flee:
Who faileth one is falſe, though truſty to another.

What! is not this enough? nay, far worſe cometh here;
A witch, I ſay, thou art, though thou ſo fair appear;
For, I proteſt, my ſight never thy face enjoyeth,
But I in me am chang'd; I am alive and dead;
My feet are turn'd to roots, my heart becometh lead,
No witchcraft is ſo evil, as which man's mind deſtroyeth.

Yet witches may repent, thou art far worſe than they:
Alas! that I am forc'd ſuch evil of thee to ſay:
I ſay, thou art a devil, tho' cloath'd in angel's ſhining;
For thy face tempts my ſoul to leave the heav'n for thee,
And thy words of refuſe, do pour even hell on me:
Who temps, and tempted plague, are devils in true deſining.

You then, ungrateful thief, you murd'ring tyrant, you,
You rebel, runaway, to lord and lady untrue,
You witch, you devil (alas!) you ſtill of me beloved,
You ſee what I can ſay, mend yet your froward mind,
And ſuch ſkill in my muſe, you, reconcil'd, ſhall find,
That all theſe cruel words your praiſes ſhall be proved.

SONG.

O You that hear this voice,
O you that ſee this face,
Say, whether of the choice
Deſerves the former place?
Fear not to judge this 'bate,
For it is void of hate.

This

This ſide doth beauty take,
For that doth muſick ſpeak;
Fit orators to make
The ſtrongeſt judgments weak:
The bar to plead their right,
Is only true delight.

Thus doth the voice and face,
Theſe gentle lawyers wage,
Like loving brother's caſe,
For father's heritage:
That each, while each contends,
Itſelf to other lends.

For beauty beautifies,
With heav'nly hue and grace,
The heav'nly harmonies;
And in this faultleſs face,
The perfect beauties be
A perfect harmony.

Muſick more lofty ſwells
In ſpeeches nobly placed;
Beauty as far excels,
In action aptly graced;
A friend each party draws
To countenance his cauſe.

Love more effected ſeems
To beauty's lovely light,
And wonder more eſteems
Of muſick's wondrous might;
But both to both ſo bent,
As both in both are ſpent.

Muſick doth witneſs call,
The ear his truth to try;
Beauty brings to the hall
Eye-judgment of the eye;
Both in their objects ſuch,
As no exceptions touch.

The common ſenſe, which might
Be arbiter of this,
To be, forſooth, upright,
To both ſides partial is:
He lays on this ſide chief praiſe,
Chief praiſe on that he lays.

Then reaſon, princes high,
Whoſe throne is in the mind,
Which muſick can in ſky
And hidden beauties find;
Say, whether thou wilt crown,
With limit, leſs renown?

SONG.

WHOSE ſenſes in ſo evil conſort their ſtep-dame nature lays,
That raviſhing delight in them moſt ſweet tunes do not raiſe;
Or if they do delight therein, yet are ſo clos'd with wit,
As with ſententious lips to ſet a little vein on it:
O let them here theſe ſacred tunes, and learn in wonders ſchools,
To be in things paſt bounds of wit-fools, if they be not fools.

We have ſo leaden eyes, as not to ſee ſweet beauty's ſhow;
Or, ſeeing, have ſo wooden wits, as not that worth to know;
Or, knowing, have ſo muddy minds, as not to be in love;
Or, loving, have ſo frothy thoughts, as eas'ly thence to move:
O let them ſee theſe heav'nly beams, and in fair letters read
A leſſon fit, both ſight, ſkill, love, and firm love to breed.

Hear then, but then with wonder hear; ſee, but adoring, ſee,
No mortal gifts, no earthly fruits, now here deſcended be:
See! do you ſee this face? a face! nay, image of the ſkies,
Of which, the two life-giving lights are figur'd in her eyes?
Hear you this ſoul-invading voice, and count it but a voice?
The very eſſence of their tunes, when angels do rejoice.

SONG.

SONG.

IN a grove moſt rich of ſhade,
Where birds wanton muſick made,
May, then young, his py'd weeds ſhewing,
New perfum'd, with flowers freſh growing:

Aſtrophel with *Stella* ſweet,
Did for mutual comfort meet,
Both within themſelves oppreſſed,
But each in the other bleſſed.

Him great harms had taught much care,
Her fair neck a foul yoke bare,
But her ſight his cares did baniſh,
In his ſight her yoke did vaniſh.

Wept they had, alas! the while,
But now tears themſelves did ſmile,
While their eyes, by love directed,
Interchangeably reflected.

Sigh they did, but now, betwixt
Sighs of woes, were glad ſighs mix'd;
With arms croſt, yet teſtifying
Reſtleſs reſt, and living dying.

Their ears hungry of each word,
Which the dear tongue would afford;
But their tongues reſtrain'd from walking,
'Till their hearts had ended talking.

But when their tongues could not ſpeak,
Love itſelf did ſilence break;
Love did ſet his lips aſunder,
Thus to ſpeak in love and wonder.

Stella! ſovereign of my joy,
Fair triumpher of annoy:
Stella! ſtar of heav'nly fire:
Stella! loadſtar of deſire:

Stella! in whoſe ſhining eyes
Are the lights of *Cupid*'s ſkies,
Whoſe beams, where they once are darted,
Love therewith is ſtraight imparted:

Stella! whoſe voice, when it ſpeaks,
Senſes all aſunder breaks;
Stella! whoſe voice, when it ſingeth,
Angels to acquaintance bringeth.

Stella! in whoſe body is
Writ each character of bliſs;
In whoſe face all beauty paſſeth,
Save thy mind, which yet ſurpaſſeth.

Grant! O grant! but ſpeech, alas!
Fails me, fearing one to paſs:
Grant!—— O me! what am I ſaying?
But no fault there is in praying.

Grant—— O dear! on knees I pray
(Knees on ground he then did ſtay)
That not I, but, ſince I love you,
Time and place for me may move you.

Never ſeaſon was more fit;
Never room more apt for it;
Smiling air, allows my reaſon:
Theſe birds ſing, Now uſe the ſeaſon.

This ſmall wind which ſo ſweet is,
See how it the leaves doth kiſs,
Each tree in his beſt attiring,
Senſe of love to love inſpiring.

Love makes earth the water drink;
Love to earth makes water ſink;
And, if dumb things be ſo witty,
Shall a heav'nly grace want pity?

There his hand, in their ſpeech, fain
Would have made tongue's language plain?
But her hands, his hands repelling,
Gave repulſe all grace excelling.

Then ſhe ſpoke; her ſpeech was ſuch,
As no ears, but heart did touch:
While ſuch wiſe ſhe love denied,
As yet love ſhe ſignified.

Aſtrophel, ſaid ſhe, my love,
Ceaſe, in theſe effects, to prove;
Now be ſtill, yet ſtill believe me,
Thy grief, more than death would grieve me.

If that any thought in me
Can taſte comfort but of thee,
Let me, fed with helliſh anguiſh,
Joyleſs, helpleſs, endleſs languiſh.

If thoſe eyes you praiſed, be
Half ſo dear as you to me,
Let me home return, ſtark blinded
Of thoſe eyes, and blinder minded.

If to ſecret of my heart,
I do any wiſh impart,
Where thou art not foremoſt placed,
Be both wiſh and I defaced.

If more may be ſaid, I ſay,
All my bliſs in thee I lay;
If thou love, my love content thee,
For all love, all faith is meant thee.

Truſt me, while I thee deny,
In myſelf the ſmart I try;
Tyrant honour doth thus uſe thee,
Stella's ſelf might not refuſe thee.

Therefore, dear! this no more move,
Leſt, though I leave not thy love,
Which too deep in me is framed,
I ſhould bluſh when thou art named.

Therewithal away ſhe went,
Leaving him to paſſion rent,
With what ſhe had done and ſpoken,
That therewith my ſong is broken.

SONG.

GO, my flock, go, get you hence,
Seek a better place of feeding,
Where you may have ſome defence
From the ſtorms in my breaſt breeding,
And ſhowers from mine eyes proceeding.

Leave a wretch, in whom all woe
Can abide to keep no meaſure;
Merry flock, ſuch one forego,
Unto whom mirth is diſpleaſure,
Only rich in miſchiefs treaſure.

Yet, alas! before you go,
Hear your woeful maſter's ſtory,
Which to ſtones I elſe would ſhow,
Sorrow only then hath glory,
When 'tis excellently ſorry.

Stella! fierceſt ſhepherdeſs,
Fierceſt, but yet faireſt ever;
Stella! whom, O heav'ns! bleſs,
Though againſt me ſhe perſever,
Though I bliſs inherit never.

Stella hath refuſed me;
Stella! who more love hath proved,
In this caitiff heart to be,
Than can in good ewes be moved
Toward *lambkins* beſt beloved.

Stella hath refuſed me!
Aſtrophel, that ſo well ſerved
In this pleaſant ſpring, muſt ſee,
While in pride flowers be preſerved,
Himſelf only winter ſtarved.

Why, alas! doth ſhe then ſwear,
That ſhe loveth me ſo dearly,
Seeing me ſo long to bear,
Coals of love that burn ſo clearly;
And yet leave me helpleſs merely?

Is that love? forſooth, I trow,
If I ſaw my good dog grieved,
And a help for him did know,
My love ſhould not be believed,
But he were by me relieved.

No, ſhe hates me; well away,
Feigning love, ſomewhat to pleaſe me;
For ſhe knows, if ſhe diſplay
All her hate, death ſoon would ſeize me,
And of hideous torments eaſe me.

Then adieu, dear flock, adieu;
But, alas! if in your ſtraying
Heav'nly *Stella* meet with you,
Tell her, in your piteous blaying,
Her poor ſlave's unjuſt decaying.

LXXXVII.

When I was forc'd from *Stella*, ever dear,
Stella! food of my thoughts, heart of my heart;
Stella! whoſe eyes make all my tempeſts clear,
By iron laws of duty to depart:
Alas! I found, that ſhe, with me, did ſmart;
I ſaw, that tears did in her eyes appear;
I ſaw, that ſighs her ſweeteſt lips did part,
And her ſad words, my ſaddeſt ſenſe did hear:

For me, I wept to ſee pearls ſcatter'd ſo,
I ſigh'd her ſighs, and wailed for her woe,
Yet ſwam in joy, ſuch love in her was ſeen:
Thus, while th' effect moſt bitter was to me,
And nothing than the cauſe more ſweet could be,
I had been vex'd, if vex'd I had not been.

LXXXVIII.

Out, traitor abſence! dar'ſt thou counſel me,
From my dear captainneſs to run away,
Becauſe, in brave array, here marcheth ſhe,
That, to win me, oft ſhews a preſent pay?
Is faith ſo weak? or is ſuch force in thee?
When ſun is hid, can ſtars ſuch beams diſplay?
Cannot heav'ns food, once felt, keep ſtomachs free
From baſe deſire, on earthly cares to prey?

Tuſh,

Tuſh, abſence, while thy miſts eclipſe that light,
My orphan ſenſe flies to the inward ſight,
Where memory ſets forth the beams of love,
That were before heart-lov'd, and eyes did ſee,
In heart both ſight and love now coupled be;
United powers make each the ſtronger prove.

LXXXIX.

Now, that of abſence, the moſt irkſome night,
With darkeſt ſhade, doth overcome my day;
Since *Stella*'s eyes, wont to give me my day,
Leaving my hemiſphere, leave me in night:
Each day ſeems long, and longs for long-ſtaid night;
The night, as tedious, wooes th' approach of day;
Tir'd with the duſty toils of buſy day,
Languiſh'd with horrors of the ſilent night;

Suff'ring the evils both of day and night,
While no night is more dark than is my day,
Nor no day hath leſs quiet than my night:
With ſuch bad mixture of my night and day,
That living thus in blackeſt winter night,
I feel the flames of hotteſt ſummer day.

XC.

Stella! think not that I by verſe ſeek fame,
Who ſeek, who hope, who love, who live but thee?
Thine eyes my pride, thy lips mine hiſtory:
If thou praiſe not, all other praiſe is ſhame.
Nor ſo ambitious am I, as to frame
A neſt for my young praiſe in laurel tree:
In truth I ſwear, I wiſh not there ſhould be
Grav'd in my epitaph a Poet's name:

Ne, if I would, I could juſt title make,
That any laud to me thereof ſhould grow;
Without my plumes from others wings I take:
For nothing from my wit, or will, doth flow,
Since all my words thy beauty doth indite,
And love doth hold my hand, and makes me write.

XCI.

Stella, now while, by honour's cruel might,
I am from you, light of my life, miſled,
And that fair you, my ſun, thus overſpread
With abſence veil, I live in ſorrow's night.
If this dark place yet ſhew like candle-light;
Some beauty's piece, as amber-colour'd head,
Milk hands, roſe cheeks, or lips more ſweet, more red;
Or ſeeing jet's black, but in blackneſs bright;

They pleaſe, I do confeſs, they pleaſe mine eyes;
But why? becauſe of you they models be:
Models! ſuch be wood globes of gliſt'ring ſkies.
Dear, therefore be not jealous over me,
If you hear that they ſeem my heart to move:
Not them, no, no, but you in them I love.

XCII.

Be your words made (good Sir) of *Indian* ware,
That you allow me them by ſo ſmall rate?
Or do you courted *Spartans* imitate?
Or do you mean my tender ears to ſpare,
That to my queſtions you ſo total are?
When I demand of *Phœnix-Stella*'s ſtate,
You ſay (forſooth) you left her well of late:
O God! think you, that ſatisfies my care?

I would

I would know whether ſhe do ſit or walk?
How cloath'd? How waited on? Sigh'd ſhe, or ſmil'd?
Whereof? With whom? how often did ſhe talk?
With what paſtime, time's journey ſhe beguil'd?
If her lips deign'd to ſweeten my poor name?
Say all, and all well ſaid, ſtill ſay the ſame.

SONG.

O Dear life, when ſhall it be,
That mine eyes thine eyes may ſee;
And in them thy mind diſcover,
Whether abſence have had force,
Thy remembrance to divorce
From the image of thy lover?

Or, if I myſelf find not,
After parting aught forgot:
Nor debarr'd from beauty's treaſure,
Let no tongue aſpire to tell,
In what high joys I ſhall dwell;
Only thought aims at the pleaſure.

Thought, therefore, I will ſend thee,
To take up the place for me;
Long I will not after tarry;
There, unſeen, thou may'ſt be bold
Thoſe fair wonders to behold,
Which in them my hopes do carry.

Thought, ſee thou no place forbear,
Enter bravely every where;
Seize on all to her belonging:
But if thou would'ſt guarded be,
Fearing her beams, take with thee
Strength of liking, rage of longing.

Think

Think of that moſt dreadful time,
When thy leaping heart will climb,
In my lips to have his biding;
There thoſe roſes for to kiſs,
Which do breathe a ſugar'd bliſs,
Opening rubies, pearls dividing.

Think of my moſt princely power,
Which I, bleſſed, ſhall devour
With my greedy liqu'riſh ſenſes,
Beauty, muſick, ſweetneſs, love,
While ſhe doth againſt me prove
Her ſtrong darts but weak defences.

Think, think, of thoſe dallyings:
When with dove like murmurings:
With glad moaning paſſed anguiſh;
We change eyes, and heart for heart,
Each to other do impart,
Joying till joy makes us languiſh.

O my thoughts! my thoughts ſurceaſe,
Your delights my woes increaſe;
My life melts with too much thinking:
Think no more, but die in me,
Till thou ſhalt revived be,
At her lips my nectar drinking.

XCIII.

O fate! O fault! O curſe! child of my bliſs,
What ſobs can give words grace my grief to ſhow?
What ink is black enough to paint my woe?
Thro' me, wretch me! even *Stella* vexed is.
Yet, truth (if caitiff's breath may call thee) this
Witneſs with me, That my ſoul ſtumbling ſo,
From careleſneſs did in no manner grow;
But wit, confus'd with too much care, did miſs.

And do I then my ſelf this vain ſenſe give?
I have (live I, and know this?) harmed thee,
Tho' words quit me, ſhall I myſelf forgive?
Only with pains, my pains thus eaſed be:
That all thy hurts, in my heart's wreck I read;
I cry, Thy ſighs, my dear, thy tears I bleed.

XCIV.

Grief, find thy words, for thou haſt made my brain
So dark with miſty vapours, which ariſe
From out thy heavy mould, that inbent eyes,
Can ſcarce diſcern the ſhape of mine own pain.
Do thou then (for thou canſt) do thou complain
For my poor ſoul, which now that ſickneſs tries,
Which ev'n to ſenſe, ſenſe of itſelf denies,
Tho' harbinger of death lodge there his train.

Or, if thy love of plaint yet mine forbears,
As of a caitiff worthy ſo to die,
Yet wail thyſelf, and wail, with cauſeful tears,
That tho' in wretchedneſs thy life doth lie,
Yet grow'ſt more wretched than thy nature bears,
By being plac'd in ſuch a wretch as I.

XCV.

Yet ſighs, dear ſighs! indeed true friends you are,
That do not leave your left friend at the worſt;
But, as you with my breaſt I oft have nurſt,
So, grateful now, you wait upon my care.
Faint coward joy no longer tarry dare,
Seeing hope yield, when this woe ſtrake him firſt:
Delight proteſts he is not for th' accurſt,
Tho' oft himſelf my mate in arms he ſware.

And

Nay,

Nay, ſorrow comes with ſuch main rage, that he
  Kills his own children, tears finding that they
By love were made apt to conſort with me.
  Only, true ſighs, you do not go away;
Thank may you have for ſuch a thankful part;
Thank, worthieſt yet, when you ſhall break my heart.

XCVI.

Thought, with good cauſe, thou lik'ſt ſo well the night,
Since kind or chance gives both one livery;
Both ſadly black, both blackly darken'd be;
  Night bar'd from ſun, thou from thy own ſun's light;
Silence in both diſplays his ſullen might,
  Slow heavineſs in both holds one degree;
  That full of doubts, thou of perplexity:
Thy tears expreſs night's native moiſture right.

  In both amazeful ſolitarineſs:
In night of ſpirits, the ghaſtly powers to ſtir;
  In thee, or ſp'rits, or ſp'rited ghaſtlineſs:
But, but (alas!) night's ſide the odds hath far;
  For that, at length, yet doth invite ſome reſt,
  Thou, tho' ſtill tir'd, yet ſtill doth it deteſt.

XCVII.

Dian', that fain would chear her friend the night,
Shews her oft, at the full, her faireſt face,
Bringing with her thoſe ſtarry nymphs, whoſe chace
  From heav'nly ſtanding hits each mortal wight.
But ah! poor night, in love with *Phœbus*' light,
  And endleſs deſpairing of his grace;
  Herſelf (to ſhew no other joy hath place)
Silent and ſad, in mourning weeds doth dight:

Even

Even ſo (alas!) a lady, *Dian*'s peer,
With choice delights, and rareſt company,
Wou'd fain drive clouds from out my heavy cheer:
But, woe is me! tho' joy itſelf were ſhe,
She could not ſhew my blind brain ways of joy,
While I deſpair my ſun's ſight to enjoy.

XCVIII.

Ah, bed! the field where joy's peace ſome do ſee;
The field where all my thoughts to war be train'd;
How is thy grace by my ſtrange fortune ſtain'd!
How thy lee-ſhores by my ſighs ſtormed be!
With ſweet ſoft ſhades, thou oft inviteſt me
To ſteal ſome reſt; but, wretch! I am conſtrain'd,
(Spurr'd with love's ſpur, tho' gall'd and ſhortly rein'd
With care's hard hand) to turn and toſs in thee.

While the black horrors of the ſilent night
Paint woe's black face ſo lively to my ſight,
That tedious leiſure makes each winkled line:
But when *Aurora* leads out *Phœbus*' dance,
Mine eyes then only wink, for ſpite perchance,
That worms ſhould have their ſun, and I want mine.

XCIX.

When far-ſpent night perſuades each mortal eye,
To whom nor art, nor nature, granteth light,
To lay his then mark wanting ſhafts of ſight,
Clos'd with their quivers, in ſleep's armory;
With windows ope, then moſt my mind doth lie,
Viewing the ſhape of darkneſs and delight;
Takes in that ſad hue, which, with th' inward night
Of his maz'd powers, keep perfect harmony:

But when birds charm, and that ſweet air, which is
Morn's meſſenger, with roſe-enamell'd ſkies,
Calls each wight to ſalute the flower of bliſs;
In tomb of lids then buried are mine eyes,

Forc'd

Forc'd by their lord, who is aſham'd to find
Such light in ſenſe, with ſuch a darken'd mind.

C.

O tears! no tears, but rain, from beauty's ſkies,
Making thoſe lillies and thoſe roſes grow,
Which aye moſt fair, now more than moſt fair ſhow,
While graceful pity beauty beautifies.
O honey'd ſighs! which from that breaſt do riſe,
Whoſe pants do make unſpilling cream to flow;
Wing'd with whoſe breath ſo pleaſing *Zephyrs* blow,
And can refreſh the hell where my ſoul fries.

O plaints! conſerv'd in ſuch a ſugar'd phraſe,
That eloquence itſelf envies your praiſe;
While ſobb'd, our words a perfect muſick give.
Such tears, ſighs, plaints, no ſorrow is, but joy:
Or, if ſuch heav'nly ſighs muſt prove annoy,
All mirth farewel, let me in ſorrow live.

CI.

Stella is ſick, and in that ſick bed lies
Sweetneſs, which breathes and pants as oft as ſhe:
And grace, ſick too, ſuch fine concluſions tries,
That ſickneſs brags itſelf beſt grace to be.
Beauty is ſick, but ſick in ſo fair guiſe,
That in that paleneſs beauty's white we ſee;
And joy, which is unſever'd from thoſe eyes,
Stella, now learn (ſtrange caſe!) to weep in thee.

Love moves thy pain, and like a faithful page,
As thy looks ſtir, comes up and down, to make
All folks preſs'd at thy will, thy pain t'aſſwage;
Nature with care ſweats for her darling's ſake,
Knowing worlds paſs, ere ſhe enough can find,
Of ſuch heav'n-ſtuff to cloath ſo heavenly mind.

Where

CII.

Where be thoſe roſes gone, which ſweeten'd ſo our eyes?
Where thoſe red cheeks, which oft, with fair increaſe, doth frame
The height of honour in the kindly badge of ſhame?
Who hath the crimſon weeds ſtol'n from my morning ſkies?
How doth the colour fade of thoſe vermillion dies,
Which nature ſelf did make, and ſelf-ingrain'd the ſame?
I wou'd know by what right this paleneſs overcame
That hue, whoſe force my heart ſtill unto thraldom ties?

Galen's adoptive ſons, who by a beaten way
Their judgments hackney on, the fault on ſickneſs lay,
But feeling pulſe makes me (ſay they) miſtake it far.
It is but love which makes this paper perfect white,
To write therein more freſh the ſtory of delight,
While beauty's reddeſt ink *Venus* for him doth ſtir.

CIII.

O happy *Thames*, that didſt my *Stella* bear,
I ſaw thee with full many a ſmiling line,
Upon thy chearful face joy's livery wear:
While thoſe fair planets on thy ſtreams did ſhine.
The boat for joy could not to dance forbear,
While wanton winds, with beauties ſo divine,
Raviſh'd, ſtaid not, till in her golden hair
They did themſelves (O ſweeteſt priſon!) twine.

And fain thoſe *Æol*'s youth there wou'd their ſtay
Have made, but forc'd by nature ſtill to fly,
Firſt did with puffing kiſs thoſe locks diſplay:
She, ſo diſhevell'd, bluſh'd; from window I
With ſight thereof cry'd out, O fair diſgrace,
Let honour ſelf to thee grant higheſt place.

Envious

CIV.

Envious wits, what hath been mine offence,
That with ſuch pois'nous care my looks you mark,
That to each word, nay, ſigh of mine, you hark,
As grudging me my ſorrow's eloquence?
Ah! is it not enough, that I am thence,
Thence, ſo far thence, that ſcarcely any ſpark
Of comfort dare come to this dungeon dark,
Where rig'rous exile locks up all my ſenſe?

But if I by a happy window paſs,
If I but ſtars upon mine armour bear;
Sick, thirſty, glad (tho' but of empty glaſs:)
Your mortal notes ſtraight my hid meaning tear
From out my ribs, and, puffing, prove that I
Do *Stella* love: fools! who doth it deny?

SONG.

WHO is it that this dark night,
Underneath my window plaineth?
It is one, who from thy ſight,
Being (ah!) exil'd, diſdaineth
Ev'ry other vulgar light.

Why, alas! and are you he?
Be not yet thoſe fancies chang'd?
Dear, when you find change in me,
Tho' from me you be eſtrang'd,
Let my change to ruin be.

Well, in abſence this will die;
Leave to ſee, and leave to wonder.
Abſence ſure will help, if I
Can learn, how myſelf to ſunder
From what in my heart doth lie.

But time will theſe thoughts remove:
  Time doth work what no man knoweth,
Time doth as the ſubject prove.
  With time ſtill affection groweth,
In the faithful turtle-dove.

What if ye new beauties ſee,
  Will not they ſtir new affection?
I will think they pictures be,
  (Image-like, of ſaint-perfection)
Poorly counterfeiting thee.

But your reaſon's pureſt light,
  Bids you leave ſuch minds to nouriſh.
Dear, do reaſon no ſuch ſpite;
  Never doth thy beauty flouriſh
More, than in thy reaſon's ſight.

But the wrongs love bears, will make
  Love at length leave undertaking.
No, the more fools it doth ſhake,
  In a ground of ſo firm making;
Deeper ſtill they drive the ſtake.

Peace! I think that ſome give ear;
  Come no more, leſt I get anger.
Bliſs, I will my bliſs forbear;
  Fearing (ſweet) you to endanger;
But my ſoul ſhall harbour there.

Well, begone; begone, I ſay,
  Leſt that *Argus'* eyes perceive you.
O unjuſt is fortune's ſway!
  Which can make me thus to leave you;
And from louts to run away.

CV.

Unhappy ſight, and hath ſhe vaniſh'd by
So near, in ſo good time, ſo free a place?
Dead glaſs, doſt thou thy object ſo embrace,
As what my heart ſtill ſees thou canſt not ſpy?
I ſwear by her I love and lack, that I
Was not in fault, who bent thy dazling race,
Only unto the heav'n of *Stella*'s face;
Counting but duſt what in the way did lie.

But ceaſe, mine eyes, your tears do witneſs well,
That you, guiltleſs thereof, your nectar miſs'd:
Curſt be the page from whom the bad torch fell:
Curſt be the night, which did your will reſiſt;
Curſt be the coachman which did drive ſo faſt,
With no leſs curſe than abſence makes me taſte.

CVI.

O abſent preſence, *Stella* is not here;
Falſe flattering hope, that with ſo fair a face
Bare me in hand, that in this orphan place,
Stella, I ſay, my *Stella*, ſhould appear?
What ſay'ſt thou now? where is the dainty cheer
Thou told'ſt mine eyes ſhould help their famiſh'd caſe?
But thou art gone, now that ſelf-felt diſgrace,
Doth make me moſt to wiſh thy comfort near.

But here I do ſtore of fair ladies meet,
Who may with charm of converſation ſweet,
Make in my heavy mould new thoughts to grow.
Sure they prevail as much with me, as he
That bad his friend, but then new maim'd, to be
Merry with him, and not think of his woe.

CVII.

Stella, ſince thou ſo right a princeſs art
Of all the pow'rs which life beſtows on me,
That e're by them aught undertaken be,
They firſt reſort unto that ſovereign part;
Sweet, for a while give reſpite to my heart,
Which pants as though it ſtill ſhou'd leap to thee:
And on my thoughts give thy lieutenancy,
To this great cauſe, which needs both uſe and art.

And as a queen, who from her preſence ſends
Whom ſhe employs, diſmiſs from thee my wit,
Till it hath wrought what thy own will attends.
On ſervants ſhame oft maſters blame doth ſit;
O! let not fools in me thy works reprove,
And ſcorning ſay, See what it is to love!

CVIII.

When ſorrow (uſing mine own fire's might)
Melts down his lead into my boiling breaſt,
Through that dark furnace to my heart oppreſt;
There ſhines a joy from thee my only light:
But ſoon as thought of thee breeds my delight,
And my young ſoul flutters to thee his neſt;
Moſt rude deſpair, my daily unbidden gueſt,
Clips ſtraight my wings, ſtraight wraps me in his night:

And makes me then bow down my head, and ſay,
Ah! what doth *Phœbus'* gold that wretch avail,
Whom iron doors do keep from uſe of day?
So ſtrangely (alas!) thy works in me prevail,
That in my woes for thee, thou art my joy,
And in my joys for thee, my only annoy.

A REMEDY FOR LOVE.

PHILOCLEA and PAMELA ſweet,
By chance, in one great houſe did meet;
And meeting, did ſo join in heart,
That th' one from th' other could not part:
And who, indeed (not made of ſtones)
Would ſeparate ſuch lovely ones?
The one is beautiful, and fair
As orient pearls and rubies are;
And ſweet as, after gentle ſhow'rs,
The breath is of ſome thouſand flow'rs:
For due proportion, ſuch an air
Circles the other, and ſo fair,
That it her brownneſs beautifies,
And doth inchant the wiſeſt eyes.

Have

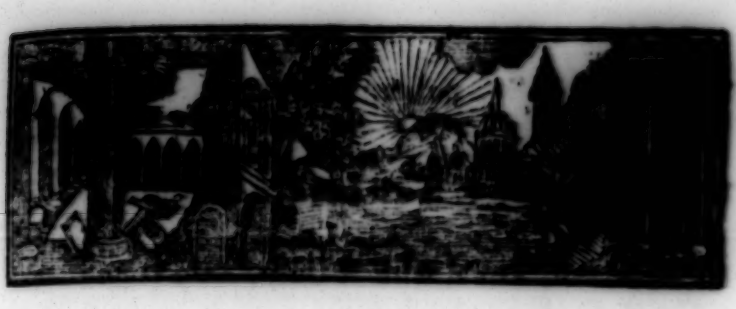
Have you not ſeen, on ſome great day,
Two goodly horſes, white and bay,
Which were ſo beauteous in their pride,
You knew not which to chuſe or ride?
Such are theſe two; you ſcarce can tell,
Which is the daintier bonny *belle*;
And they are ſuch, as, by my troth,
I had been ſick with love of both,
And might have ſadly ſaid, Good-night
Diſcretion and good fortune quite;
But that young *Cupid*, my old maſter,
Preſented me a ſov'reign plaiſter:
Mopſa! ev'n *Mopſa*! (precious peat)
Whoſe lips of marble, teeth of jet,
Are ſpells and charms of ſtrong defence,
To conjure down concupiſcence.

How oft have I been reft of ſenſe,
By gazing on their excellence,
But meeting *Mopſa* in my way,
And looking on her face of clay,
Been heal'd, and cur'd, and made as ſound,
As though I ne'er had had a wound?
And when in tables of my heart,
Love wrought ſuch things as bred my ſmart,
Mopſa would come, with face of clout,
And in an inſtant wipe them out.
And when their faces made me ſick,
Mopſa would come, with face of brick,
A little heated in the fire,
And break the neck of my deſire.
Now from their face I turn mine eyes,
But (cruel Panthers!) they ſurprize
Me with their breath, that incenſe ſweet,
Which only for the gods is meet;
And jointly from them doth reſpire,
Like both the *Indies* ſet on fire:
Which ſo o'ercomes man's raviſh'd ſenſe,
That ſouls, to follow it, fly hence.
No ſuch-like ſmell you, if you range
By th' *Stocks*, or *Cornhill*'s ſquare *Exchange*;

There ſtood I ſtill as any ſtock,
'Till *Mopſa* (with her *Puddle-dock*)
Her compound, or electuary,
Made of old ling, and young canary;
Bloat-herring, cheeſe, and voided phyſick,
Being ſomewhat troubled with a phthiſick,
Did cough, and fetch a ſigh ſo deep,
As did her very bottom ſweep:
Whereby to all ſhe did impart,
How love lay rankling at her heart:
Which, when I ſmelt, deſire was ſlain,
And they breath'd forth perfumes in vain.
Their angel-voice ſurpriz'd me now;
But *Mopſa*, her *Too-whit*, *To-hoo*,
Deſcending through her hoe-boy noſe,
Did that diſtemper ſoon compoſe.

And therefore, O thou precious owl!
The wiſe *Minerva*'s only fowl;
What, at thy ſhrine, ſhall I deviſe
To offer up a ſacrifice?
Hang *Æſculapius*, and *Apollo*,
And *Ovid*, with his precious ſhallow.
Mopſa is love's beſt medicine,
True water to a lover's wine.
Nay, ſhe's the yellow antidote,
Both bred and born to cut Love's throat:
Be but my ſecond, and ſtand by,
(*Mopſa*) and I'll them both defy;
And all elſe of thoſe gallant races,
Who wear infection in their faces;
For thy face (that *Meduſa*'s ſhield!)
Will bring me ſafe out of the field.

SON-



SONNETS

AND

TRANSLATIONS.

SINCE ſhunning pain, I eaſe can never find;
Since baſhful dread ſeeks where he knows me harmed;
Since will is won, and ſtopped ears are charmed;
Since forth doth faint, and ſight doth make me blind;
Since looſing long, the faſter ſtill I bind;
Since naked ſenſe can conquer reaſon armed;
Since heart, in chilling fear, with ice is warmed;
In fine, ſince ſtrife of thought but mars the mind,
I yield, O Love! unto thy loathed yoke,
Yet craving law of arms, whoſe rule doth teach,
That, hardly us'd, who ever priſon broke,
In juſtice quit, of honour made no breach:
Whereas, if I a grateful garden have,
Thou art my lord, and I thy vowed ſlave.

WHEN Love, puft up with rage of high diſdain,
Reſolv'd to make me pattern of his might,
Like foe, whoſe wits, inclin'd to deadly ſpite,
Would often kill, to breed more feeling pain;

He would not, arm'd with beauty, only reign
On thoſe affects which eaſily yield to fight;
But virtue ſets ſo high, that reaſon's light,
For all his ſtriſe, can only bondage gain:

So that I live to pay a mortal fee,
Dead-palſy ſick of all my chiefeſt parts,
Like thoſe whom dreams make ugly monſters ſee,
And can cry help with naught but groans and ſtarts:

Longing to have, having no wit to wiſh,
To ſtarving minds ſuch is God *Cupid*'s diſh.

To the TUNE of

Non credo gia che piu infelice Amante.

I.

THE Fire, to ſee my wrongs, for anger burneth;
The Air in rain for my affliction weepeth:
The Sea to ebb, for grief, his flowing turneth;
The Earth, with pity, dull the center keepeth;

Fame

Fame is with wonder blazed ;
Time runs away for ſorrow ;
Place ſtandeth ſtill amazed
To ſee my night of evils, which hath no morrow.

Alas ! a lovely ſhe no pity taketh
To know my miſeries ; but, chaſte and cruel,
My fall her glory maketh,
Yet ſtill her eyes give to my flames their fuel.

II.

Fire ! burn me quite, 'till ſenſe of burning leave me ;
Air ! let me draw no more thy breath in anguiſh ;
Sea ! drown'd in thee, of tedious life bereave me ;
Earth ! take this earth, wherein my ſpirits languiſh :

Fame, ſay I was not born ;
Time, haſte my dying hour ;
Place, ſee my grave up-torn ;
Fire, Air, Sea, Earth, Fame, Time, Place, ſhew your pow'r.

Alas ! from all their help I am exiled ;
For hers am I, and death fears her diſpleaſure.
Fie, death ! thou art beguiled,
Tho' I be hers, ſhe makes of me no treaſure.

To the ſame Tune.

I.

THE nightingale, as ſoon as *April* bringeth,
Unto her reſted ſenſe, a perfect waking,
While late bare earth, proud of new cloathing, ſpringeth,
Sings out her woes, a thorn her ſong-book making ;

And mournfully bewailing,
Her throat in tunes expreſſeth
What grief her breaſt oppreſſeth,
For *Thereus'* force on her chaſte prevailing.

O *Philomela* fair! O take ſome gladneſs,
That here is juſter cauſe of plaintful ſadneſs:
Thine earth now ſprings, mine fadeth;
Thy thorn without; my thorn my heart invadeth.

II.

Alas! ſhe hath no other cauſe of anguiſh,
But *Thereus'* love, on her by ſtrong-hand wroken,
Wherein ſhe ſuffering, all her ſpirits languiſh,
Full woman-like, complains her will was broken.

But I, who daily craving,
Cannot have to content me,
Have more cauſe to lament me,
Since wanting is more woe than too much having.

O *Philomela* fair! O take ſome gladneſs,
That here is juſter cauſe of plaintful ſadneſs:
Thine earth now ſprings, mine fadeth;
Thy thorn without; my thorn my heart invadeth.

To the Tune of Baſcia mi vita mia.

SLEEP, baby mine, Deſire, nurſe-beauty, ſingeth;
Thy cries, O baby! ſet mine head on aking:
The babe cries, *'Way, thy love doth keep me waking.*

Lully,

Lully, lully, my babe, Hope cradle bringeth
Unto my children alway good reſt taking:
The babe cries, *'Way, thy love doth keep me waking.*

Since, baby mine, from me thy watching ſpringeth,
Sleep then a little, pap Content is making;
The babe cries, *Nay, for that abide I waking.*

To the Tune of the Spaniſh *Song.*

Si tu ſennora no dueles de mi.

O Fair! O ſweet! when I do look on thee,
In whom all joys ſo well agree,
Heart and ſoul do ſing in me.
This you hear, is not my tongue.
Which once ſaid what I conceived;
For it was of uſe bereaved,
With a cruel anſwer ſtung.
No! though tongue to roof be cleaved,
Fearing leſt he chaſtiſed be,
Heart and ſoul do ſing in me.

O fair! O ſweet! *&c.*
Juſt accord all muſick makes;
In thee juſt accord excelleth,
Where each part in ſuch peace dwelleth,
One of other beauty takes.
Since then truth to all minds telleth,
That in thee lives harmony,
Heart and ſoul do ſing in me.

O fair! O ſweet! *&c.*
They that heav'n have known, do ſay,
That whoſo that grace obtaineth,
To ſee what fair ſight there reigneth,
Forced are to ſing alway:
So then ſince that heav'n remaineth
In thy face I plainly ſee,
Heart and ſoul do ſing in me.

O fair! O ſweet! *&c.*
Sweet! think not I am at eaſe:
For becauſe my chief part ſingeth;
This ſong from death's ſorrow ſpringeth:
As to Swan in laſt diſeaſe:
For no dumbneſs, nor death bringeth
Stay to true love's melody:
Heart and ſoul do ſing in me.

Theſe Four following SONNETS *were made when his Lady had a Pain in her Face.*

I.

THE ſcourge of life, and death's extreme diſgrace;
The ſmoke of hell, the monſter called Pain:
Long ſham'd to be accurs'd in ev'ry place,
By them who of his rude reſort complain;

Like crafty wretch, by time and travel taught,
His ugly evil in other's good to hide;
Late harbours in her face, whom nature wrought
As treaſure-houſe where her beſt gifts do bide;

And

And ſo by privilege of ſacred ſeat,
A ſeat where beauty ſhines and virtue reigns,
He hopes for ſome ſmall praiſe, ſince ſhe hath great,
Within her beams, wrapping his cruel ſtains.
Ah! ſaucy pain, let not thy terror laſt,
More loving eyes ſhe draws, more hate thou haſt.

II.

WOE! woe to me, on me return the ſmart:
My burning tongue hath bred my miſtreſs pain;
For oft in pain, to pain my painful heart,
With her due praiſe did of my ſtate complain.

I prais'd her eyes, whom never chance doth move;
Her breath, which makes a ſowre anſwer ſweet;
Her milken breaſts, the nurſe of child-like love:
Her legs (O legs!) her aye well-ſtepping feet:

Pain heard her Praiſe, and full of inward fire;
(Firſt ſealing up my heart, as prey of his)
He flies to her, and, bolden'd with deſire,
Her face (this age's praiſe) the thief doth kiſs.

O pain! I now recant the praiſe I gave,
And ſwear, ſhe is not worthy thee to have.

III.

THOU pain, the only gueſt of loath'd conſtraint;
The child of curſe, man's weakneſs, foſter-child;
Brother to woe, and father of complaint:
Thou pain, thou hated pain, from heav'n exil'd:

How

How hold'ſt thou her, whoſe eyes conſtraint doth fear,
Whom curſt, do bleſs; whoſe weakneſs, virtue's arm;
Who others woes and plaints can chaſtely bear:
In whoſe ſweet heav'n angels of high thoughts ſwarm.

What courage ſtrange hath caught thy crafty heart?
Fear'ſt not a face, that oft whole hearts devours?
Or, art thou from above bid play this part,
And ſo no help 'gainſt envy of thoſe powers?
If thus, alas! yet while thoſe parts have woe;
So ſtay her tongue, that ſhe no more ſay, No.

IV.

AND have I heard her ſay, O cruel pain!
And doth ſhe know what mould her beauty bears?
Mourns ſhe in truth, and thinks that others feign?
Fears ſhe to feel, and feels not others fears?

Or, doth ſhe think all pain the mind forbears?
That heavy earth, not fiery ſp'rits, may plain?
That eyes weep worſe than heart in bloody tears?
That ſenſe feels more than what doth ſenſe contain?

No, no, ſhe is too wiſe, ſhe knows her face
Hath not ſuch pain as it makes others have:
She knows the ſickneſs of that perfect place
Hath yet ſuch health, as it my life can ſave.
But this, ſhe thinks, our pain high cauſe excuſeth,
Where her, who ſhould rule pain, falſe pain abuſeth.

Tranſla-

Tranſlated out of HORACE, *Book* II. *Ode* x. *beginning*,

——Rectius vives, Licini, &c.

YOU better ſure ſhall live, not evermore
Trying high ſeas; nor, while ſea's rage you flee,
Preſſing too much upon ill-harbour'd ſhore.

The golden mean who loves, lives ſafely free
From filth of foreworn houſe, and quiet lives,
Releas'd from court, where envy needs muſt be.

The wind moſt oft the hugeſt pine-tree grieves:
The ſtately towers come down with greater fall:
The higheſt hills the bolt of thunder cleaves.

Evil haps do fill with hope, good haps appall
With fear of change the courage well prepar'd:
Foul winters as they come, away they ſhall.

Though preſent times, and paſt, with evils be ſnar'd,
They ſhall not laſt: With Cittern ſilent muſe,
Apollo wakes, and bow hath ſometime ſpar'd.

In hard eſtate, with ſtout ſhows, valour uſe,
The ſame man ſtill, in whom wiſdom prevails;
In too full wind draw in thy ſwelling ſails.

Our

Out of CATULLUS.

NULLI se, dicit mulier mea, nubere malle,
Quam mihi, non si se Jupiter *ipse petat:*
Dicit sed mulier, Cupido quæ dicit amanti,
In vento aut rapida scribere oportet aqua.

ENGLISHED.

UNTO no body, my woman saith, she had rather a wife be
Than to my self, not tho' *Jove* grew a suiter of hers:
These be her words, but a woman's words to a love that is eager,
In wind or water's stream do require to be writ.

QUI sceptra sævus duro imperio regit,
Timet timentes metum in authorem redit.

FAIR, seek not to be fear'd; most lovely, beloved by thy servants;
For true it is, that they fear many, whom many fear.

LIKE as the Dove, which seeled up, doth fly:
Is neither freed, nor yet to service bound;
But hopes to gain some help by mounting high,
Till want of force do force her fall to ground:
Right so my mind, caught by his guiding eye,
And thence cast off, where his sweet hurt he found,
Hath neither leave to live, nor doom to die;
Nor held in evil, nor suffer'd to be found.

But with his wings of fancies up he goes,
To high conceits, whose fruits are oft but small;
Till wounded, blind, and wearied spirit, lose
Both force to fly, and knowledge where to fall,

O happy Dove, if ſhe no bondage ty'd!
More happy I, might I in bondage bide!

E. D. *

I.

Prometheus, when firſt from heav'n high
He brought down fire, till then on earth not ſeen;
Fond of delight, a ſatyr ſtanding by,
Gave it a kiſs, as it like ſweet had been.

Feeling forthwith the other burning power,
Wood with the ſmart, with ſhouts and ſhrieking ſhrill,
He ſought his eaſe in river, field, and bower;
But for the time his grief went with him ſtill.

So ſilly I, with that unwonted ſight,
In human ſhape, an angel from above,
Feeding mine eyes, the impreſſion there did light;
That ſince I run and reſt as pleaſeth love,
The difference is, the ſatyr's lips, my heart,
He for a while, I evermore have ſmart.

II.

A Satyr once did run away for dread,
With ſound of horn, which he himſelf did blow:
Fearing and fear'd, thus from himſelf he fled;
Deeming ſtrange evil in that he did not know.

* This Piece, Mr. *Wood* informs us, was wrote by Sir *Edward Dyer*, Chancellor of the moſt Noble Order of the Garter. See *Athen. Oxon.* Vol. 1. *p.* 14.

Such

Such cauſeleſs fears, when coward minds do take,
It makes them fly that which they fain would have:
As this poor beaſt, who did his reſt forſake,
Thinking not why, but how, himſelf to ſave.

Ev'n thus might I, for doubts which I conceive
Of mine own words, my own good hap betray;
And thus might I for fear of may-be, leave
The ſweet purſuit of my deſired prey.
Better like I thy Satyr, deareſt dyer,
Who burnt his lips to kiſs fair ſhining fire.

MY miſtreſs lowers, and ſaith, I do not love:
I do proteſt, and ſeek with ſervice due,
In humble mind, a conſtant faith to prove;
But for all this, I cannot her remove
From deep vain thought, that I may not be true.

If others might ſerve, ev'n by the *Stygian* lake,
Which poets ſay, the gods themſelves do fear;
I never did my vowed word forſake:
For why ſhould I, whom free choice ſlave doth make,
Elſe-what in face than in my fancy bear?

My muſe, therefore, (for only thou canſt tell)
Tell me the cauſe of this my cauſeleſs woe?
Tell, how ill thought diſgrac'd my doing well?
Tell, how my joys and hopes thus foully fell
To ſo low ebb that wonted were to flow?

O this it is, the knotted ſtraw is found;
In tender hearts, ſmall things ingender hate:
A horſe's worth laid waſte the *Trojan* ground:
A three-foot ſtool in *Greece* made trumpets ſound:
An Aſs's ſhade e'er now hath bred debate.

If *Greeks* themſelves were mov'd with ſo ſmall cauſe,
To twiſt theſe broils, which hardly would untwine:
Should ladies fair be ty'd to ſuch hard laws,
As in their moods to take a ling'ring pauſe?
I would it not, their metal is too fine.

My hand doth not bear witneſs with my heart,
She ſaith, becauſe I make no woeful lays,
To paint my living death, and endleſs ſmart:
And ſo for one that felt god *Cupid*'s dart,
She thinks I lead and live too merry days.

Are *poets* then the only lovers true,
Whoſe hearts are ſet on meaſuring a verſe?
Who think themſelves well bleſt, if they renew
Some good old dump that *Chaucer*'s miſtreſs knew;
And uſe but you for matters to rehearſe.

Then, good *Apollo*, do away thy bow:
Take harp and ſing in this our verſing time:
And in my brain ſome ſacred humour flow:
That all the earth my woes, ſighs, tears may know;
And ſee you not that I fall now to rhime.

As for my mirth, how could I but be glad,
Whilſt that me thought I juſtly made my boaſt,
That only I the only Miſtreſs had?
But now, if e'er my face with joy be clad,
Think *Hannibal* did laugh when *Carthage* loſt.

Sweet Lady, as for thoſe whoſe ſullen chear,
Compar'd to me, made me in lightneſs found:
Who, ſtoick-like, in cloudy hue appear:
Who ſilence force to make their words more dear:
Whoſe eyes ſeem chaſte, becauſe they look on ground:

Believe them not, for Phyſick true doth find,
Choler aduſt is joy'd in woman-kind.

IN wonted walks, ſince wonted fancies change,
Some cauſe there is, which of ſtrange cauſe doth riſe:
For in each thing whereto mine eye doth range;
Part of my pain, me-ſeems, ingraved lies.

The rocks, which were of conſtant mind the mark,
In climbing ſteep, now hard refuſal ſhow:
The ſhading woods ſeem now my ſun to dark,
And ſtately hills diſdain to look ſo low.

The reſtful caves now reſtleſs viſions give;
In dales I ſee each way a hard aſcent:
Like late mown meads, late cut from joy I live;
Alas! ſweet brooks do in my tears augment:

Rocks, woods, hills, caves, dales, meads, brooks, anſwer me;
Infected minds infect each thing they ſee.

IF I could think how theſe my thoughts to leave,
Or thinking ſtill, my thoughts might have good end:
If rebel ſenſe would reaſon's law receive;
Or reaſon foil'd, would not in vain contend:
Then might I think what thoughts were beſt to think:
Then might I wiſely ſwim, or gladly ſink.

If either you would change your cruel heart,
Or cruel (ſtill) time did your beauties ſtain:
If from my ſoul this love would once depart,
Or for my love ſome love I might obtain;
Then might I hope a change, or eaſe of mind,
By your good help, or in my ſelf to find.

But ſince my thoughts in thinking ſtill are ſpent,
With reaſon's ſtrife, by ſenſes overthrown;
You fairer ſtill, and ſtill more cruel bent,
I loving ſtill a love that loveth none:
I yield and ſtrive, I kiſs and curſe the pain,
Thought, reaſon, ſenſe, time, You, and I, maintain.

A

A FAREWEL.

OFT have I mus'd, but now at length I find,
Why thoſe that die, men ſay, they do depart:
Depart! a word ſo gentle to my mind,
Weakly did ſeem to paint death's ugly dart.

But now the ſtars, with their ſtrange courſe, do bind
Me one to leave, with whom I leave my heart,
I hear a cry of ſpirits faint and blind,
That parting thus, my chiefeſt part I part.

Part of my life, the loathed part to me,
Lives to impart my weary clay ſome breath;
But that good part, wherein all comforts be,
Now dead, doth ſhew departure is a death:

Yea, worſe than death, death's part both woe and joy,
From joy I part, ſtill living in annoy.

FINDING thoſe beams, which I muſt ever love,
To mar my mind, and with my hurt to pleaſe,
I deem'd it beſt, ſome abſence for to prove,
If farther place might further be to eaſe.

My eyes thence drawn, where lived all their light,
Blinded forthwith in dark deſpair did lie,
Like to the mole, with want of guiding ſight,
Deep plung'd in earth, deprived of the ſky.

In abſence blind, and wearied with that woe,
To greater woes, by preſence, I return;
Even as the fly, which to the flame doth go,
Pleas'd with the light, that his ſmall coarſe doth burn:

Fair choice I have, either to live or die
A blinded mole, or elſe a burned fly.

The SEVEN WONDERS *of England.*

I.

NEar *Wilton* ſweet, huge heaps of ſtones are found, *
But ſo confus'd, that neither any eye
Can count them juſt, nor reaſon reaſon try,
What force brought them to ſo unlikely ground.

To ſtranger weights my mind's waſte ſoil is bound,
Of paſſion-hills, reaching to reaſon's sky,
From fancy's earth, paſſing all numbers bound,
Paſſing all gueſs, whence into me ſhould fly,
So maz'd a maſs; or, if in me it grows,
A ſimple ſoul ſhould breed ſo mixed woes.

II.

The *Bruertons* have a lake, which, when the ſun
Approaching warms (not elſe) dead logs up ſends
From hideous depth; which tribute, when it ends,
Sore ſign it is, the lord's laſt thread is ſpun.

My lake is ſenſe, whoſe ſtill ſtreams never run
But when my ſun her ſhining twins there bends;
Then from his depth with force in her begun,
Long drowned hopes to watry eyes it lends;
But when that fails my dead hopes up to take,
Their maſter is fair warn'd his Will to make.

III.

We have a fiſh, by ſtrangers much admir'd,
Which caught, to cruel ſearch yields his chief part:
(With gall cut out) clos'd up again by art,
Yet lives until his life be new requir'd.

---

* *Stone-henge* on *Salsbury-plain.*

A ſtranger fiſh, myſelf, not yet expir'd,
Tho' wrap'd with beauty's hook, I did impart
Myſelf unto th' anatomy deſir'd,
Inſtead of gall, leaving to her my heart:
Yet live with thoughts clos'd up, 'till that ſhe will,
By conqueſt's right, inſtead of ſearching, kill.

IV.

Peak hath a cave, whoſe narrow entries find
Large rooms within, where drops diſtil amain:
'Till knit with cold, tho' there unknown remain,
Deck that poor place with alabaſter lin'd.

Mine eyes the ſtreight, the roomy cave, my mind;
Whoſe cloudy thoughts let fall an inward rain
Of ſorrows drops, 'till colder reaſon bind
Their running fall into a conſtant vein
Of truth, far more than alabaſter pure,
Which, tho' deſpis'd, yet ſtill doth truth endure.

V.

A field there is, where, if a ſtake be preſt
Deep in the earth, what hath in earth receipt,
Is chang'd to ſtone in hardneſs, cold and weight,
The wood above doth ſoon conſuming reſt.

The earth her ears; the ſtake is my requeſt;
Of which, how much may pierce to that ſweet ſeat,
To honour turn'd, doth dwell in honour's neſt,
Keeping that form, tho' vain of wonted heat;
But all the reſt, which fear durſt not apply,
Failing themſelves, with wither'd conſcience die.

VI.

Of ſhips, by ſhipwreck caſt on *Albion* coaſt,
Which rotting on the rocks, their death do die:
From wooden bones, and blood of pitch, doth fly
A bird, which gets more life, than ſhip had loſt.

My

My ſhip, deſire, with wind of luſt long toſt,
Brake on fair cliffs of conſtant chaſtity:
Where plagu'd for raſh attempt, gives up his ghoſt,
So deep in ſeas of virtue, beauties lie;
But of this death flies up the pureſt love,
Which ſeeming leſs, yet nobler life doth move.

VII.

Theſe wonders *England* breeds; the laſt remains
A lady, in deſpite of nature, chaſte,
On whom all love, in whom no love is plac'd,
Where fairneſs yields to wiſdom's ſhorteſt reins.

An humble pride, a ſcorn that favour ſtains;
A woman's mould, but like an angel grac'd;
An angel's mind, but in a woman cas'd;
A heav'n on earth, or earth that heav'n contains:
Now thus this wonder to myſelf I frame;
She is the cauſe that all the reſt I am.

To the Tune of Wilhelmus van Naſſau, *&c.*

WHO hath his fancy pleaſed,
With fruits of happy ſight?
Let here his eyes be raiſed
On nature's ſweeteſt light:
A light which doth diſſever,
And yet unite the eyes;
A light which dying never,
Is, 'cauſe the looker dies.

She never dies, but laſteth
In life of lover's heart;
He ever dies that waſteth
In love his chiefeſt part.

Thus is her life ſtill guarded,
In never dying faith;
Thus is his death rewarded,
Since ſhe lives in his death.

Look then and die, the pleaſure
Doth anſwer well the pain;
Small loſs of mortal treaſure,
Who may immortal gain.
Immortal be her graces,
Immortal is her mind;
They, fit for heav'nly places,
This heav'n in it doth bind.

But eyes theſe beauties ſee not,
Nor ſenſe that grace deſcries;
Yet eyes deprived be not
From ſight of her fair eyes:
Which, as of inward glory
They are the outward ſeal;
So may they live ſtill ſorry,
Which die not in that weal.

But who hath fancies pleaſed,
With fruits of happy ſight,
Let here his eyes be raiſed
On nature's ſweeteſt light.

The Smokes of MELANCHOLY.

I.

WHO hath ere felt the change of love,
And known thoſe pangs that loſers prove,
May paint my face without ſeeing me,
And write the ſtate how my fancies be,
The loathſome buds grown on ſorrow's tree.

But who by hearſay ſpeaks, and hath not fully felt
What kind of fires they be, in which thoſe ſpirits melt,
Shall gueſs, and fail, what doth diſpleaſe,
Feeling my pulſe, miſs my diſeaſe.

II.

O no! O no! trial only ſhows
The bitter juice of forſaken woes;
Where former bliſs, preſent evils do ſtain;
Nay, former bliſs adds to preſent pain,
While remembrance doth both ſtates contain.

Come, learners, then to me, the model of miſhap,
Ingulphed in deſpair, ſlid down from fortune's lap:
And, as you like my double lot,
Tread in my ſteps, or follow not.

III.

For me, alas! I am full reſolv'd
Thoſe bands, alas! ſhall not be diſſolv'd;
Nor break my word, though reward come late;
Nor fail my faith in my failing fate;
Nor change in change, tho' change change my ſtate:

But always own myſelf, with eagle-ey'd truth, to fly
Up to the ſun, although the ſun my wings do fry;
For if thoſe flames burn my deſire,
Yet ſhall I die in *Phœnix'* fire.

WHEN, to my deadly pleaſure,
When to my lively torment,
Lady, mine eyes remained
Joined, alas! to your beams.

With

With violence of heav'nly
Beauty, ty'd to virtue;
Reaſon abaſh'd retir'd;
Gladly my ſenſes yielded.

Gladly my ſenſes yielding,
Thus to betray my heart's fort,
Left me devoid of all life.

They to the beamy ſuns went,
Whereby the death of all deaths,
Find to what harm they haſtned.

Like to the ſilly *Sylvan*,
Burn'd by the light he beſt liked,
When with a fire he firſt met.

Yet, yet, a life to their death,
Lady you have reſerved;
Lady the life of all love.

For though my ſenſe be from me,
And I be dead, who want ſenſe,
Yet do we both live in you.

Turned anew, by your means,
Unto the flower that turns,
As you, alas! my ſun bends.

Thus do I fall to riſe thus;
Thus do I die to live thus;
Changed to change, I change not.

Thus may I not be from you;
Thus be my ſenſes on you;
Thus what I think is of you;
Thus what I ſeek is in you;
All what I am, it is you.

To the Tune of a Neapolitan *Song, which beginneth,* No, no, no, no.

NO, no, no, no, I cannot hate my foe,
Altho' with cruel fire,
First thrown on my desire,
She sacks my render'd sp'rite;
For so fair a flame embraces
All the places,
Where that heat, of all heats springeth,
That it bringeth
To my dying heart some pleasure,
Since his treasure
Burneth bright in fairest light. No, no, no, no.

No, no, no, no, I cannot hate my foe,
Altho', *&c.*
Since our lives be not immortal,
But to mortal
Fetters ty'd, do wait the hour
Of death's power,
They have no cause to be sorry,
Who, with glory,
End the way, where all men stay. No, no, no, no.

No, no, no, no, I cannot hate my foe,
Altho', *&c.*
No man doubts, whom beauty killeth,
Fair death feeleth,
And in whom fair death proceedeth,
Glory breedeth:
So that I, in her beams dying,
Glory trying,
Tho' in pain, cannot complain. No, no, no, no.

To

To the Tune of a Neapolitan *Villanel.*

ALL my ſenſe thy ſweetneſs gained;
Thy fair hair my heart inchained;
My poor reaſon thy words moved,
So that thee, like heav'n I loved.

Fa, la, la, leridan, dan, dan, dan, deridan:
Dan, dan, dan, deridan, deridan, dei:
While to my mind the outſide ſtood,
For meſſenger of inward good.

Now thy ſweetneſs ſowre is deemed;
Thy hair not worth a hair eſteemed;
Reaſon hath thy words removed,
Finding that but words they proved.

Fa, la, la, leridan, dan, dan, dan, deridan,
Dan, dan, dan, deridan, deridan, dei:
For no fair ſign can credit win,
If that the ſubſtance fail within.

No more in thy ſweetneſs glory,
For thy knitting hair be ſorry;
Uſe thy words but to bewail thee,
That no more thy beams avail thee;
Dan, dan,
Dan, dan,
Lay not thy colours more to view,
Without the picture be found true.

Woe to me, alas! ſhe weepeth!
Fool! in me what folly creepeth?
Was I to blaſpheme enraged,
Where my ſoul I have engaged?
Dan, dan,
Dan, dan,
And, wretched I, muſt yield to this;
The Fault I blame, her chaſtneſs is.

Sweetneſs! ſweetly pardon folly;
Tie me, hair, your captive wholly:
Words! O words of heav'nly knowledge!
Know, my words their faults acknowledge;
Dan, dan,
Dan, dan,
And all my life I will confeſs,
The leſs I love, I live the leſs.

Tranſlated out of La Diana de Monte-Mayor, *in* Spaniſh: *Where* Sireno, *a Shepherd, pulling out a little of his Miſtreſs* Diana's *Hair, wrapped about with Green Silk, who now had utterly forſaken him; to the Hair he thus bewailed himſelf.*

WHAT changes here, O Hair!
I ſee, ſince I ſaw you?
How ill ſits you this green to wear,
For hope, the colour due?
Indeed, I well did hope,
Tho' hope were mix'd with fear,
No other ſhepherd ſhould have ſcope
Once to approach this Hair.

Ah, Hair! how many days
My *Diana* made me ſhow,
With thouſand pretty childiſh plays,
If I were you or no:
Alas! how oft with tears,
O tears of guileful breaſt!
She ſeemed full of jealous fears,
Whereat I do but jeſt?

Tell

Tell me, O Hair of gold,
If I then faulty be,
That truſt thoſe killing eyes I would,
Since they did warrant me?
Have you not ſeen her mood,
What ſtreams of tears ſhe ſpent,
'Till that I ſware my faith ſo ſtood,
As her words had it bent?

Who hath ſuch beauty ſeen
In one that changeth ſo?
Or where one's love ſo conſtant been,
Who ever ſaw ſuch woe?
Ah, Hair! are you not griev'd
To come from whence you be,
Seeing, how once you ſaw I liv'd,
To ſee me as you ſee?

On ſandy bank of late,
I ſaw this woman ſit;
Where, *Sooner die than change my ſtate*,
She with her finger writ:
Thus my belief was ſtaid,
Behold Love's mighty hand
On things were by a woman ſaid,
And written in the ſand.

The ſame Sireno *in* Monte-Mayor, *holding his Miſtreſs's Glaſs before her, looking upon her while ſhe viewed herſelf, thus ſang:*

OF this high grace, with bliſs conjoin'd,
No further debt on me is laid,
Since that in ſelf-ſame metal coin'd,
Sweet Lady, you remain well paid;

For if my place give me great pleaſure,
Having before my nature's treaſure,
  In face and eyes unmatched being,
  You have the ſame in my hands, ſeeing
What in your face mine eyes do meaſure.

  Nor think the match unev'nly made,
That of thoſe beams in you do tarry,
  The glaſs to you but gives a ſhade,
To me mine eyes the true ſhape carry;
  For ſuch a thought, moſt highly prized,
  Which ever hath love's yoke deſpiſed,
Better than one captiv'd perceiveth,
Though he the lively form receiveth,
  The other ſees it but diſguiſed.

RING out your bells, let mourning ſhews be ſpread,
  For Love is dead:
  All Love is dead, infected
With plague of deep diſdain:
  Worth, as nought worth, rejected,
And faith fair ſcorn doth gain.
  From ſo ungrateful fancy;
  From ſuch a female frenzy;
  From them that uſe men thus,
  Good Lord, deliver us.

Weep, neighbours, weep, do you not hear it ſaid,
That Love is dead?
  His death-bed, peacock's folly;
His winding-ſheet, is ſhame;
  His will, falſe-ſeeming holy,
His ſole exec'tor, blame.
  From ſo ungrateful, &c.

Let Dirge be ſung, and Trentals rightly read;
For Love is dead:

Sir

Sir Wrong his tomb ordaineth
My miſtreſs' marble heart;
Which epitaph ordaineth
Her eyes were once his dart.
From ſo ungrateful, &c.

Alas! I lye: Rage hath this error bred;
Love is not dead, but ſleepeth
In her unmatched mind:
Where ſhe his counſel keepeth
'Till due deſerts ſhe find.
Therefore from ſo vile fancy,
To call ſuch wit a frenzy:
Who Love can temper thus,
Good Lord, deliver us.

THOU blind man's mark; thou fool's ſelf-choſen ſnare,
Fond fancy's ſcum, and dregs of ſcatter'd thought;
Band of all evils; cradle of cauſeleſs care;
Thou web of will, whoſe end is never wrought:

Deſire! Deſire! I have too dearly bought,
With price of mangled mind, thy worthleſs ware;
Too long, too long, aſleep thou haſt me brought,
Who ſhould'ſt my mind to higher things prepare;

But yet in vain thou haſt my ruin ſought;
In vain thou mad'ſt me to vain things aſpire;
In vain thou kindleſt all thy ſmoaky fire:
For virtue hath this better leſſon taught,
Within myſelf to ſeek my only hire,
Deſiring nought but how to kill Deſire.

LEAVE me, O Love! which reacheſt but to duſt;
And thou, my mind, aſpire to higher things;
Grow rich in that which never taketh ruſt;
What ever fades, but fading pleaſure brings.

Draw in thy beams, and humble all thy might
To that ſweet yoke, where laſting freedoms be.
Which breaks the clouds, and opens forth the light,
That doth both ſhine, and give us ſight to ſee.

O take faſt hold! let that light be thy guide,
In this ſmall courſe, which birth draws out to death,
And think how evil becometh him to ſlide,
Who ſeeketh heav'n, and comes of heav'nly breath.

Then farewel, World, thy uttermoſt I ſee,
Eternal Love, maintain thy Love in Me?

Splendidis longum valedico nugis.

THE

THE
LADY of MAY.
A
MASQUE.

INTERLOCUTORES.

The SUITER, *Mother of the* **MAY-LADY.**

The MAY-LADY.

THERION, a Foreſter, } Suiters of the
ESPILUS, a Shepherd, } *May-Lady.*

ROMBUS, a School-maſter.

LALUS, an Old Shepherd.

DORCAS, a Shepherd.

RIXUS, a Foreſter.

The LADY *of* MAY.

A

MASQUE.

Her moſt excellent Majeſty walking in Wanſtead *Garden, as ſhe paſſed down into the Grove, there came ſuddenly among the Train one apparelled like an honeſt Man's Wife of the Country; where, crying out for Juſtice, and deſiring all the Lords and Gentlemen to ſpeak a good Word for her, ſhe was brought to the Preſence of Her Majeſty, to whom, upon her Knees, ſhe offered a Supplication, and uſed this Speech.*

The SUITER.

MOST fair Lady! for as for other your titles of ſtate, ſtatelier perſons ſhall give you, and thus much mine own eyes are witneſſes of; Take here the complaint of me, poor wretch! as deeply plunged in miſery, as I wiſh to you the higheſt point of happineſs.

Only one daughter I have, in whom I had placed all the hopes of my good hap, ſo well had ſhe, with her good parts, recompenced my pain of bearing her, and care of

of bringing her up: but now alas! that ſhe is come to the time I ſhould reap my full comfort of her, ſo is ſhe troubled with that notable matter which we in the country call Matrimony, as I cannot chuſe but fear the loſs of her wits, at leaſt of her honeſty. Other women may think they may be unhappily cumbred with one maſter-husband; my poor daughter is oppreſſed with two, both loving her, both equally liked of her, both ſtriving to deſerve her. But now, laſtly (as this jealouſy, forſooth, is a vile matter) each have brought their partakers with them, and are at this preſent, without your preſence redreſs it, in ſome bloody controverſy; Now, ſweet lady, help; your own way guides you to the place where they encumber her. I dare ſtay here no longer, for our men ſay in the country, the ſight of you is infectious.

And with that ſhe went away a good pace, leaving the ſupplication with her Majeſty, which very formally containeth this.

SUPPLICATION.

Moſt Gracious Sovereign!

TO one, whoſe ſtate is raiſed over all,
Whoſe face doth oft the braveſt fort inchant:
Whoſe mind is ſuch as wiſeſt minds appal;
Who in one's ſelf theſe divers gifts can plant:
How dare I, wretch! ſeek there my woes to reſt,
Where ears be burnt, eyes dazled, hearts oppreſt!

Your ſtate is great, your greatneſs is your ſhield;
Your face hurts oft, but ſtill it doth delight;
Your mind is wiſe, but ſtill it makes you mild:
Such planted gifts inrich ev'n beggars ſight:
So dare I, wretch! my baſhful fear ſubdue,
And feed mine ears, mine eyes, my heart in you.

Here-

Herewith, the woman-ſuiter being gone, there was heard in the wood, a confuſed noiſe, and forthwith there came out ſix ſhepherds, with as many foſters, halling and pulling to whither ſide they ſhould draw the *Lady of May*, who ſeemed to incline neither to the one, nor the other ſide. Among them was maſter *Rhombus* a ſchool-maſter of a village thereby, who, being fully perſuaded of his own learned wiſdom, came thither, with his authority to part their fray; where, for anſwer, he received many unlearned blows. But the Queen coming to the place where ſhe was ſeen of them, tho' they knew not her eſtate, yet ſomething there was which made them ſtartle aſide, and gaze upon her: till old father *Lalus* ſtepped forth (one of the ſubſtantialleſt ſhepherds) and making a leg or two, ſaid theſe few words.

Lalus *the old Shepherd.*

May it pleaſe your dignity to give a little ſuperfluous intelligence to that, which, with the opening of my mouth, my tongue and teeth ſhall deliver unto you. So it is, right worſhipful audience, that a certain ſhe-creature, which we ſhepherds call a Woman, of a minſical countenance; but (by my white lamb) not three quarters ſo beauteous as yourſelf, hath diſannulled the brain-pan of two of our featiouſt young men. And will you wot how? By my mother *Kit*'s ſoul, with a certain frenzical malady they call Love: when I was a young man they called it flat Folly. But here is a ſubſtantial ſchool-maſter can better diſcounce the whole foundation of the matter, altho', in ſooth, for all his eloquence, our young men were nothing dutious to his clarkſhip. Come on, come on, maſter ſchool-maſter, be not ſo baſhleſs; we ſay, that the faireſt are ever the gentleſt: tell the whole caſe, for you can much better vent the points off than I.

Then

Then came forward Maſter Rombus, *and, with many ſpecial graces, made this learned oration.*

Now the thunder-thumping *Jove* transfund his dotes into your excellent formoſity, which have, with your reſplendent beams, thus ſegregated the enmity of theſe rural animals: I am *potentiſſima domina*, a ſchool-maſter; that is to ſay, a pedagogue, one not a little verſed in the diſciplinating of the juvenile fry, wherein (to my laud I ſay it) I uſe ſuch geometrical proportion, as neither wanted manſuetude nor correction: for ſo it is deſcribed

Parcare ſubjectos, & debellire ſuperbos.

Yet hath not the pulchritude of my virtues protected me from the contaminating hands of theſe Plebeians; for coming, *ſolum modo*, to have parted their ſanguinolent fray, they yielded me no more reverence, than if I had been ſome *pecorius aſinus*. I, even I, that am, who am I? *Dixi*; *verbus ſapiento ſatum eſt*. But what ſaid that *Trojan Æneas*, when he ſojourn'd in the ſurging ſulks of the ſandiferous ſeas?

Hæc olim memonaſſe juvebit.

Well, well, *ad propoſitos revertebo*; The purity of the verity is, that certain *pulcra puella profecta*, elected and conſtituted by the integrated determination of all this topographical region, as the ſovereign lady of this dame *May*'s month, hath been, *quodammodo*, hunted, as you would ſay; purſued by two, a brace, a couple, a caſt of young men, to whom the crafty coward *Cupid* had, *inquam*, delivered his dire-dolorous dart.

But

But here the May-*Lady interrupted his Speech, ſaying to him;*

Away, away, you tedious fool! your eyes are not worthy to look to yonder princely fight; much leſs your fooliſh tongue to trouble her wiſe ears.

At which Maſter Rombus, *in a great chaſe, cried out,*

O Tempori, O Moribus! in profeſſion a child; in dignity a woman; in years a lady; in *cæteris* a maid; ſhould thus turpify the reputation of my doctrine, with the ſuperſcription of a fool!—*O Tempori, O Moribus!*

But here again the May-*Lady ſaying to him,*

Leave off, good *Latin* fool, and let me ſatisfy the long deſire I have had to feed mine eyes with the only ſight this age hath granted to the world.

The poor School-Maſter went his way back, and the Lady kneeling down, ſaid in this manner:

Do not think (ſweet and gallant lady) that I do abaſe myſelf thus much unto you becauſe of your gay apparel; for what is ſo brave as the natural beauty of the flowers? nor becauſe a certain gentleman here by ſeeks to do you all the honour he can in his houſe; that is not the matter, he is but our neighbour, and theſe be our own groves; nor yet becauſe of your great eſtate, ſince no eſtate can be compar'd to be the lady of the whole month of *May*, as I am. So that ſince both this place, and this time are my ſervants, you may be ſure I would look for reverence at your hands, if I did not ſee ſomething in your face which makes me yield to you: The truth is, you excel me in that wherein I deſire moſt to excel, and that makes me give this homage unto you,

as

as to the beautifulleſt lady theſe woods have ever received. But now, as old father *Lalus* directed me, I will tell you my fortune, that you may be judge of my miſhaps, and others worthineſs. Indeed ſo it is, that I am a fair wench, or elſe I am deceived, and therefore by the conſent of all our neighbours, have been choſen for the abſolute lady of this merry month. With me have been (alas! I am aſham'd to tell it) two young men, the one a foreſter, named *Therion*, the other *Eſpilus* a ſhepherd, very long even in love, forſooth. I like them both, and love neither: *Eſpilus* is the richer, but *Therion* the livelier. *Therion* doth me many pleaſures, as ſtealing me veniſon out of theſe foreſts, and many other ſuch like pretty and prettier ſervices; but withal, he grows to ſuch rages, that ſometimes he ſtrikes me, ſometimes he rails at me. This ſhepherd *Eſpilus*, of a mild diſpoſition; as his fortune hath not been to me great ſervice, ſo hath he never done me any wrong; but feeding his ſheep, ſitting under ſome ſweet buſh, ſometimes, they ſay, he records my name in doleful verſes. Now the queſtion I am to aſk you, fair Lady, is, Whether the many deſerts and many faults of *Therion*; or the very ſmall deſerts, and no faults of *Eſpilus*, be to be preferred? But before you give your judgment (moſt excellent lady) you ſhall hear what each of them can ſay for themſelves in their rural ſongs.

Thereupon Therion *challenged* Eſpilus *to ſing with him, ſpeaking theſe ſix Verſes.*

THERION.

COME, *Eſpilus*, come, now declare thy ſkill;
Shew how thou canſt deſerve ſo brave deſire:
Warm well thy wits, if thou wilt win her will;
For water cold did never promiſe fire:
Great, ſure, is ſhe, on whom our hopes do live,
Greater is She who muſt the judgment give.

But

But *Eſpilus*, as if he had been inſpired with the Muſes, began forthwith to ſing, whereto his fellow-ſhepherds ſet in with their Recorders, which they bare in their bags like pipes; and ſo of *Therion*'s ſide did the foreſters, with the cornets they wore about their necks, like hunting-horns in baudrikes.

ESPILUS.

Tune up, my voice, a higher note I yield
To high conceits; the ſong muſt needs be high,
More high than ſtars; more firm than flinty field,
Are all my thoughts, in which I live or die:
Sweet ſoul, to whom I vowed am a ſlave,
Let not wild woods ſo great a treaſure have.

THERION.

The higheſt note comes oft from baſeſt mind;
As ſhallow brooks do yield the greateſt ſound;
Seek other thoughts thy life or death to find,
Thy ſtars be fall'n, plow'd is thy flinty ground:
Sweet ſoul, let not a wretch that ſerveth ſheep,
Among his flock ſo ſweet a treaſure keep.

ESPILUS.

Two thouſand ſheep I have, as white as milk,
Though not ſo white as is thy lovely face;
The paſture rich, the wool as ſoft as ſilk:
All this I give, let me poſſeſs thy grace:
But ſtill take heed, leſt thou thyſelf ſubmit,
To one that hath no wealth, and wants his wit.

THERION.

THERION.

Two thouſand deer in wildeſt woods I have ;
Them can I take, but you I cannot hold :
He is not poor, who can his freedom ſave :
Bound but to you, no wealth but you I would :
But take this beaſt, if beaſts you fear to miſs,
For of his beaſts, the greateſt beaſt he is.

ESPILUS kneeling to the Queen.

Judge you, to whom all beauty's force is lent :

THERION.

Judge you of love, to whom all love is bent.

But as they waited for the judgment her majeſty ſhould give of their deſerts, the ſhepherds and foreſters grew to a great contention, whether of their fellows had ſung better, and ſo whether the eſtate of ſhepherds or foreſters were the more worſhipful. The ſpeakers were *Dorcas* an old Shepherd, and *Rixus* a young foſter, between whom the School-maſter *Rombus* came in as a moderator.

DORCAS *the ſhepherd.*

Now all the bleſſing of my old grandame (ſilly *Eſpilus*) light upon thy ſhoulders for this honey-comb ſinging of thine ; now, of my honeſty, all the bells in the town could not have ſung better : if the proud heart of the harlotry lie not down to thee now, the ſheep's rot catch her, to teach her that a fair woman hath not her fairneſs to let it grow ruſtiſh.

RIXUS

RIXUS *the Foſter.*

O *Midas!* why art not thou alive now to lend thine ears to this drivel? By the precious bone of a huntſman, he knows not the bleaying of a calf from the ſong of a nightingale; but if yonder great gentlewoman be as wiſe as ſhe is fair, *Therion*, thou ſhalt have the prize; and thou, old *Dorcas*, with young maſter *Eſpilus*, ſhall remain tame fools, as you be.

Dorcas. And, with cap and knee be it ſpoken, it is your pleaſure, neighbour *Rixus*, to be a wild fool?

Rixus. Rather than a ſheepiſh dolt.

Dorcas. It is much refreſhing to my bowels, you have made your choice; for my ſhare, I will beſtow your leavings upon one of your fellows.

Rixus. And art not thou aſhamed (old fool!) to liken *Eſpilus* a ſhepherd to *Therion* of the noble vocation of huntſmen, in the preſence of ſuch an one as even with her eye only can give thee cruel puniſhment?

Dorcas. Hold thy peace, I will neither meddle with her, nor her eyes; they feign in our town they are dangerous both; neither will I liken *Therion* to my boy *Eſpilus*, ſince one is a thieviſh prowler, and the other is as quiet as lambs that now came from ſucking.

ROMBUS *the Schoolmaſter.*

Heu! Ehem! Hei! Inſipidum! Incitium vulgorum & populorum. Why, you brute *Nebulons*, have you had my *Corpuſculum* ſo long among you, and cannot yet tell how to edify an argument? Attend and throw your ears to me, for I am gravidated with child, till I have endoctrinated your plumbeous cerebrocities. Firſt, you muſt

muſt diviſionate your point, *quaſi* you ſhould cut a cheeſe into two particles; for thus muſt I uniform my ſpeech to your obtuſe conceptions: for *prius dividendum eratio antequam definiendum; exemplum gratia*, Either *Therion* muſt conquer this dame *Mydas'* nymph, or *Eſpilus* muſt overthrow her, and that *ſecundum* their dignity, which muſt alſo be ſub-diviſionated into three equal *ſpecies*, either according to the penetrancy of their ſinging, or the meliority of their functions; or, laſtly, the ſuperancy of their merits. *De* finging *ſatis*. *Nunc*, are you to argumentate of the qualifying of their eſtate firſt; and then, Whether hath more infernally, I mean, deeply, deſerved.

Dorcas. O poor *Dorcas!* poor *Dorcas!* that I was not ſet in my young days to ſchool, that I might have purchaſed the underſtanding of maſter *Rombus*'s myſterious ſpeeches. But yet thus much I concern of them, that I muſt even give up what my conſcience doth find in the behalf of ſhepherds. O ſweet honey-milken lambs! And is there any ſo flinty a heart, that can find about him to ſpeak againſt them, that have the charge of ſuch good ſouls as you be, among whom there is no envy, and all obedience, where it is lawful for a man to be good if he liſt, and hath no outward cauſe to withdraw him from it? where the eye may be buſied in conſidering the works of nature, and the heart quietly rejoyced in the honeſt uſing them? If templation, as clerks ſay, be the moſt excellent, which is ſo fit a life for templars as this is, neither ſubject to violent oppreſſion, nor ſervile flattery? How many courtiers, think you, have I heard under our field, in buſhes, making their woful complaints; ſome, of the greatneſs of their miſtreſs's eſtate, which dazled their eyes, and yet burned their hearts; ſome, of the extremity of her beauty mixed with extreme cruelty; ſome, of her too much wit, which made all their loving labours folly? O how often have I heard one name ſound in many mouths, making our vales witneſſes of their doleful agonies! So that with long loſt labour, finding their thoughts bare no other

other wool but deſpair, of young courtiers, they grew old ſhepherds. Well, ſweet lambs, I will end with you as I began; He that can open his mouth againſt ſuch innocent ſouls, let him be hated as much as a filthy fox; let the taſte of him be worſe than muſty cheeſe; the ſound of him be more dreadful than the howling of a wolf; his ſight more odable than a toad in one's porrage.

Rixus. Your life, indeed, hath ſome goodneſs.

ROMBUS *the School-maſter.*

O tace, tace! or all the fat will be ignified, firſt let me dilucidate the very intrinſical marrow-bone of the matter. He doth uſe a certain rhetorical invaſion into the point, as if, indeed, he had conference with his lambs; but the truth is, he doth equitate you in the mean time, maſter *Rixus*, for thus he ſaith, that the ſheep are good, *ergo*, the ſhepherd is good, an *Enthymeme a loco contingentibus*, as my finger and my thumb are *contingentes:* Again he ſaith, Who liveth well, is likewiſe good; but ſhepherds live well, *ergo* they are good; Syllogiſm in *Darius* king of *Perſia a conjugatis*; as you would ſay, A man coupled to his wife, two bodies, but one ſoul; but do you but acquieſcate to my exhortation, and you ſhall extinguiſh him. Tell him his *major* is a knave, his *minor* is a fool, and his *concluſion* both, *Et ecce homo blancatus quaſi lilium.*

Rixus. I was ſaying, The ſhepherd's life had ſome goodneſs in it, becauſe it borrowed of the country-quietneſs ſomething like ours, but that is not all; for ours, beſides that quiet part, doth both ſtrengthen the bodies, and raiſe up the mind with this gallant ſort of activity. O ſweet contentation! to ſee the long life of the hurtleſs trees! to ſee how in ſtraight growing up, though never ſo high, they hinder not their fellows! they only enviouſly trouble which are crookedly bent. What life is to

to be compared to ours, where the very growing things are enſamples of goodneſs? we have no hopes, but we may quickly go about them, and going about them, we ſoon obtain them; not like thoſe that have long followed one (in troth) moſt excellent chaſe, do now, at length, perceive ſhe could never be taken, but that, if ſhe ſtaid at any time near the purſuers, it was never meant to tarry with them, but only to take breath to fly farther from them. He therefore that doubts, that our life doth not ſo far excel all others, let him alſo doubt, that the well-deſerving and painful *Therion*, is not to be preferred before the idle *Eſpilus*; which is even as much as to ſay, as that the roes are not ſwifter than ſheep, nor the ſtags more goodly than goats.

Rombus. Bene, bene, nunc de quæſtione prepoſitus; that is as much as to ſay, Well, well, now of the propoſed queſtion; that was, Whether the many great ſervices, and many great faults of *Therion*, or the few ſmall ſervices, and no faults of *Eſpilus*, be to be preferred, incepted or accepted by the former?

The May-Lady.

No, no, your ordinary brains ſhall not deal in that matter, I have already ſubmitted it to one, whoſe ſweet ſpirit hath paſſed through greater difficulties; neither will I that your blockheads lie in her way.

Therefore, O Lady! worthy to ſee the accompliſhment of your deſires, ſince all your deſires be moſt worthy of you, vouchſafe our ears ſuch happineſs, and me that particular favour, as that you will judge, Whether of theſe two be more worthy of me? or, Whether I be worthy of them? and this I will ſay, That in judging me, you judge more than me in it.

This being ſaid, it pleaſed her Majeſty to judge, That *Eſpilus* did the better deſerve her; but what words, what reaſons ſhe uſed for it, this paper, which carrieth ſo baſe names, is not worthy to contain. Sufficeth it, That upon the judgment given, the ſhepherds and forreſters made a full conſort of their cornets and recorders, and

and then did *Eſpilus* ſing this ſong, tending to the greatneſs of his own joy, and yet to the comfort of the other ſide, ſince they were overthrown by a moſt worthy adverſary. The ſong contained two ſhort tales; and thus it was.

SILVANUS, long in love, and long in vain,
At length obtain'd the point of his deſire;
Who being aſk'd, Now that he did obtain
His wiſhed weal, What more he could require?
Nothing, ſaid he, for moſt I joy in this,
That goddeſs mine my bleſſed being ſees.

When wanton *Pan*, deceiv'd with lion's ſkin,
Came to the bed, where wound for kiſs he got,
To woe and ſhame the wretch did enter in,
'Till this he took for comfort of his lot;
Poor *Pan* (he ſaid) although thou beaten be,
It is no ſhame, ſince *Hercules* was he.

Thus joyfully in choſen tunes rejoice,
That ſuch an one is witneſs of my heart,
Whoſe cleareſt eyes I bleſs, and ſweeteſt voice:
That ſee my good, and judgeth my deſert:
Thus woful I, in woe, this ſalve do find,
My foul miſhap came yet from faireſt mind.

The muſick fully ended, the May-Lady *took her leave in this ſort.*

Lady, YOUR-SELF, for other titles do rather diminiſh than add unto you; I and my little company muſt now leave you: I ſhould do you wrong to beſeech you to take our follies well, ſince your bounty is ſuch, as to pardon greater faults. Therefore I will with you good-night, praying to God, according to the title I poſſeſs, That, as hitherto it hath excellently done, ſo henceforward the flouriſhing of *May*, may long remain in you, and with you.

POST-

POSTSCRIPT.

IN the GUARDIAN (N° 18.) is the following paſſage relating to our Author.

" Our gallant country-man, Sir *Philip Sidney*, was " a noble example of courage and devotion. I am par- " ticularly pleaſed to find, that he hath tranſlated the " whole book of *Pſalms* into *Engliſh* verſe. A friend " of mine informs me, that he hath the manuſcript by " him, which is ſaid, in the title, to have been done " *By the moſt noble and virtuous Gent.* Sir *Philip Sidney*, " Knight. They having never been printed, I ſhall " preſent the publick with one of them, which my " correſpondent aſſures me he hath faithfully tran- " ſcribed, and wherein I have taken the *liberty* only to " alter *one* word. *

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* A *Liberty* which ought not to have been taken (and which *Liberties* are very injurious to the memory of any ancient writer) notwithſtanding the author of the *Guardian* was the aggreſſor.

PSALM CXXXVII.

I

NIGH ſeated where the river flows,
That wat'reth *Babel*'s fruitful plain,
Which then our tears, in pearled rows,
Did help to water with the rain:
The thought of *Sion* bred ſuch woes,
That though our harps we did retain,
Yet uſeleſs and untouched there,
On willows only hang'd they were.

II.

Now while our harps were hanged ſo,
The men, whoſe captives then we lay,
Did on our griefs inſulting go;
And, more to grieve us, thus did ſay;
You that of muſick make ſuch ſhow,
Come ſing us now a *Sion*'s lay:
Oh no! we have no voice nor hand
For ſuch a ſong, in ſuch a land.

III.

Tho' far I be, ſweet *Sion* hill,
In foreign ſoil, exil'd from thee,
Yet let my hand forget his ſkill,
If ever thou forgotten be;
And let my tongue, faſt glewed ſtill
Unto my roof, lie mute in me,
If thy neglect within me ſpring,
Or aught I do but *Salem* ſing.

IV. But

IV.

But thou, O Lord, ſhalt not forget
To quit the pains of *Edom*'s race,
Who cauſeleſly, yet hotly, ſet
Thy holy city to deface,
Did thus the bloody victors whet,
What time they enter'd firſt the place,
Down, down with it at any hand,
Make all a waſte, let nothing ſtand.

V.

And, *Babylon*, that didſt us waſte,
Thyſelf ſhall one day waſted be:
And, happy he, who, what thou haſt
Unto us done, ſhall do to thee;
Like bitterneſs ſhall make thee taſte;
Like woeful objects make thee ſee:
Yea, happy who thy little ones
Shall take, and daſh againſt the ſtones.

FINIS.

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